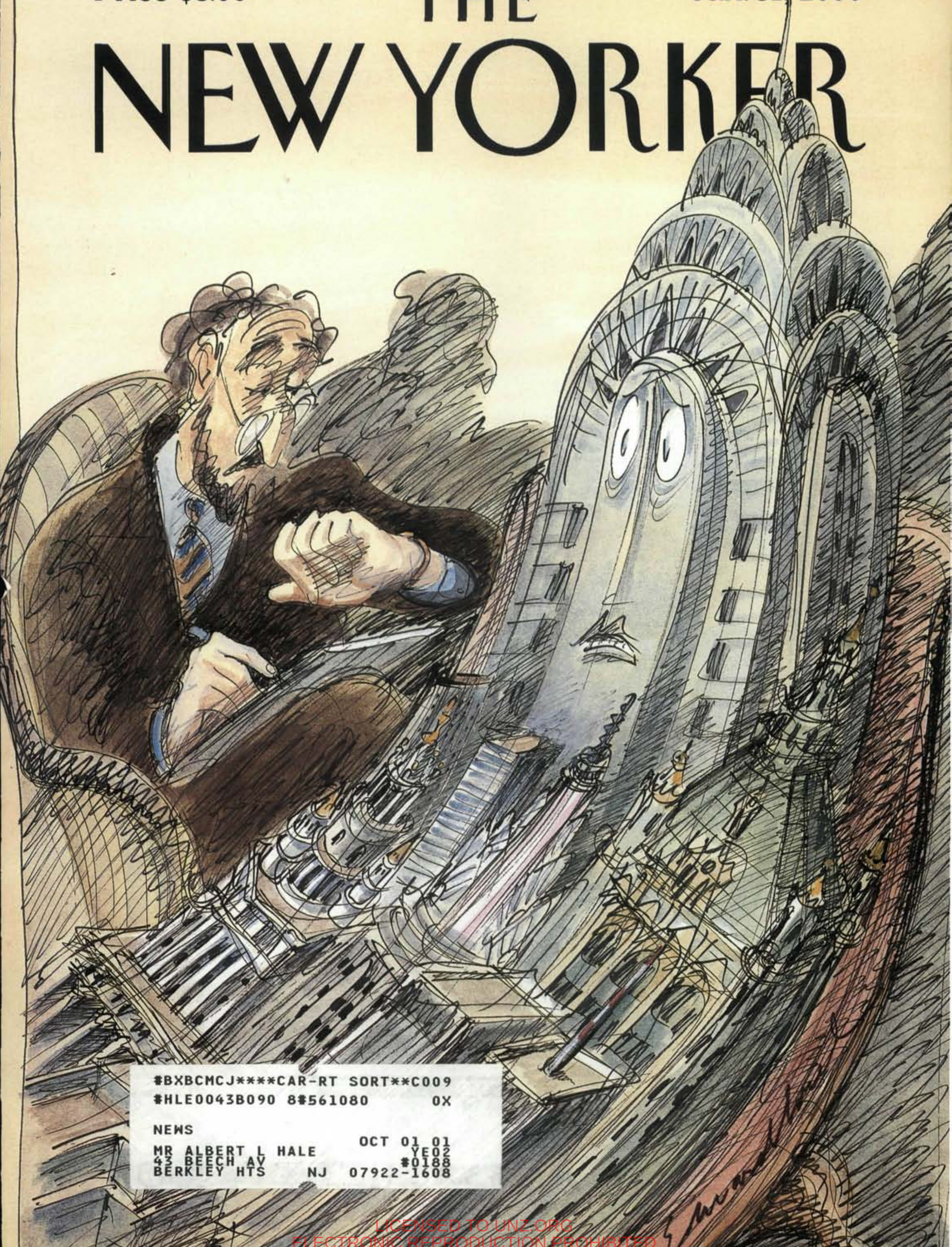
Price $3.00

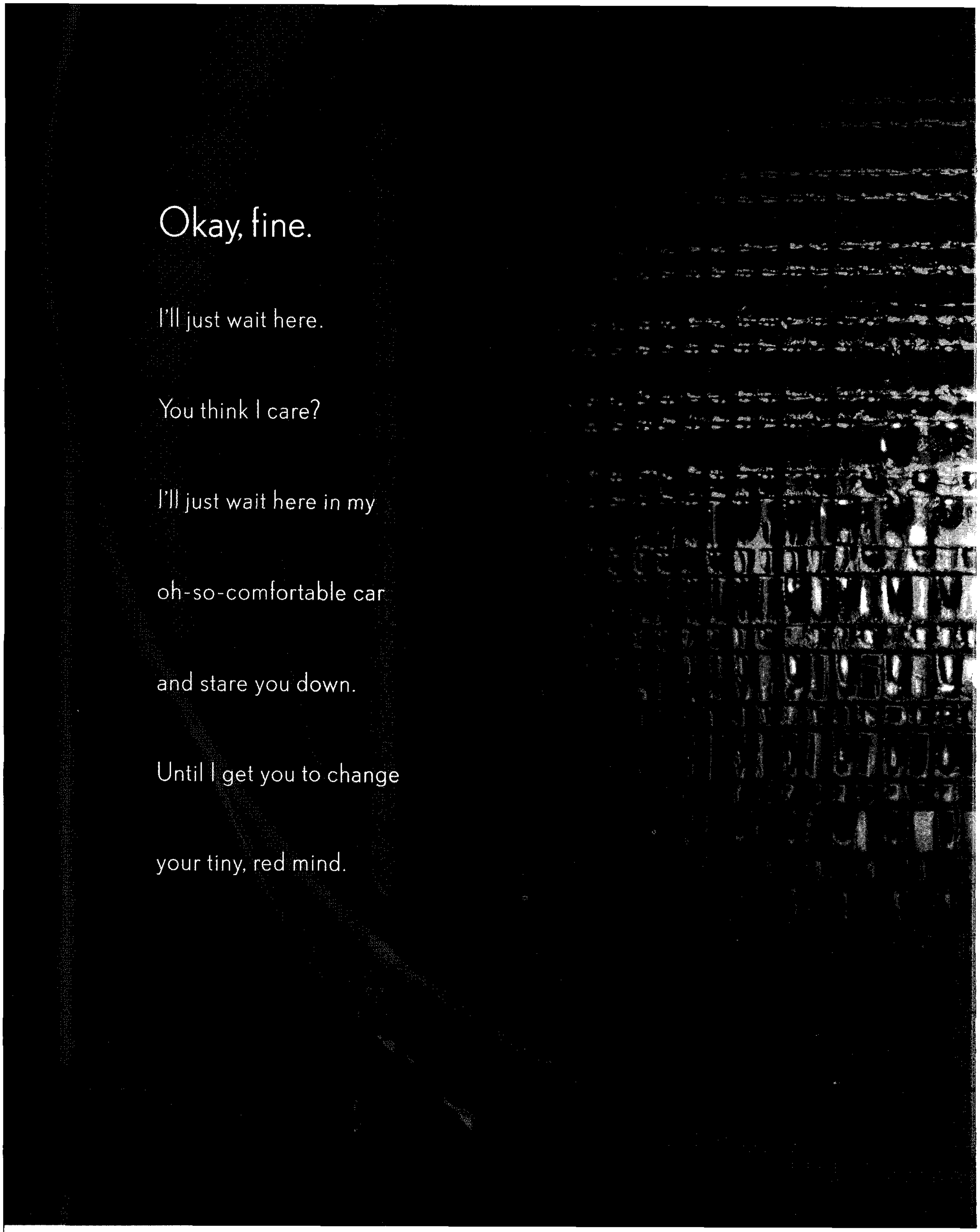
THE NEW YORKER

Jan. 31, 2000

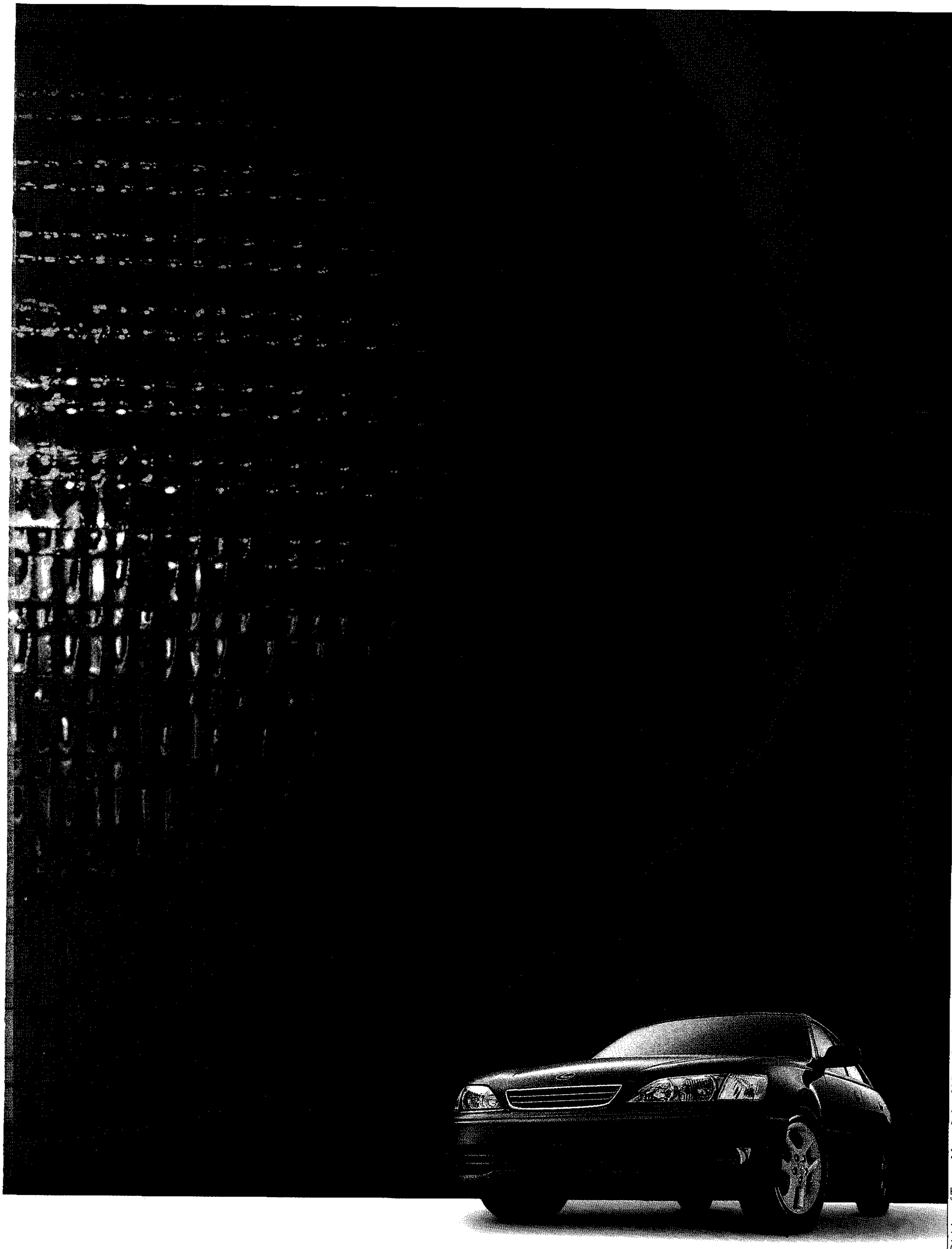


#BXBCMCJ****CAR-RT SORT**C009
#HLE0043B090 8#561080 0X

NEWS
OCT 01 01
MR ALBERT L HALE YE02
43 BEECH AV #0188
BERKLEY HTS NJ 07922-1608


Okay, fine.
I'll just wait here.
You think I care?
I'll just wait here in my
oh-so-comfortable car
and stare you down.
Until I get you to change
your tiny, red mind.

The undeniable luxury of the newly styled ES 300.


THE RELENTLESS PURSUIT OF PERFECTION.
LEXUS

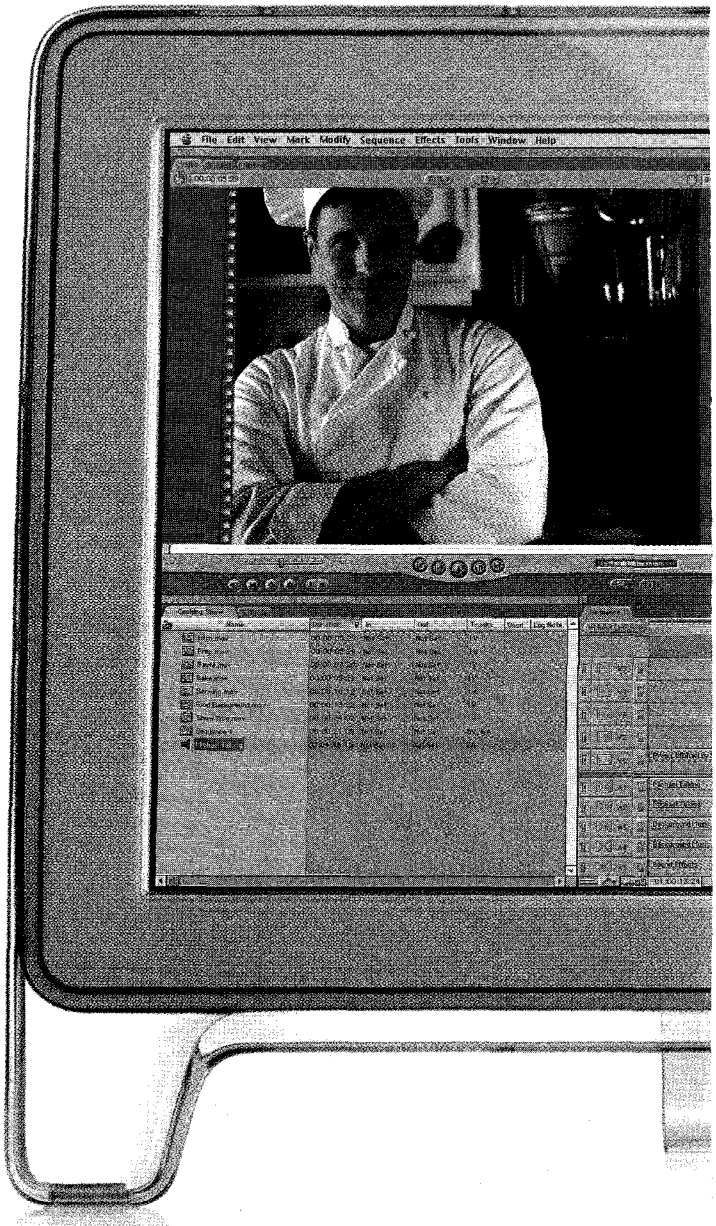
©1999 Lexus, a Division of Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. Lexus reminds you to wear seatbelts, secure children in rear seat, obey all speed laws and drive responsibly. For more information, visit our Web site at www.lexus.com or call 800-USA-LEXUS (800-872-5398).

Take control of a majo

Apple introduces Desktop Movies.

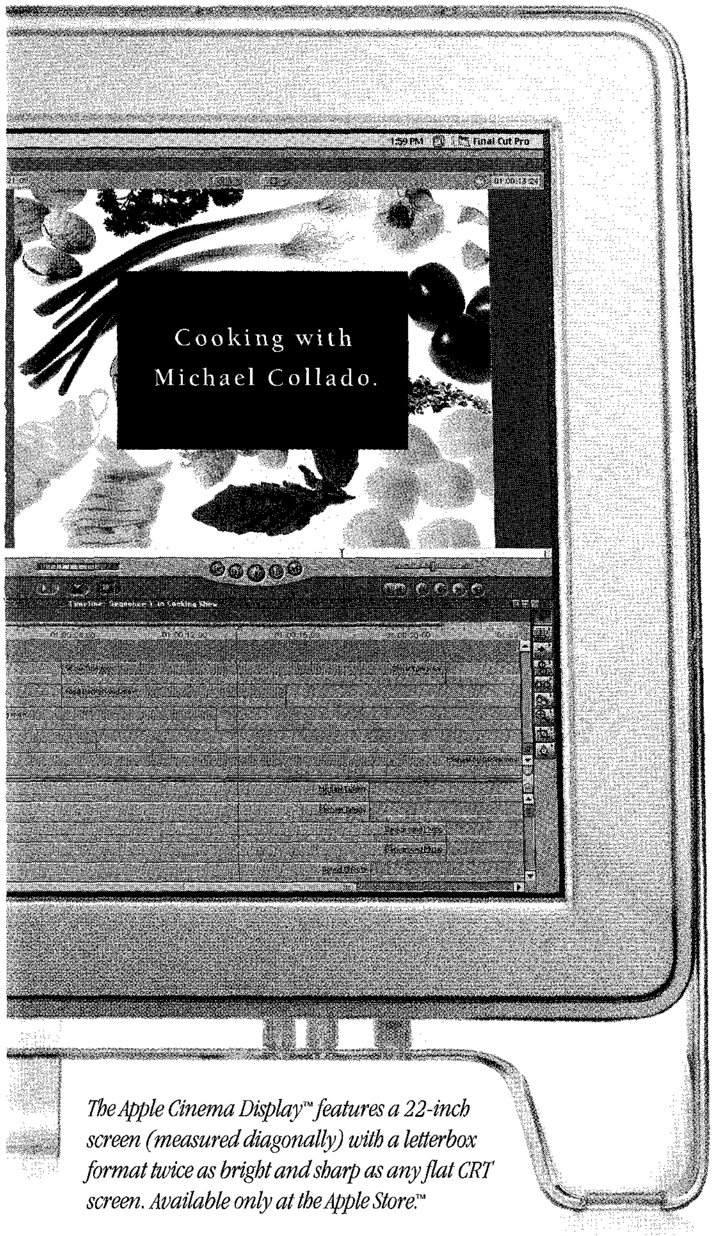
Built-in FireWire lets you import video directly from a digital camcorder with zero loss of quality.

Combine the Power Mac™ G4 with Final Cut Pro™ software and you have the first pro-quality desktop movie studio for under $5,000.* Never before has so much digital-video firepower been built into such a small space — with everything you need to create and edit Desktop Movies, develop rich multimedia websites, even host a site serving thousands of concurrent video streams. At the heart of this hard-working movie studio is the G4 processor with Velocity Engine™— a 128-bit supercomputer on a chip that can perform compute-intensive tasks (like rendering



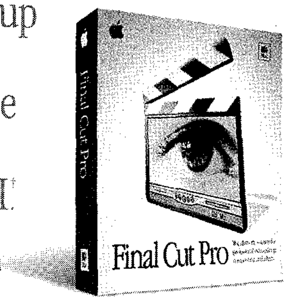
©2000 Apple Computer, Inc. All rights reserved. Apple, the Apple logo and FireWire are registered trademarks and Apple Cinema Display, the Apple Store, Final Cut Pro,

notion picture studio.

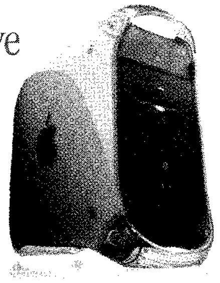


The Apple Cinema Display™ features a 22-inch screen (measured diagonally) with a letterbox format twice as bright and sharp as any flat CRT screen. Available only at the Apple Store.™

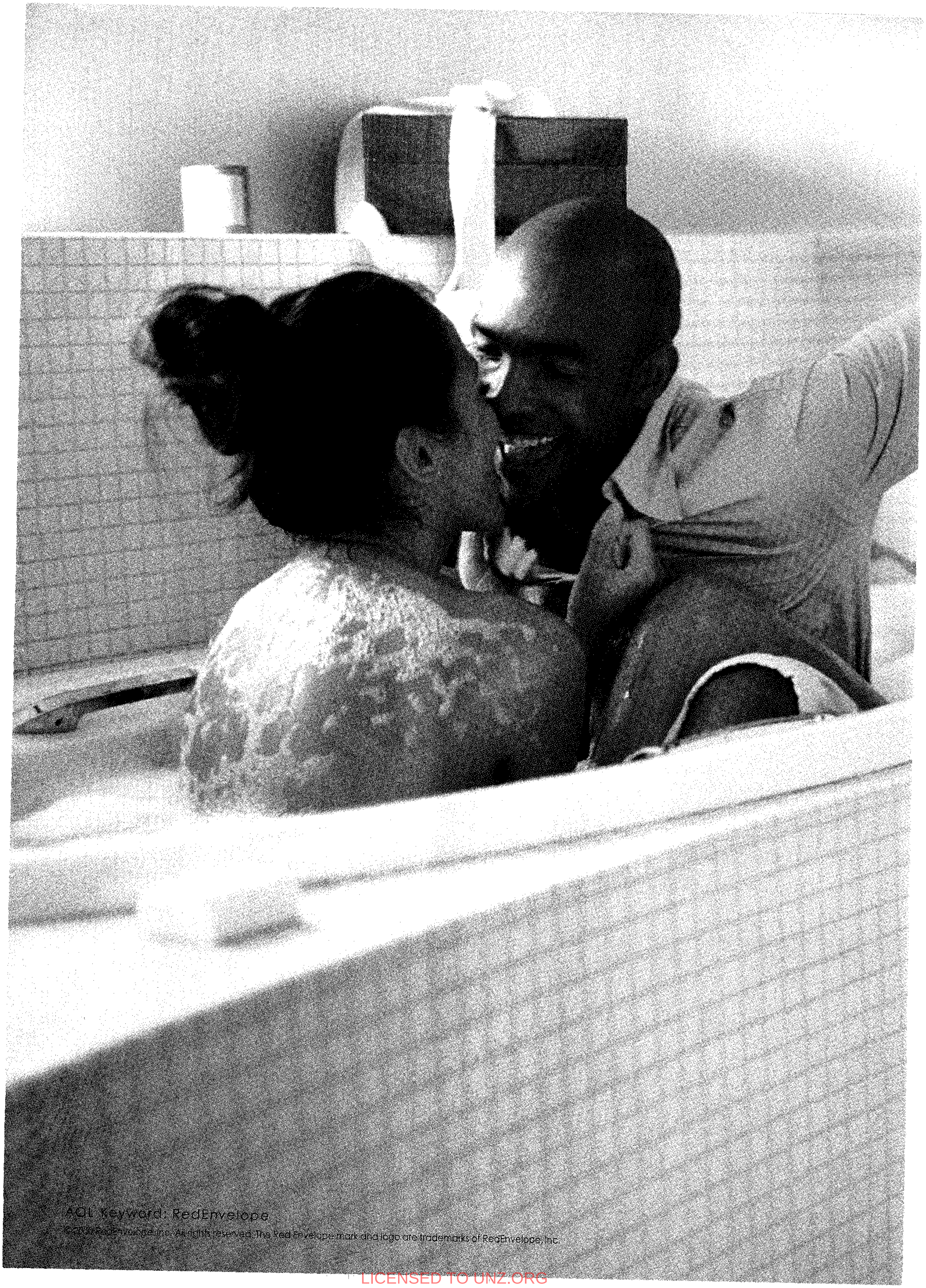
digital video effects) up to twice as fast as the 700MHz Pentium III.[†] In fact, every part of the Power Mac G4 is built for Desktop Movies. It has built-in FireWire,® so you can connect a digital camcorder and import video with perfect digital quality. It has superfast memory (up to 1.5GB) and hard disk (up to 27GB), with room for three internal drives. And it offers DVD-RAM, so you can archive up to 6GB on a single $30 disk. So if you want to make it big in movies, forget the power suit. And go for the Power Mac. For complete details, visit www.apple.com. Think different.™



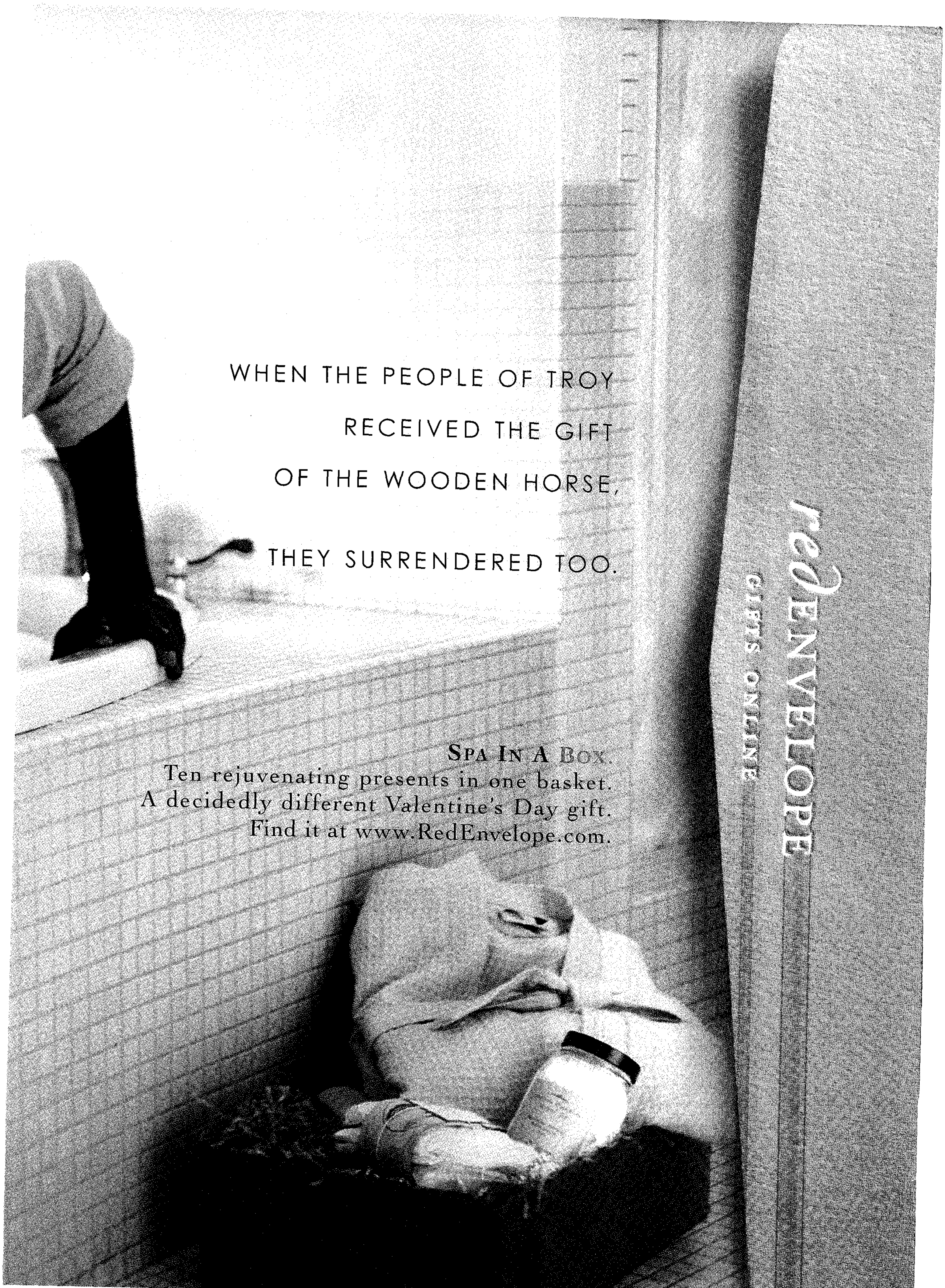
Optional Final Cut Pro software has the features of a high-end edit bay, with built-in effects, at a fraction of the cost.



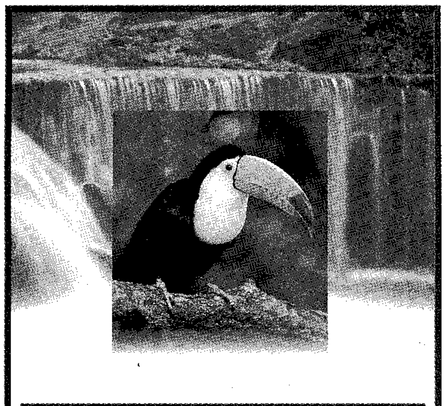
*Power Mac, Think different and Velocity Engine are trademarks of Apple Computer, Inc. *Base configuration without camera. [†]Based on Photoshop filter performance.*



AOL Keyword: RedEnvelope
©[illegible] RedEnvelope, Inc. All rights reserved. The Red Envelope mark and logo are trademarks of RedEnvelope, Inc.


WHEN THE PEOPLE OF TROY
RECEIVED THE GIFT
OF THE WOODEN HORSE,
THEY SURRENDERED TOO.
redENVELOPE
GIFTS ONLINE

Spa In A Box.
Ten rejuvenating presents in one basket.
A decidedly different Valentine's Day gift.
Find it at www.RedEnvelope.com.



PANAMA CANAL
& COSTA RICA

SAVE UP TO 50%
ON SECOND
PERSON FARE & MORE!

Awaken each morning to new vistas aboard either the incomparable ssc Radisson Diamond, the world's only twin-hull, six-star cruise vessel, or the brand new, all-suite m/s Seven Seas Navigator, making her inaugural debut in the Panama Canal & Costa Rica. Both ships feature either ocean-view staterooms (Radisson Diamond) or suites (Seven Seas Navigator) and most include private balconies.

- FREE ROUNDTRIP ECONOMY AIRFARE *(from East Coast gateway cities)*
- *Aboard the Seven Seas Navigator* A ONE-CATEGORY UPGRADE *(suite purchases C-H only)*
- *Aboard the Radisson Diamond* A BONUS $500 PER STATE-ROOM AMENITIES PACKAGE
- FREE COSTA RICA 2-NIGHT DELUXE LAND PROGRAM
- TWO COMPLIMENTARY TOURS IN COSTA RICA
- SHIPBOARD GRATUITIES INCLUDED

SELECT SAILINGS FROM
JANUARY - APRIL 2000
FARES FROM $3,371 PER PERSON
(INCLUDING SAVINGS)

CALL YOUR TRAVEL PROFESSIONAL OR 800-285-1835 FOR MORE INFORMATION.

RADISSON SEVEN SEAS
CRUISES

Some restrictions apply. Ship's registries: Bahamas

THE NEW YORKER

JANUARY 31, 2000

THE MAIL 9

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 10

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 29
Comment Anthony Lane on the Museum of Sex.
Et cetera Farewell to the fringe four; to Alaska, by cab.

DEPARTMENTS
Letter from New Hampshire This Must Be the Place . . . . . *Hendrik Hertzberg* 36
How a small, eccentric state came to have so much clout.

Paris Journal Like a King . . . . *Adam Gopnik* 40
Having a baby the French way.

PROFILE The Redemption . . . . *Nicholas Lemann* 48
The incredible rise of George W. Bush, ordinary man.

SHOWCASE Patti Smith . . . . *Richard Avedon, Sharon DeLano* 56

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS The Looking Glass . . . *Lawrence Weschler* 64
Did the Old Masters use cameras? A theory from David Hockney.

FICTION "Quality Time" . . . . *Richard Ford* 76

THE CRITICS
The Sky Line Dior's new building . . . . *Paul Goldberger* 88
Books Ian Frazier's "On the Rez" . . . . *Scott L. Malcomson* 92
Briefly Noted 94
Jazz The pianist Brad Mehldau . . . . *Joseph Hooper* 95

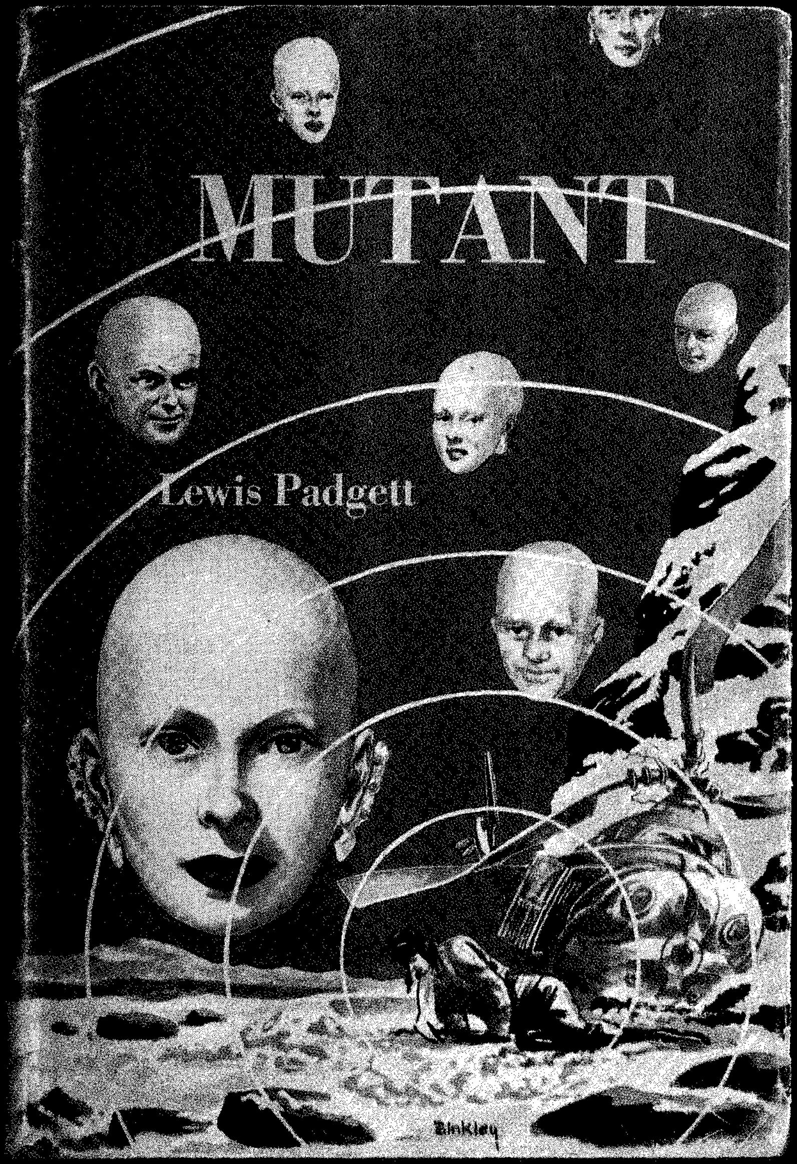
POEMS
"The Perfect Life" . . . . *Donald Hall* 34
"The Job" . . . . *Kay Ryan* 44
"I See My Friend Everywhere" . . . . *Grace Paley* 68

THE BACK PAGE Gotham's Winter Wonderland . . . . *Arnold Roth* 98

COVER *Kvetch City, by Edward Sorel*

DRAWINGS *Tom Cheney, Roz Chast, Stuart Leeds, William Hamilton, Bruce Eric Kaplan, Frank Cotham, Alex Gregory, Warren Miller, J. B. Handelsman, Peter Steiner, James Stevenson, Al Ross, Mick Stevens, Danny Shanahan, David Sipress, Gahan Wilson, Charles Barsotti, Barbara Smaller*

April 11, 1977. Freaked you out so bad you had to bury it.


MUTANT
Lewis Padgett
Binkley

Jan. 25, 2000. Unearth on Alibris for son who shares your sci-fi gene.

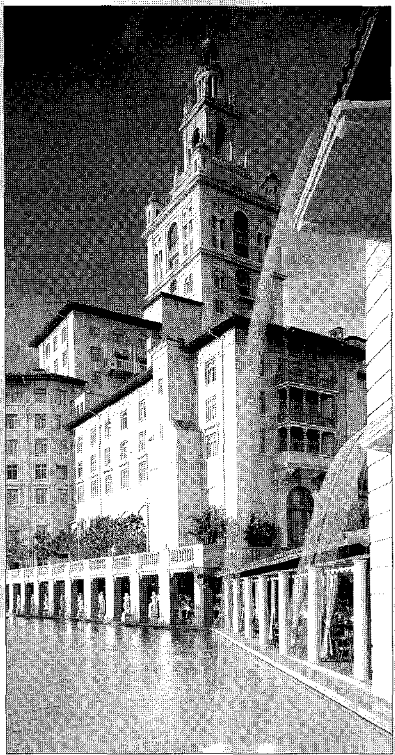
alibris
www.alibris.com

Books you thought you'd never find.

©2000 Alibris

business or
leisure

it's all here...



- *Full resort amenities featuring Golf, Tennis, Fitness Center & Spa*
- *Minutes from Miami International Airport*
- *Close to main business and shopping districts*

The Biltmore Hotel
A National Historic Landmark

1200 Anastasia Avenue
Coral Gables, Florida 33134
305.445.1926 • 1.800.727.1926
www.biltmorehotel.com

CONTRIBUTORS

NICHOLAS LEMANN ("The Redemption," p. 48) is the author, most recently, of "The Big Test: The Secret History of the American Meritocracy."

RICHARD FORD (Fiction, p. 76) has published two books of stories and five novels, among them "The Sportswriter" and "Independence Day."

LAWRENCE WESCHLER ("The Looking Glass," p. 64) teaches writing at Columbia University and at Sarah Lawrence College. His most recent book is "Boggs: A Comedy of Values."

GRACE PALEY (Poem, p. 68) is the author of "Collected Stories," which came out in 1994, and the forthcoming "Begin Again: Collected Poems."

PAUL GOLDBERGER (The Sky Line, p. 88) is the magazine's architecture critic.

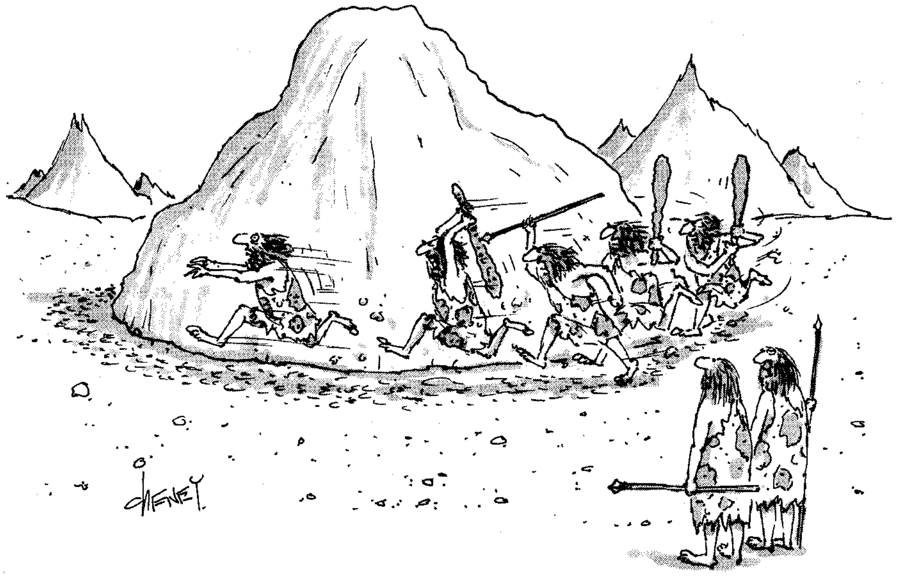
ADAM GOPNIK ("Like a King," p. 40) lives in Paris and writes a regular column on French life.

HENDRIK HERTZBERG ("This Must Be the Place," p. 36), a former Presidential speechwriter, is a senior editor at the magazine.

SCOTT L. MALCOMSON (Books, p. 92) is the author of three books, including "One Drop of Blood: The American Misadventure of Race," which will be out later this year.

JOSEPH HOOPER (Jazz, p. 95) is a music critic for the New York *Observer* and a writer for NPR's "Jazz from Lincoln Center."

ARNOLD ROTH (The Back Page, p. 98) is a cartoonist and has contributed several covers to the magazine. ♦

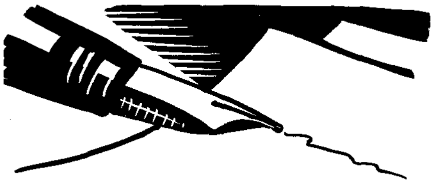


"It's a little game we play called 'Who wants to be a survivor?' "

THE NEW YORKER, 4 TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036. David Carey, publisher; David L. Kahn, associate publisher; David M. May, associate publisher/Europe; Jeffrey Foley, advertising director; Joyce Castleberry, New York manager; Cristina Vittoria, advertising manager; Susan Harrington, director of creative services; James Oates, director of marketing and planning; Theresa Gaffney, director of promotion. For advertising inquiries, please call David L. Kahn at (212) 286-5611. THE NEW YORKER is not responsible for the return or loss of submissions, or for any damage or other injury to unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any submission of a manuscript or artwork must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope of appropriate size, bearing adequate return postage. The magazine does not consider unsolicited photographs or transparencies. © 2000 by The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of THE NEW YORKER. The periodical's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc., published through its division The Condé Nast Publications Inc. S. I. Newhouse, Jr., chairman; Steven T. Florio, president and C.E.O.; Charles H. Townsend, executive vice-president; Eric C. Anderson, executive vice-president/chief financial officer.

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to THE NEW YORKER, Box 56447, Boulder, CO 80322-6447, telephone (800) 825-2510, E-mail to subscriptions@newyorker.com, or visit our Web site at www.newyorker.com. To purchase a back issue telephone (800) 753-7276. Outside North America, call (303) 678-0354. For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue. Occasionally, we make our subscriber list available to carefully screened companies that offer products and services we believe would interest our readers. If you do not want to receive these offers and/or information, please advise us at Box 56447, Boulder, CO 80322-6447.

THE MAIL



RACE MATTERS

Joan Acocella's recent article on the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater ("The Brains at the Top," December 27th & January 3rd) contained the outrageous statement "In my experience, black dancers, on average, are better than white dancers." No argument could justify making a statement to the effect that one racial group is better at dance (or any other art form) than another. As a thoughtful, interested African-American, am I supposed to be flattered? Far from it. Acocella might as well have written, "They sure can sing and dance." A statement's being positive doesn't excuse stereotyping.

FRANKLIN H. WILLIAMS, JR.
New York City

Joan Acocella replies: Is it anti-Semitic to point out that in the twentieth century the best violinists have tended to be Jewish? Populations do specialize, and outstrip other populations, in certain branches of creativity. To deny this is to deny the existence of culture. I don't know about Mr. Williams, but I suspect that many people who object to the idea of African-American excellence in dancing are people who regard dance as a low art, inferior, for example, to violin playing. I am not one of them.

PLOTTING MURDER

In her article on Patricia Highsmith (Books, December 20th), Susannah Clapp writes that Alfred Hitchcock "neutered" Highsmith's novel "Strangers on a Train" when he filmed it. In the novel, Bruno, a psychopath, persuades Guy, the hero, to make a pact with him whereby each will commit a murder on the other's behalf. Highsmith has both men carry out their end of the bargain; in the film, as Clapp notes, only Bruno kills.

While doing research for my forthcoming book on Raymond Chandler, who wrote the screenplay for "Strangers on a Train," I discovered that, although Chandler and Hitchcock had many quarrels while collaborating on the script, they both thought that Guy's agreement to the plan was implausible. "The premise is that if you shake hands with a maniac, you may have sold your soul to the devil. Or am I still crazy?" Chandler asked. He recorded in his notes that Guy's performance had to convince a reasonable percentage of the audience that "a nice young man might in certain circumstances murder a total stranger just to appease a lunatic." Otherwise the viewers would not be sufficiently involved in the development of the plot. It was Chandler, in consultation with Hitchcock, who decided that Guy should only pretend that he plans to commit a murder for Bruno. Highsmith subsequently wrote that adapting her book "gave Chandler fits." How right she was.

GENE D. PHILLIPS, S.J.
Chicago, Ill.

In showing how Ed McBain has brought sharp realism to detective fiction, Pete Hamill performs the same service for McBain that Raymond Chandler did for Dashiell Hammett in his book "The Simple Art of Murder." But Hamill, in "The Poet of Pulp" (January 10th), might also have mentioned another of McBain's achievements: his work combines ingenious "Golden Age" plots (such as Agatha Christie's) with the once formless police procedural. I suspect that many fans of the bloodless-corpse-by-the-library-fireplace mysteries fail to realize that the genuine attraction of these books lies in their intricate plotting, which was invented by Edgar Allan Poe and has been mastered by McBain.

MARY JO ADAMSON
Boulder, Colo.

•

Letters should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "The Mail," The New Yorker, 4 Times Square, New York, N.Y. 10036. They can also be faxed to 212-286-5047 or sent via E-mail to themail@newyorker.com. Letters may be edited for length and clarity, and may be published in any medium; we regret that owing to the volume of correspondence we cannot reply to every letter.

Richardson
Picasso
Cooper

John Richardson
pauses in the writing of
his monumental biography
of Picasso to give us
a dazzling memoir
of the post-war art scene
in the south of France

THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE

"He has perfect pitch for the human comedy and no inhibitions about setting it down in its every detail
...His account of 'the way we lived then' is unlike any other in its frankness and its perceptive portraits of people usually seen from afar." —JOHN RUSSELL, New York Review

"A master raconteur at his peak... A true festival of gossip:
Socialites, royalty, and various fifties wunderkinds drop in for cameos, with more substantial appearances by Braque, Auden, and Francis Bacon...Richardson's description of Picasso at work is priceless." —Vogue

"Engaging, witty"
MICHAEL PEPPIATT, N.Y. Times

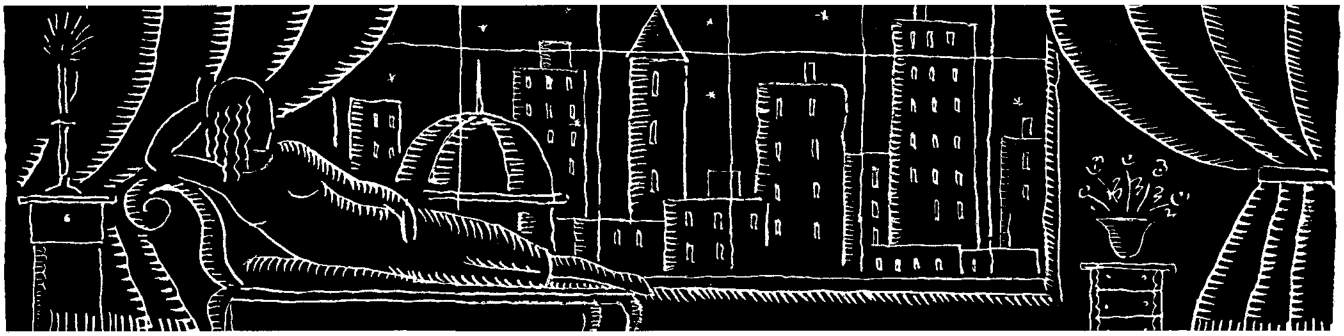
"A rich memoir... Deliciously scandalous, immensely entertaining"
—Kirkus Reviews

Also among those present:
Klee, Léger, Dora Maar, Marie-Laure de Noailles, Anthony Blunt, Cocteau, Cyril Connolly, & most importantly Richardson's mentor, the pioneering collector and historian of Cubism, Douglas Cooper

With 124 illustrations

Knopf www.aaknopf.com

Photo © André Villers



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	31	1				

THE THEATRE

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

Arms and the Man—Henry Czerny, Katie Finneran, and Paul Michael Valley lead the cast in a Roundabout Theatre production of Shaw's 1894 play, under the direction of Roger Rees. In previews. (Gramercy, 127 E. 23rd St. 777-4900.)

Bad Boy Nietzsche—Richard Foreman's forty-seventh play explores the psychological deterioration of the nineteenth-century philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche. Previews begin Jan. 27. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 533-4650.)

The Director—John Shea stars as a once well-known director turned janitor who gets involved with a young and credulous theatre troupe, in a suspense drama by Nancy Hasty. Previews begin Feb. 1. (Arclight, 152 W. 71st St. 279-4200.)

Hundreds of Sisters & One Big Brother—Deborah Swisher portrays ten characters in her autobiographical one-woman play, which looks back on her childhood experiences in a California commune. Preview on Jan. 26. Opens Jan. 27 at 8. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

King John—From Theatre for a New Audience, Shakespeare's play, directed by Karen Coonrod. In previews through Jan. 29. Opens Jan. 30 at 6:30. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 239-6200.)

Night Vision: A New Third to First World Vampyre Opera—A two-thousand-year-old vampire takes the pop-music world by storm, in an Afro-Asian jazz musical by Fred Ho (music) and Ruth Margraff (book and lyrics). In previews. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 647-0202.)

Saturday Night—Stephen Sondheim's first musical, about a Flatbush man (David Campbell) who leaves Brooklyn in 1929 to seek his fortune on Wall Street and win a débutante's heart. In previews. (Second Stage, 307 W. 43rd St. 246-4422.)

The Time of the Cuckoo—A Lincoln Center Theatre revival of the 1953 Arthur Laurents drama, about the romance between an American woman in Venice (Debra Munk) and an Italian shopkeeper (Olek Krupa). Previews begin Jan. 27. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center, 239-6200.)

Two Sisters and a Piano—Nilo Cruz's drama, set in Cuba in 1991, traces the fate of two women (Daphne Rubin-Vega and Adriana Sevan) who speak out against Castro. Previews begin Feb. 1. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 239-6200.)

The Wild Party—Taye Diggs, Brian d'Arcy James, Idina Menzel, and Julie Murney star in a musical by Andrew Lippa, based on the 1928 poem by Joseph Moncure March. Gabriel Barre is the director. In previews. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

OPENED RECENTLY

Amadeus—From London, a revival of Peter Shaffer's drama, starring Michael Sheen as Mozart and David Suchet as Salieri. Sir Peter Hall is the director. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Another American: Asking & Telling—A one-man show written and performed by Marc Wolf, based on his interviews with gay and straight military personnel from the Second World War to the present. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 279-4200. Closes Jan. 30.)

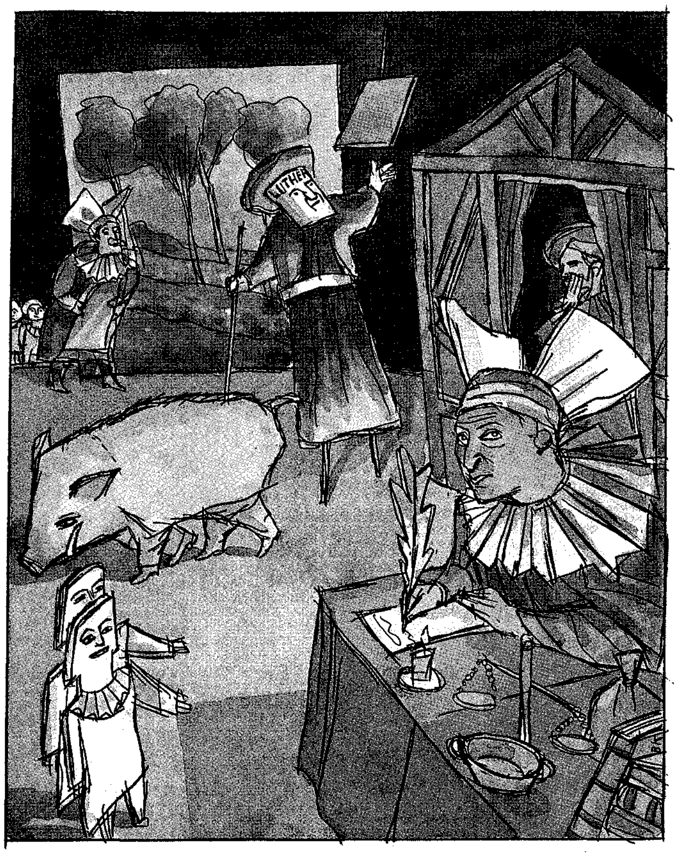
The Black Milk Quartet—A foursome of music-theatre pieces about the perils of passion: "Actaeon," by Gina Leishman; "Black Milk," by Ellen Maddow; "Price Slasher," by Harry Mann; and "Colored Glasses," by Dan Froot. Through Feb. 6. (Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. 696-8594.)

The Bomb-Itty of Errors—In this exuberant take on "The Comedy of Errors," the action has been shifted to a hip-hop realm, but the basic ideas—separated twins, mistaken identity, love at first sight—remain the same. Like the Shakespeare original, "Bomb-Itty" is witty, lewd, allusive, and chaotic, and it plays fast and loose with stereotypes, but the four extravagantly talented writer-actors (who play all of the parts) make it seem altogether new. Their enthusiasm for the material is infectious, as they bounce antically from role to role like pinballs, rapping merrily all the way. Think "The Beastie Boys from Syracuse." (45 Bleecker, 45 Bleecker St., at Lafayette St. 307-4100.)

The Countess—Gregory Murphy's play, which tells the story of how the nineteenth-century art critic John Ruskin's wife left him for the painter John Everett Millais, is a vivid exploration of the self-indulgent pleasures of small-mindedness (in this case, Ruskin's and his parents'). The script is funny and intelligent, if a bit overlong, and the cast does a wonderful job of revealing the characters' complete inability to communicate with each other, personally or artistically. (Samuel Beckett, 410 W. 42nd St. 594-2826.)

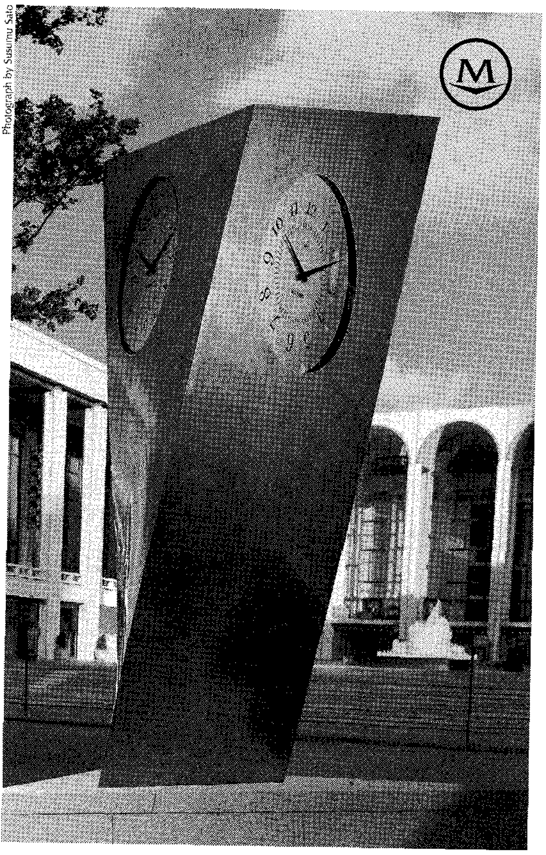
Dame Edna: The Royal Tour—Former housewife turned international entertainer Dame Edna Everage (the sublime comic creation of the Australian Dadaist and dandy Barry Humphries) is, to adopt her penchant for alliteration, a virago of vitriol, a harpy of happiness, a megastar of maliciousness. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/1/99.) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Dinner with Friends—Donald Margulies's new play concerns two upper-middle-class couples who have been married for a dozen or so years; one of them survives the wear and tear of marriage, and the other doesn't. It's a perceptive depiction of the mystery and the mundanity of marriage, and the cast give well-rounded performances. Directed by Daniel Sullivan. (Variety Arts, 110 Third Ave., at 14th St. 239-6200.)



"The Memoirs of Glückel of Hameln," at La Mama.

BEN KATCHOR



Photograph by Susumu Sato

©1999 MOVADO GROUP, INC.

MOVADO ***TIME SCULPTURE*** **AT LINCOLN CENTER** DESIGNED BY ARCHITECT PHILIP JOHNSON

PUSHING THE ARTFORM

LINCOLN CENTER: JAN-FEB 2000

MOVADO IS PROUD OF ITS ASSOCIATION WITH LINCOLN CENTER AND IS PLEASED TO OFFER HIGHLIGHTS OF UPCOMING EVENTS:

LINCOLN CENTER THEATER
THE TIME OF THE CUCKOO

JAN 27-MAY 7, Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater

Venice is the enchanting setting of this heartfelt 1952 comedy by Tony Award winner Arthur Laurents. Don't miss the first major New York stage revival of this bittersweet romantic tale of an American woman vacationing alone in Italy, yearning for love. Tony Award winner Debra Monk heads a talented cast directed by Nicholas Martin. For tickets call TeleCharge, 212-239-6200.

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
ZUBIN MEHTA RETURNS

FEB 10-19, Avery Fisher Hall

Longtime friend and former music director Zubin Mehta returns for performances of Mahler's glorious Symphony No. 2 from February 10-15, and leads the Philharmonic in an all-Richard Strauss program from February 17-19. For tickets, call Centercharge at 212-721-6500, or visit us online at www.newyorkphilharmonic.org. For more info call 212-875-5656.

GREAT PERFORMERS AT LINCOLN CENTER

The Emerson String Quartet presents the Complete Shostakovich Quartets

FEB 16 and 23 at 8pm, and FEB 27 at 2pm, Alice Tully Hall

In the final three concerts of their special series, the Emerson String Quartet performs the brooding and achingly beautiful music of a 20th Century master. For tickets call 212-721-6500 or visit www.lincolncenter.org. Group rates available at 212-875-5475.

THE FILM SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER
"ONLY AT THE WALTER READE THEATER"

Frederick Wiseman: American Filmmaker, JAN 28-FEB 2

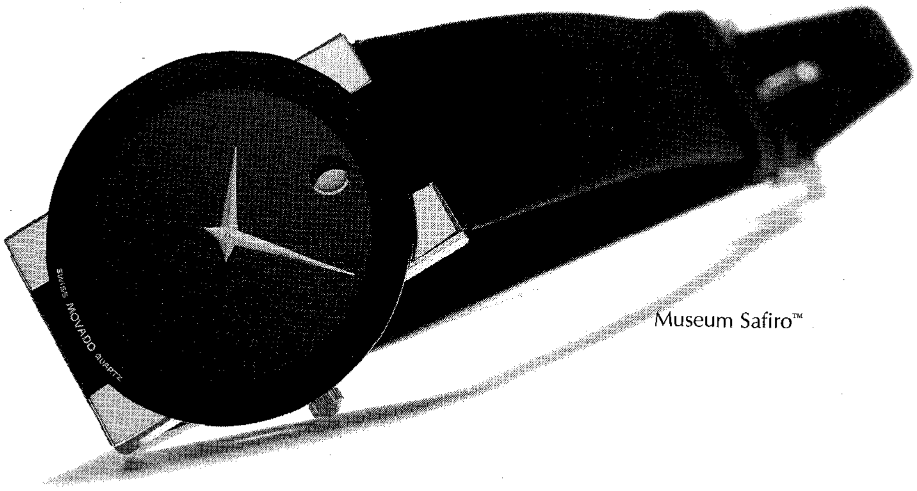
A complete retrospective of this great American documentarian at the Walter Reade Theater, including the U.S. premiere of "Belfast, Maine", plus panel discussions on "Law and Order", "Public Housing", "Deaf" and "Hospital". For schedule and ticket information, visit us at www.filmline.com or call 212-875-5600.

REEL TO REAL AT THE WALTER READE
RAGTIME ROYALTY

Saturday, FEB 12

The classic films of Chaplin and Keaton are paired with the timeless sounds of Ragtime music performed live by the Paragon Ragtime Orchestra. Led by Maestro Rick Benjamin, they recreate the original scores of Keaton's "The High Sign" and Chaplin's "The Immigrants". Tickets are $12 for adults and $6 for children ages 4-14. For additional information call 212-875-5370.

For info on all Lincoln Center programs, visit us at www.lincolncenter.org or call 212-LINCOLN.

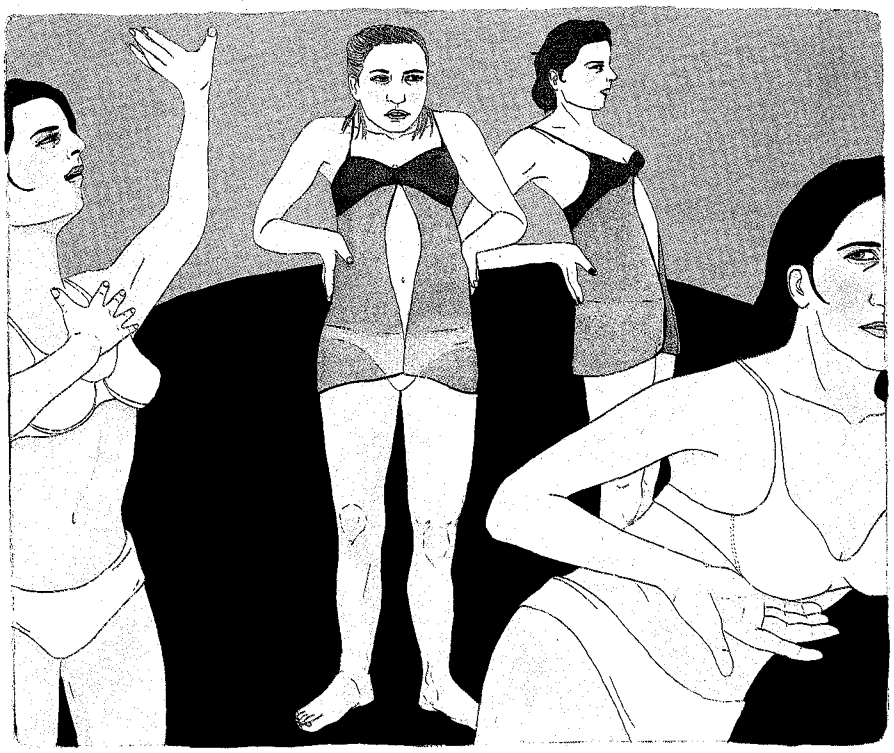


Museum Safiro™

MOVADO WATCHES ARE EXHIBITED IN THE PERMANENT COLLECTIONS OF MUSEUMS WORLDWIDE

MOVADO®
The Museum® Watch.
SWISS
610 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, NY 10020

Dirty Blonde—In her hit one-woman show, "Blown Sideways Through Life" (1993), the inimitable Claudia Shear chronicled a series of jobs she'd held (sixty-four of them) to support herself as an actress. Her new play, a wistful and witty paean to Mae West, is also about the rewards of scrappiness. Alternating between scenes from West's struggle to make it in vaudeville, then Hollywood, and from the present-day relationship of a pair of quirky Mae-worshippers, who meet at her grave site, it celebrates both the actress and the idea that you're nothing if you can't be your truest self. Shear, Kevin Chamberlin, and Robert Stillman are all terrific in multiple roles, and though the show goes on just a bit too long, it's worth the wait for a striking tableau in the final scene: a loving kiss between two great big beautiful Maes. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 460-5475. Closes Feb. 6.)



Nicholas Leichter Dance, performing in "Breakdown," at the Flea Theatre.

LARA TOMLIN

The Exact Center of the Universe—An amiable comedy by Joan Vail Thorne, lightly seasoned with insight, about a classic Southern dragon-lady mother (Frances Sternhagen, in a beautiful performance). (Century Theatre, 111 E. 15th St. 239-6200.)

Fully Committed—This hilarious one-man comedy, a tribute to starving actors slaving away in the restaurant "industry" in order to make ends meet, has reopened at a new theatre. Mark Setlock plays a lovable reservations clerk at an unnamed tony Manhattan restaurant, who deals with the daily deluge of calls from dying-to-be-guests. Developed by Setlock and the playwright Becky Mode. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. 239-6200.)

The Idiot—An updated adaptation of the Dostoyevsky novel, starring Stass Klassen and directed by Anatole Fourmantchouk. (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 307-4100.)

Infrared—Mac Wellman's new play, performed by the troupe Fancy Pants, was inspired by Christina Rossetti's "Goblin Market" and the stories of Edward Gorey. (Flea Theatre, 41 White St., between Broadway and Church St. 226-0051. Closes Feb. 5.)

The Irish . . . and How They Got That Way—A revue by Frank McCourt, author of the best-selling memoir "Angela's Ashes." It's a generally good-natured if somewhat choppy amalgam of historical tidbits, quotations from letters and speeches, and Irish songs from the past two centuries. (Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. 727-2737. Closes Jan. 30.)

Jackie Mason: Much Ado About Everything—The comic is back on Broadway with a new show, in which he explores the problems with Bill Gates, the Internet, Y2K, Bill and Hillary, Rudy Giuliani, and Jesse Ventura, among others. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

James Joyce's The Dead—Playwrights Horizons' musical version of the short story has moved to Broadway's Belasco Theatre for a limited-run encore engagement. (11/8/99) (111 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Kiss Me, Kate—This revival of the Cole Porter musical, a play within a play about the backstage goings on of a production of "The Taming of the Shrew," represents the highest level of theatrical collaboration currently on Broadway. The hero is the veteran British director Michael Blakemore, whose success lies to a large extent in marshalling the talents of his production team, resulting in the theatrical equivalent of a field day. And yet, with all its admirable expertise and its various delights, the production is oddly earthbound: it comes down to the vexing issue of chemistry. The leads, Marin Mazzie and Brian Stokes Mitchell, are expert players, but they are not—in the true meaning of the words—star performers, the kind who bring something larger than life to musical stories. (11/29/99) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Memoirs of Glückel of Hameln—An adaptation of the seventeenth-century German-Jewish widow's recollections (the first known text in Yiddish by a woman). With music by Frank London, of the Klezmatics, and Adrienne Cooper and puppetry by Jenny Romaine. Through Feb. 6. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 254-6468.)

The Merry Wives of Windsor—The Pearl Theatre Company's staging of Shakespeare's comedy. (80 St. Marks Pl. 598-9802.)

North Atlantic—Willem Dafoe, Kate Valk, and Steve Buscemi star in the Wooster Group's multimedia play, set aboard an aircraft carrier during the Cold War. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651.)

Our Sinatra—A revue of the songs of Frank, starring Eric Comstock, Christopher Gines, and Hilary Kole. (Blue Angel, 323 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

The Price—In Arthur Miller's 1968 play, a failed, dutiful brother, who thinks that life has given him a bad deal, cuts another bad deal, this time with a furniture dealer. But when his successful sibling turns up, the play becomes a negotiation about their family history, an agreement that can't be reached. As the rivalry is played out, the audience watches the riveting spectacle of a man clinging to a self-destructive illusion, despite all evidence to the contrary. As a metaphor for our culture of complaint, it ain't bad. And neither are the performances. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Putting It Together—A revue celebrating the songs of Stephen Sondheim, starring Carol Burnett. Directed by Eric D. Schaeffer. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Closes Feb. 20.)

Saturday Night Fever—The musical, based on the 1977 film. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

Sexual Perversity in Chicago—The Atlantic Theatre Company's all-Mamet season continues with the playwright's 1976 comedy, accompanied by his 1976 one-act "Duck Variations." (336 W. 20th St. 645-1242. Closes Feb. 6.)

Some Assembly Required—The Target Margin Theatre's festival of new plays includes stagings of five works in progress, by Kent Alexander, Cahir O'Doherty, Nicholas Ridout, Kathy Hemingway Jones, and Michael Brodsky. (Present Company Theatorium, 198 Stanton St. 358-3657. Closes Jan. 30.)

Stopless—A mother, her two sons, and a stripper make up the cast of characters in a new play by David Deblinger. (Center Stage, 48 W. 21st St. 929-2228. Closes Jan. 29.)

Swing!—A musical salute to the genre, directed and choreographed by Lynne Taylor-Corbett. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Teahouse of the August Moon—From the Pan Asian Rep, John Patrick's 1953 play about post-Second World War Japan, adapted from the novel by Vern Sneider. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 279-4200.)

This Is a Test—A solo show written and performed by Michael D. Conway, in which a man looks back on his life on the night before receiving H.I.V.-test results. (Sanford Meisner, 164 Eleventh Ave., at 22nd St. 613-1682.)

The Vagina Monologues—Eve Ensler's one-woman show is based on interviews she conducted with two hundred women about their vaginas. There's a certain amount of shtick involved, but most of the stories she tells are touching and memorable. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.)

The Voysey Inheritance—The Mint Theatre presents an encore engagement of Harley Granville-Barker's 1905 drama, which the company originally staged last spring. (311 W. 43rd St. 315-0231. Closes Feb. 13.)

Waiting in the Wings—In the best of Noël Coward's postwar plays, old gallant theatricals duke it out in a retirement home, where they fire off some terrific one-liners. The set is too spick-and-span for musty England in the sixties, and some of director Michael Langham's casting leaves a bit to be desired, but the evening has its old-time pleasures. Although the play itself is somewhat creaky, the pros who bring it to life here aren't: Bette Henritze, Elizabeth Wilson, Rosemary Harris, Dana Ivey, and the evergreen Lauren Bacall. La Bacall is just too glamourous and too famous for the faded company her character keeps; the day she goes to the retirement home is the day gallstones become jewelry. (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Wrong Mountain—A new play by David Hirson (“La Bête”), starring Ron Rifkin as a bitter, unknown poet determined to demonstrate how easy it is to make it as a playwright. (Eugene O’Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN: Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100. . . . **BEAUTY AND THE BEAST:** Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4747. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CABARET:** Studio 54, at 254 W. 54th St. 239-6200. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CHICAGO:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **DE LA GUARDA:** Daryl Roth, 20 Union Sq. E., at 15th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FOOTLOOSE:** Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100. . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY:** Stardust, Broadway at 51st St. 239-6200. . . . **FOSSE:** Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **HEDWIG AND THE ANGRY INCH:** Jane Street Theatre, Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. 239-6200. . . . **I LOVE YOU, YOU’RE PERFECT, NOW CHANGE:** Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200 . . . . **JEKYLL & HYDE:** Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **LATE-NITE CATECHISM:** St. Luke’s Church, 308 W. 46th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE LION KING:** New Amsterdam, 214 W. 42nd St. 307-4100. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOODS:** John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **RENT:** Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. . . . **SECRETS EVERY SMART TRAVELER SHOULD KNOW:** Ibis, 327 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 477-2477. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. Luke’s Church, 308 W. 46th St. 239-6200. . . . **WIT:** Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 307-4100.

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Jan. 26, Jan. 28, and Jan. 29 at 8: “Jazz (Six Syncopated Movements),” “Them Twos,” and “Duke!” . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 8: “Divertimento No. 15,” “The Cage,” “Andantino,” and “Union Jack.” . . . ¶ Jan. 29 at 2: “Divertimento No. 15,” “Barber Violin Concerto,” and “Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet.” . . . ¶ Jan. 30 at 3: “In the Night,” “The Unanswered Question,” and “Union Jack.” . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 8: “Divertimento No. 15,” an untitled work by Twyla Tharp, and “Union Jack.” (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Feb. 27.)

"Altogether Different"—The final week of performances in the contemporary-dance festival, featuring programs that, in every case, include a New York première and often additional seasoned works. Jan. 25 and Jan. 29 at 8 and Jan. 30 at 2: **GOLDHUBER & LATSKY** in “I Hate Modern Dance.” . . . ¶ Jan. 26-27 at 8: **SARA PEARSON/PATRIK WIDRIG AND COMPANY** in “Here-After.” . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 8: **PASCAL RIOULT DANCE THEATRE** in “K99,” “Tombeau,” “The Oak and the Reed,” and “Wien.” (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

"Interview"—The choreographer Denis O’Connor collaborates with dramaturge Marten Spangberg, scenarist F. A. A. Sven van Kuijk, and composer David Linton on a duet that O’Connor performs with Renée Copraij. The evening-length work uses Taoist calisthenics as a springboard for its meditations on performance, storytelling, and hermaphrodites. (Danspace Project, St. Mark’s In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8194. Jan. 27-30 at 8:30.)

"Breakdown"—The choreographer Nicholas Leichter offers six works, including “Good Cop/Bad Cop,” a duet with Clare Byrne, and “Worth,” a sextet of touchingly awkward erotic dancers. (The Flea Theatre, 41 White St. 226-0051. Jan. 27-30 at 8.)

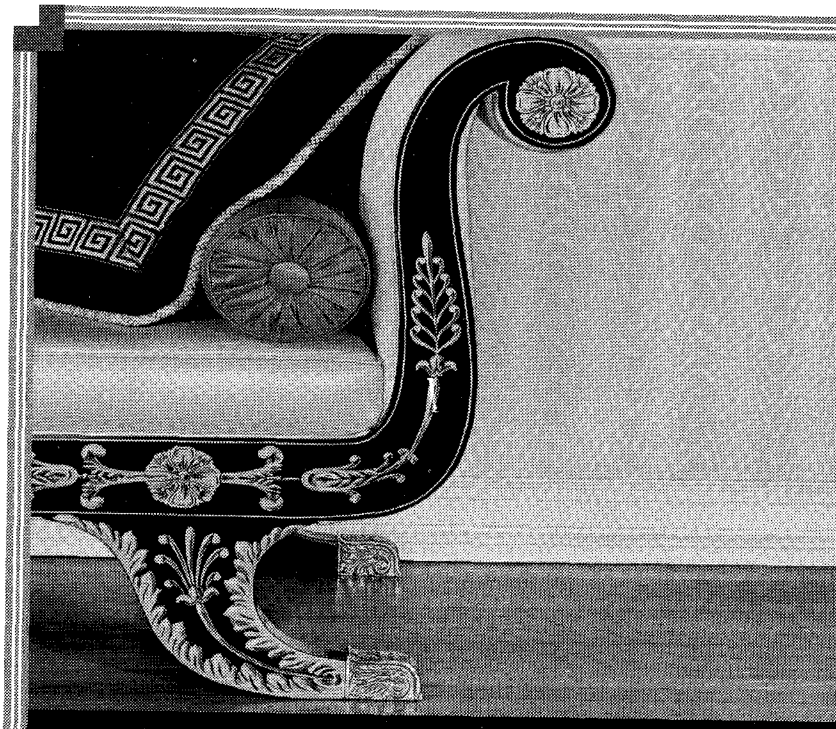
"Don't Stop Till You Get Enough"—The former Doug Elkins dancer Ben Munisteri chats and dances in works that take a teasing look at venery: “I Am a Present from God to You,” “F*** My Time Index,” “Smash Through to Sunlight,” and the post-Catholic “Lust Is a Pig, Wallowing and Grovelling in Mud and Filth.” (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at Ninth St. 477-5288. Jan. 27-30 at 8:30. Through Feb. 6.)

"Leonard and Minky"—The swaggering American Ballet Theatre dancer and choreographer John Selya joins forces with composer Joel Diamond for a full-length ballet about the romance between a clumsy tomcat who believes he’s a conductor and a shameless, street-smart kitten with a sizable fan club. Ed Koch appears, on tape, as the narrator. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Jan. 27-29 at 8 and Jan. 30 at 3. Through Feb. 13.)

"Social Dances"—The Jody Oberfelder Dance Projects presents playful variations on touch dancing, from the waltz to the lambada. (Dixon Place at Vineyard 26, 309 E. 26th St. 532-1546. Jan. 28-29 at 8 and Jan. 30 at 3.)

"Flamenco Latino"—The New York-based company presents a hybrid of flamenco footwork and salsa dynamics in works choreographed by Eddie Torres, Aurora Reyes, La Tati, and Torombo, among others. (Pace Downtown Theatre, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. 346-1715. Jan. 27-28 at 8, Jan. 29 at 3 and 8, and Jan. 30 at 3.)

The National Dance Theatre Company of Jamaica—The thirty-eight-year-old troupe performs new and traditional works, including “Legacy of the Duke,” choreographed by Clive Thompson, “Congo Layé,” based on Yoruban rituals and choreographed by Arsenio Rafael Andrade, and “Ritual of the Sunrise,” choreographed by company director Rex Nettleford and inspired by Derek Walcott’s Nobel Prize acceptance speech. (Whitman Theatre, Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts, Brooklyn College. 718-951-4500. Jan. 28-29 at 8 and Jan. 30 at 2.)



IF YOU'RE JUST LOOKING FOR
A ROOM IN NEW YORK,
YOU'RE MISSING THE POINT.

On your next visit to New York, why not really indulge yourself and choose one of our luxuriously decorated suites? As New York's premier boutique hotel, you can enjoy a one bedroom suite, or if you so desire, upgrade to a multi-bedroom suite and share the experience with friends. For reservations, call your professional travel agent, or call us at 1-888-WATOWER and ask for plan code PZ.

$389
per suite, per night

The Waldorf Towers

A member of
The Leading Hotels of the World

100 East 50th Street, New York, NY 10022

Rate applies to specific one bedroom suites only. Upgrades to two or three bedroom suites are available at an additional cost.
Taxes additional. Valid Thursday through Sunday nights through March 31, 2000, based on availability.
Rates subject to change without notice. Not available to groups and cannot be combined with any other promotion.
The Waldorf Towers is a registered trademark of Hilton Hotels Corp. © 2000 Hilton Hotels.

NIGHT LIFE

CONCERTS

Frank Kimbrough & Noumena—Pianist Kimbrough, a linchpin of the Jazz Composers Collective, has investigated the music of Herbie Nichols, Andrew Hill, and other unsung jazz masters, but his own work simmers with melodic intrigue and formal invention; he's close to an unsung hero himself. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 708-9480. Jan. 28 at 5:30.)

The Bacon Brothers—It may sound like a fool's errand, but this sibling duo featuring spiky-haired actor Kevin and his regular-guy brother Michael is turning what could have been a punch line into a passable second career. Their début CD, "Forosoco," was awash in sensitive lite-rock gibberish that made it clear that Bacon should keep his day job, but their latest, "Getting There," has enough class to make the recording respectable and even enjoyable. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Jan. 28 at 8.)

CLUBS

(Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it's advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

Bam Café, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4139)—Jan. 29: **tanguardia,** featuring pianist Bob Telson, bandoneon player Tito Castro, and guitarist Poncho Navarro, brings a bit of Buenos Aires to Brooklyn.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Jan. 27-28: **blue floyd.** Former Black Crowes guitarist Marc Ford teams up with bassist Allen Woody and drummer Matt Abts, who take care of the rhythm for Gov't Mule, and friends for two nights of the music of Pink Floyd. Jan. 29: **blue öyster cult,** Long Island's original classic-rock group—the authors of the irresistible seventies radio staple "Don't Fear the Reaper"—tries to recapture a little of its guitar-driven arena-rock glory.

Bowery Ballroom, 6 Delancey St. (533-2111)—Jan. 27: The aspiring pop diva **anastasia** got her first big break a year ago as a finalist on the MTV talent-search show "The Cut." Her major-label début, "Not That Kind," is due out this spring, and her single, "I'm Outta Love," climbed the charts so quickly that this show had to be moved from the more intimate confines of Joe's Pub. Now, five hundred New Yorkers will have the chance to see what Anastasia can do onstage without an army of producers behind her.

Brownies, 169 Avenue A, at 10th St. (420-8392)—Jan. 31: Led by Carol Lipnik, a singer with a five-octave range, **spookarama** turns out original music rooted in the carny atmosphere of Lipnik's home, Coney Island.

Chicago B.L.U.E.S., 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (924-9755)—Jan. 28: **clarence (gatemouth) brown.** He's past seventy, but you'd never know it from his sinewy sound. Like virtually every other Texas blues guitarist of the past half-century, Brown owes much to T-Bone Walker, but, unlike his fellow-disciples, he's always sought to expand the vocabulary of the blues, mixing in elements of country, Cajun, and jazz. And when he picks up that electric fiddle, watch out. Jan. 29: **johnnie johnson,** who played piano in Chuck Berry's band for nearly thirty years.

Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—Jan. 31: **spottiswoode and his enemies.** Jonathan Spottiswoode, the brains behind this tight sextet, writes astringently morose ballads about love, and his deep, rough-hewn voice will make you think of Leonard Cohen. The **mingus big band** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—Jan. 28: Roots rock with a dash of New Orleans from **cowboy mouth**. . . . ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday, with sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

Joe's Pub, 425 Lafayette St. (539-8777)—Jan. 26: The brothers **sérgio and odair assad** have been playing guitar together since they were tiny lads in their native Brazil, so that today, two decades into their professional career, their sense of ensemble is uncannily perfect. Though trained as classical guitarists, their inquisitiveness ranges wide: the musical styles of the Middle East, Spain, and Eastern Europe have all helped define their crossover niche. The violinist **nadja salerno-sonnenberg**—she of the violent attack and fractured phrase—recently collaborated with them on a disk of Gypsy-inspired music (just out on Nonesuch). She's less stylistically adaptable than the Assads, but at least the guitar playing should be worth the trip to this casual performing spot. Jan. 28: The versatile and silky reggae vocalist **shinehead.**

Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—Jan. 27: **babe the blue ox,** a coed Brooklyn-based trio that sounds like a quirky cross between Primus and King Crimson. In the mid-nineties, it enjoyed enough of a following to earn a record deal with RCA, which released two albums before dropping them last year. Slightly humbled, the Babe sounds even more ferocious. With the ever-imaginative avant-pop of Washington, D.C.'s **dismemberment plan.** Jan. 28: On his latest release, **dr. israel** (real name: Douglas Bennett) switches from mind-blowing break beats to power-guitar chords, sometimes on the same track ("The Doctor Vs. the Wizard" is built around the hard rock of Ozzy Osbourne). But the madness has a method: Dr. Israel's variations are all in service to his dub wizardry, which propels roots-reggae melodies, jungle grooves, and a punk sensibility into a wicked ride. This is a trip worth taking. Jan. 29: **jill sobule,** a feisty post-punk feminist whose work brings to mind a cross between Liz Phair and Gertrude Stein, had a hit five years ago with the catchy single, "I Kissed a Girl." Her 1997 follow-up album, "Happy Town," pleased many critics, but too few fans for the executives at Atlantic, who dropped her from the label. Since then she's been writing songs for the movies, touring with Lloyd Cole and the Negatives, and putting together a new album, "Pink Pearl," which is sure to get a run-through here. Jan. 30: The young lead singer of **antony and the johnsons orchestra** possesses a sweet and haunting voice reminiscent of Brian Ferry and a theatrical, pansexual stage presence that recalls early Marc Bolan.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-0406)—Jan. 28: The fierce and uncompromising singer-songwriter **toshi reagon** does celebratory shows—showers of retro funk, urban blues, and folk, all sung with evangelical fervor. To hear her is to believe. With **jill sobule** (see the Knitting Factory).

Mercury Lounge, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—Jan. 28: **james mc murtry,** a Texas bar-stool historian who also happens to be the son of novelist Larry McMurtry, writes taut narratives about El Caminos and small-town luck (it's usually bad) which ride the rough road between regret and true grit. With **the silos,** painter turned guitarist Walter Salas-Humara's evolving collective. Its latest album, "Heater," is a polished collection of back-country-tinged art rock.

S.O.B.'s, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Jan. 27: Singer **martha redbone** may not have a record deal, but she's got pipes, and her mix of soul and funk is polished to a brilliant shine.

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

Birdland, 315 W. 44th St. (581-3080)—Jan. 27-29: The **gary bartz** quartet and the **carla white** trio. A comer from the glory days of the late sixties, saxophonist Bartz spent the better part of the nineties reëstablishing his mastery and a solid commitment to straight-ahead swing. On an inspired night, when he feels like parading his harmonic knowledge and his dive-bomber drive, Bartz can be staggering. / White's an attractively voiced singer with potent charm and potential. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—**tito puente** and his Latin jazz ensemble have the floor through Jan. 30. Puente, the grand old man of salsa, loves his jazz, too. Rhythmic excitement is guaranteed: this guy's timbales could make a polka band swing. Dining.

Feinstein's at the Regency, 540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (339-4095)—Through Feb. 14: The **john pizzarelli** trio, with special guest **bucky pizzarelli.** John Pizzarelli is an exceedingly talented singer, guitarist, and bandleader; his father, Bucky, is the acknowledged master of the seven-string guitar, an instrument he has played alongside such artists as Benny Goodman and Stephane Grappelli. As a guest with John's trio (which also includes another son, Martin, on bass) Pizzarelli *père* will display his matchless artistry. Father, sons, and trio pianist Ray Kennedy all love the great Tin Pan Alley repertoire, and even without a drummer in sight this foursome will have no problem heating up this new club.

James McMurtry, at the Mercury Lounge.

Iridium, 48 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Through Jan. 30: The **detroit all-stars.** The Motor City is on the short list of great jazz towns, if only as an early spawning ground for some impressive swing, bop, and post-bop players. Three Detroit giants—saxophonists **frank foster** and **charles mc pherson** and drummer **louis hayes**—remind us that there was musical life in their home town long before Berry Gordy's label released its first record. Mondays belong to electric-guitar innovator **les paul.**

Jazz Standard, 116 E. 27th St. (576-2232)—Jan. 27-30: The **kurt rosenwinkle** quintet. For this run, Rosenwinkle, an engaging (if not fully developed) young guitarist, has tenor saxophonist **mark turner** in his corner. All eager fusionists should be so lucky.

Red Blazer, 32 W. 37th St. (947-6428)—**stan rubin's big band,** featuring vocalist **cary hoffman,** holds court on Thursdays with a program of songs made famous by Frank Sinatra.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Jan. 21-22: "In the Spirit of John Coltrane," an outstanding new tribute recording by **sonny fortune,** proves that

EDEL RODRIGUEZ

AN HBO DOCUMENTARY FILM

In World War II, 50% of those who died were civilians.
In today's wars, 90% of war casualties are civilians.

CHILDREN IN WAR

A FILM BY
ALAN AND SUSAN RAYMOND

PRODUCED, WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY ALAN RAYMOND AND SUSAN RAYMOND
NARRATOR AND INTERVIEWS SUSAN RAYMOND CINEMATOGRAPHY AND EDITING ALAN RAYMOND
FOR HOME BOX OFFICE: PRODUCER JOHN HOFFMAN EXECUTIVE PRODUCER SHEILA NEVINS

PREMIERES MONDAY, JANUARY 31, 10PM/9C

HBO®
IT'S NOT TV. IT'S HBO.®

www.hbo.com ©2000 Home Box Office, a Division of Time Warner Entertainment Company, L.P. All rights reserved. ® Service marks of Time Warner Entertainment Company, L.P.

this quadruple threat (tenor, alto, and soprano saxophones as well as the flute) is as primed for action as he's ever been in his now five-decade career. Though Coltrane's spirit still inspires Fortune, he remains his own man. Dining.

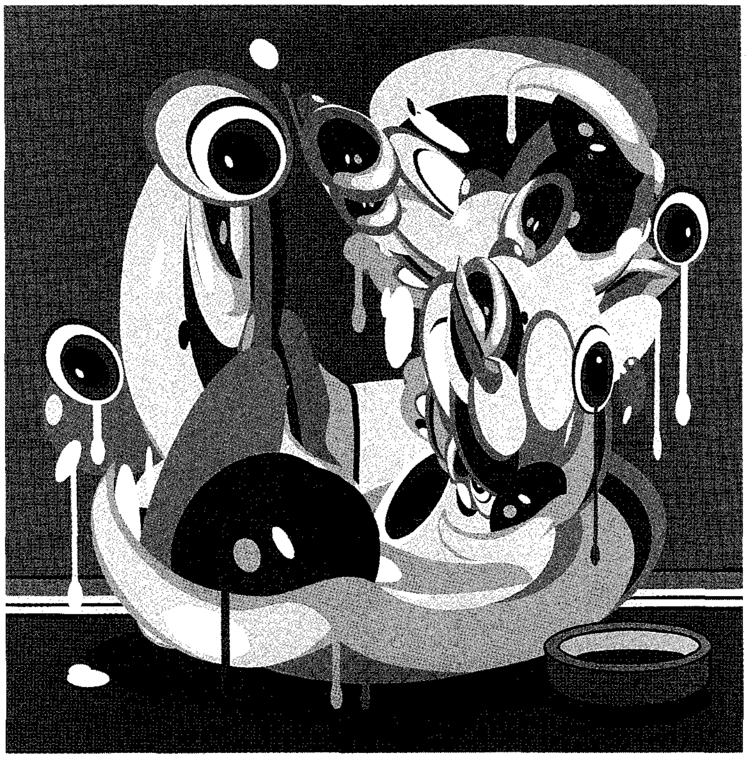
Up Over Jazz Cafe, 351 Flatbush Ave., at Seventh Ave., Brooklyn (718-398-5413)—Jan. 28-29: The **alvester garnett** quartet. A real smoothie of a drummer, Garnett laid down a flying carpet of rhythm as an early member of the Cyrus Chestnut trio. Out on his own now, this exceptional craftsman is sure to ignite those players privileged to make music with him.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Through Jan. 30: The **barry harris** trio. Whereas most bop pianists approach their keyboard like Secretariat on a good day, Harris is a classicist and a seducer, easing into his runs with a temperate touch and always placing melody before virtuosity. The **vanguard jazz orchestra** holds sway on Mondays.

ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (879-5500)—"Only the Best," the title of an exhibition of eighty works from the Gulbenkian Museum in Lisbon, may sound like fatuous P.R., but the show makes good on its promise. The founder of the collection, the Armenian oil magnate Calouste Sarkis Gulbenkian (1869-1955), known as Mr. Five Percent for the fee he retained for helping reorganize oil companies in the Middle East, began collecting as a child, starting with antique coins; by the time of his death he had amassed a princely trove of nearly six thousand works of art, from the ancient Egyptians to the Impressionists. Gulbenkian didn't have an adventurous eye, but he certainly had a discriminating one. The show's many highlights include examples of Ming porcelain, Turkish carpets, and rococo silver, as well as exceptional paintings by Watteau, Fragonard, Rubens, Gainsborough, Turner, and Manet. It's almost a relief to find a few pieces, such as a bland life-size statue of Apollo by Houdon, that are second-rate. Through Feb. 27. . . . ¶ From Elvis Presley's gold lamé suit, visibly worn at the knees, to the varied sartorial inspirations of Mick, Cher, Diana, and Sonny, "Rock Style" at the Costume Institute offers an adoring MTV-style walk down Golden Oldie Lane. Among the notable outfits is the magnificently weird jumpsuit of quilted vinyl worn by David Bowie for his "Ziggy Stardust" tour. Designed by Kansai Yamamoto but clearly inspired by early Frank Stella, it's a sort of theatrically hermaphroditic incarnation of sixties minimalism. Other highlights include dresses made from turquoise ostrich feathers (Cher) and razor blades (Deborah Harry), along with Madonna's ever-provocative pinnacled bodices. After so much gaudiness, the real shocker is a mannequin dressed, in retail flannel and black denim, as Bruce Springsteen. Through March 19. . . . ¶ "Sean Scully on Paper." Through March 12. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)



"Drool Fish," by Chris Finley, at Tilton.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—"Modern Starts" comprises three shows featuring works drawn from MOMA's permanent collection, all focussed on the years 1880-1920. "People" runs through Feb. 1; "Places" and "Things" through March 14. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, and Thursdays, 10:30 to 5:45; Fridays, 10:30 to 8:15.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (423-3500)—Selections from the permanent collection are on display. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 9 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 9 to 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—Part two of "The American Century" is a vast improvement over its predecessor, and not just because American art gathered momentum after the Second World War. The exhibition design, as a whole, is clearer: film clips and "historical" displays have been segregated to small side rooms so they don't compete directly with the nearly seven hundred art works. On the upper floors, curator Lisa Phillips succeeds in making a familiar story fresh. The Abstract Expressionist gallery is strong, and the appearance of a Chuck Close portrait in a room devoted to minimalism is smartly provocative. Only in the later rooms do the skewed priorities and omissions begin to become apparent. From this show you could learn a lot about sitcoms of the seventies, but you would never know, for example, that the decade witnessed a significant revival of representational painting. The exhibition ends with a whimper: can the nineties really have been this sterile? Through Feb. 13. (Open Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

Whitney Museum at Philip Morris, 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550)—Lee Boroson's "Underpass" is a bright-blue, nearly weightless public sculpture that rises from fourteen feet at its lowest point to a full height of more than forty feet and hovers above the leafy corporate atrium. At first glance, it looks stunningly goofy, like a cross between an air mattress and a freeway cloverleaf. But it's also slyly site-specific: the sloping central trajectory of the piece echoes that of the actual highway ramp (the Grand Central Station overpass) visible outside the atrium window. Striking and yet flamboyantly harmless, this Brobdingnagian crib toy proclaims Boroson the cheerful aerial alternative to Richard Serra. Through March 17. (Open weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 7:30.)

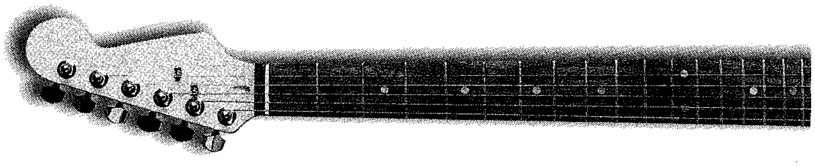
American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. (769-5100)—*National Geographic* meets the East Village in "Body Art: Marks of Identity," which features Pre-Colombian nose ornaments from Peru next to contemporary photographs of the pierced and tattooed natives of New York and San Francisco. Through May 29. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Brooklyn Museum of Art, Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000)—"Eastman Johnson: Painting America" is a fascinating retrospective exhibition, the first in more than twenty-five years, of Winslow Homer's greatest rival. Through Feb. 6. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5566)—The open-topped glass house that Dan Graham has raised on the roof here is eye-catching to begin with, but it's particularly beautiful when seen from the confines of a small carriage that Rodney Graham (no relation) has installed about thirty paces away. Closing the coach's door creates a dark and intimate camera-obscura effect, so that the image of the transparent sculpture and the West Chelsea skyline beyond appears on the coach's back wall—at least until some other visitor stumbles into the screening room. As a gallery worker remarked, it's a great place for a first date. Additional work by Rodney Graham (with Vera Lutter) is displayed in the lower galleries through June. . . . ¶ For the next six months, the museum's handsome, barnlike annex will showcase a piece from 1976 by the late, pioneering minimalist Donald Judd. Judd adamantly banished allusion and metaphor from his art, preferring that the form and materials stand on their own merits. These fifteen variations on a plywood box—each five feet square and three feet high—combine rigor with sensuousness to an effect that is almost sacramental. Through June 18. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of American Folk Art, Columbus Ave. at 65th St. (977-7170)—"Millennial Dreams," a delightful sampling of visionary art works, ranges from the Quaker Edward Hicks's sweetly docile "Peaceable Kingdom" to the prophetic charts of the itinerant preacher William A. Blayney, who was almost as concerned about copyright infringement as he was about the Antichrist. With paintings and sculptures by Mormons, Shakers, Millerites, and others, the show is as diverse theologically as it is aesthetically. Among the most poignant artifacts is a depiction of the "New Jerusalem," by Moses Weaver, a member of a celibate community founded on the teachings of Cyrus R. Teed (1839-1908). Weaver imagined the cult's headquarters as a grand linked ring of gardens and palaces. Today, however, his projected citadel looks suspiciously like a gated community. Through May 14. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11:30 to 7:30.)

ROCK THE BLOCK



GAVELNET.COM is pleased to present "Rock the Block," a special 10-day online auction of historic Rock 'n' Roll memorabilia. Open for bidding from January 21st through the 30th, this event features 56 one-of-a-kind items, including pieces from the Beatles, Janis Joplin, Kurt Cobain, Bob Dylan, Nirvana, and more. Register now and receive a free "Bridge School Benefit" CD featuring Beck, Neil Young, and Bonnie Raitt. Catch the action at http://rock.gavelnet.com.

Bob Dylan, Signed, Acoustic Guitar
Offered by GAVELNET.COM

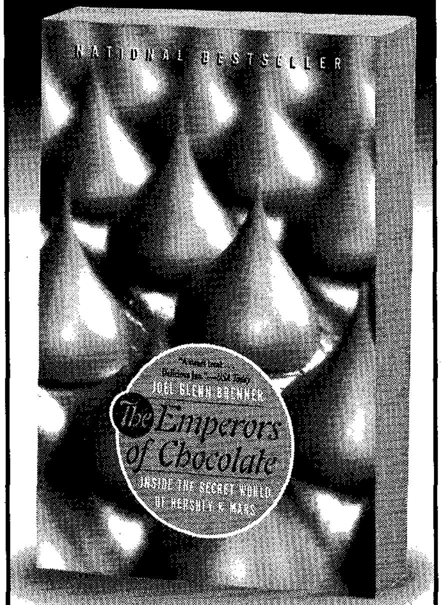
GAVELNET•COM
Taking Auction to a Fine Art™

©2000 GAVELNET.COM All rights reserved

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The National Bestseller
Now in Paperback

A delicious
tale of
bitter rivalry

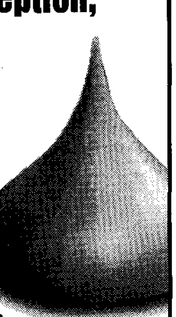

NATIONAL BESTSELLER
JOEL GLENN BRENNER
The Emperors of Chocolate
INSIDE THE SECRET WORLD OF HERSHEY & MARS

"A skillfully told chronicle of Forrest Mars and Milton Hershey, the so-called 'Candy Kings.'"
—*The New York Times Book Review*

"A sweet treat."
—*USA Today*

"A bravura performance."
—*Chicago Tribune*

"Espionage, deception, and obsessive secrecy.... This is a remarkable look at a nutty enterprise."
—*People* (starred review)



Broadway Books
Available wherever books are sold
www.broadwaybooks.com

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

James Coleman—Coleman's work requires patience; it's not the kind of thing that you can take in as you stroll by casually. But if you're blessed with a longer attention span, watch the untitled film projection in the front gallery: a doctor, shown in lush Technicolor, starts slumped over a table and moves, in staccato increments, to a seated position seventeen minutes later, by which point the image has changed into the grainy black-and-white of a historical photograph. The Irish artist's work is dense, even insular, and not for the MTV-minded, though the sequinned costumes and eyeliner on the kids in the slide installation "Photographs" could fool you. Through Feb. 19. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. 977-7160.)

David Humphrey—Imagine a sex-crazed cartoonist doodling on a malfunctioning television screen and you have a fair picture of this talented painter's latest works. They're awash in visuals drawn from such varied sources as family photographs, perfume ads, wallpaper patterns, and Internet porn. Humphrey's glutted surrealism is appealingly playful, but it can also seem disconnected and hermetic—which is why the strongest images here are often the simplest. "Waders," for example, shows a kaleidoscopic pair of figures, up to their ankles in swirling rainbow-colored water. The style is a mélange of modernist sources, from Max Ernst to de Kooning. The subject, however, is quintessential Club Med. Through Feb. 5. (McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 688-5951.)

Andrew Lenaghan—Exceptionally fine plein-air landscapes, mostly painted in dilapidated areas of Brooklyn and New Jersey. The dozen views include sunken piers in Williamsburg, deserted streets in Red Hook, a pair of weedy fields in Carroll Gardens, and a boarded-up hotel in Asbury Park. Lenaghan is hardly the first person to record sites like these, but he does so with a dispassionate virtuosity that sidesteps nostalgia. As distances go milky, he resists the temptation to summarize, stitching together fine threads of paint with the fierce steadiness of a surgeon. At his best, he's the Canaletto of the outer boroughs. Through Feb. 5. (Adams, 41 W. 57th St. 644-5665.)

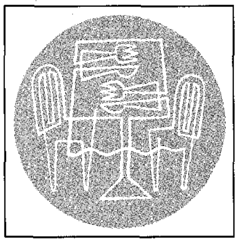
Damian Loeb—Has this brash young neo-photorealist grown up at all since his widely panned début show last year? Well, yes. Loeb has cut back on the newsreel-style bloodstains and explosions and gone for a more sinster atmosphere. Strung together, Loeb's five new canvases suggest a Technicolor film noir: the protagonist, a nubile Asian high-school student, goes on a road trip, visits some forlorn motels, makes a frantic phone call, then winds up as road-kill. Not exactly a thought-provoking narrative, but the sheer slickness of Loeb's rendering skills has a certain lowbrow glamour. Through Feb. 12. (Boone, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 752-2929.)

Ephraim Rubinstein—Inspired by his grandfather's experiences in the First World War, this academic realist has created a few sober still-lifes depicting trench tools, clothing, a diary, and a gas mask still owned by his family. The finest of them, "Attic," shows his grandfather's open trunk flooded by daylight from a dormer window. It's easy to imagine such a scene as the prelude to some Spielbergian epic, but in the end Rubinstein's straightforward treatment proves quietly compelling. Through Feb. 2. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. 664-0907.)

"Architecture and Memory"—The gallery with a name like a law firm (Lawrence Rubin Greenberg Van Doren) has been open for less than a year, but it has already earned a reputation as an exciting venue for young artists (who seem to alternate on the schedule with exhibitions from blue-chippers such as Diebenkorn and Ernst). While this show does include a suite of prints by Peter Halley, the real draw is work by emerging artists such as Julie Mehretu, who synthesizes influences from cartography to computer drafting techniques, creating canvases with matte surfaces as smooth and translucent as architectural vellum. Through Jan. 29. (730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 445-0444.)

Short List—**CARMEN CALVO,** Galeria Ramis Barquet, 41 E. 57th St. 644-9090. Through Feb. 19. . . . **ROBERT DE NIRO, SR.,** Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. 879-6606. Through Jan. 29. . . . **WILLARD DIXON,** Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. 759-2345. Through Feb. 5. . . . **LAWRENCE GIPE,** Helman, 20 W. 57th St. 245-2888. Through Jan. 22. . . . **MORRIS GRAVES,** Schmidt Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. 888-1122. Through Feb. 12. . . . **DAVID HUNTER,** Danese, 41 E. 57th St. 223-2227. Through Feb. 12. . . . **MARTIN KLINE,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. 541-4900. Through Feb. 19. . . . **LOREN MAC IVER,** De

TABLES FOR TWO



Pastis, 9 Ninth Ave., at Little West 12th St. (929-4844)—Scene: a gritty intersection in the meatpacking district; 7:15 on a week-night. Amid the loading docks, a red-awninged brasserie looks as if it's been fork-lifted out of one of the more obscure *quartiers* of Paris. Taxis and limos unload a horde of people who mill around the entrance. One couple is told that there is a wait of "several hours." They shrug, light cigarettes, and take up a vigil on the corner. Those who do make it inside are corralled into a large bar area with a pressed-tin ceiling, ochre walls, and a tiled floor occupied by a crush of people drinking, spearing oysters from platters on the zinc bar, and waiting edgily for a table. The noise level is immeasurable; the waiters have no choice but to carry their trays high above their heads; the young woman employed as gatekeeper to the dining area looks dazed and amused.

Welcome to Pastis, the latest destination created by the restaurateur Keith McNally, whose understanding of the New York herding instinct is unsurpassed. His new venture is decidedly more down-scale than Balthazar, the DeMille-esque brasserie he started in Soho (Pastis takes no reservations—at least, not from the hoi polloi—except during the unfashionable hour starting at 6 P.M.). Still, it follows the same formula: opening hours from breakfast to well into the night, and classic bistro fare, from gratinéed onion soup and frisée with lardons and a poached egg to roast poussin with garlic confit, steak frites, skate in browned butter, cassoulet (on Sundays), and such desserts as fruit tarts and poached pears. There's also a good, reasonably priced selection of house wines, as well as a few pasta interlopers. None of the food is much better than acceptable—but that isn't the point in a place like this: one recent diner was on his second after-dinner Armagnac when he realized that an extra order of frites had never arrived. At that point, he couldn't have cared less. (Open daily for lunch and dinner. Entrées $15-$18.)

Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 262-5050. Through Feb. 5. . . . **ELSIE MANVILLE,** Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 307-5730. Through Feb. 5. . . . **ODD NERDRUM,** Forum, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 355-4545. Through Feb. 5. . . . **JACKSON POLLOCK,** Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. 397-6780. Through Feb. 26. . . . **EDWARD RUSCHA,** Sheehan, 20 W. 57th St. 489-3331. Through Feb. 29. . . . **RON SCHWERIN,** Stone, 113 E. 90th St. 987-4997. Through Feb. 29. . . . **ANTONI TÀPIES,** Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. 421-3292. Through Feb. 12.

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

Dan Flavin—Four pink-and-yellow sculptures by the late minimalist who gave fluorescent lighting a good name. Despite the innate austerity of the work, its palette—determined strictly by commercial availability—bathes the gallery in a rosy glow that somehow brings to mind the fact that Flavin studied briefly with Abstract Expressionist Hans Hoffman. Forget the Caribbean getaway, no tropical sunset could top this. Through Jan. 29. (Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. 255-1105.)

Tim Gardner—Watercolors so deft you might mistake them for the snapshots on which they're based. The subject is male youth culture: less debauched than Larry Clark's kids, less clean-cut than those from "Dawson's Creek." To an eye accustomed to the pierced, tattooed, transgendered subcultures of New York, the bare-chested, beer-clutching boys here look downright exotic. Gardner's work occasionally verges on the sentimental, and the oil paintings in the back lack the immediacy of the watercolors. Still, this is one of the most interesting débuts in recent memory. Through Feb. 12. (303 Gallery, 525 W. 22nd St. 255-1121.)

Christian Marclay—Fresh from last summer's Venice Biennale comes a playful video collage of a phone conversation, cobbled together from countless film clips. A succession of actors from Barbara Stanwyck and Katharine Hepburn to Whoopi Goldberg and Meg Ryan gaze at, answer, talk to, and finally slam down phone after phone. Marclay has long been an artist-slash-d.j., and here he trades up to v.j. with witty, if lightweight, results. Through Jan. 29. (Cooper, 521 W. 21st St. 255-1105.)

Gayil Nalls—Despite stiff competition from conceptual artists around the globe, "World Sensorium" is perhaps the world's silliest art work. To create this formless "olfactory sculpture," the artist allegedly consulted with officials from two hundred and thirty countries, each of whom suggested a national scent. Nalls combined their suggestions (in the form of plant oils) in proportions that represent each country's share of the world population. The result? A fragrant, amber-colored beaker that has been endorsed by UNESCO and smells like jasmine (China, Algeria, Djibouti), with a strong undertone of lemon (Italy, Argentina, Lesotho) and a hint of pine (U.S.A.). Through Feb. 5. (Martz, 529 W. 20th St. 206-3686.)

"Couples"—Taking its title from the 1968 Updike novel, this convivial group show features images of twosomes, mostly heterosexual, in various states of disaffection, equanimity, and ardor. Readers who skipped straight to the novel's dog-eared pages will want to plant themselves in front of erotic photographs by Nan Goldin and Larry Clark. But the show's high points are its less prurient images. These include evocative double portraits by Diane Arbus and John Currin, both of whom share Updike's mix of virtuosity and malice. Best of all is a single canvas by Alice Neel, showing a blond waif perched by the side of her slovenly, bright-eyed boyfriend. If any image can distill all the stringy-haired glamourlessness of the seventies, this is it. Through March 4. (Cheim and Read, 521 W. 23rd St. 242-7727.)

Short List—**LORDAN BUNCH,** De Chiara Stewart, 521 W. 26th St. 967-6007. Through Feb. 5. . . . **MARTIN CREED,** Gavin Brown's Enterprise, 436 W. 15th St. 627-5258. Through Feb. 12. . . . **LEO DE GOEDE,** Kasmin, 293 Tenth Ave., at 27th St. 563-4474. Through Feb. 5. . . . **TODD EBERLE** and **HARRY BERTOIA,** Robert Miller, 526 W. 26th St. 366-4774. Both shows through Feb. 26. . . . **PETER EDLUND** and **PATERSON EWEN,** Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. 645-1701. Both shows through Feb. 5. . . . **PERRY HOBERMAN,** Postmasters, 459 W. 19th St. 727-3323. Through Feb. 19. . . . **MARY JONES,** Coploff, 741-1149. Through Feb. 19. . . . **NICHOLAS MICROS,** Trans Hudson, 416 W. 13th St. 242-3232. Through Feb. 24. . . . **PETER RUDOLPH,** Eller, 529 W. 20th St. 206-6411. Through Feb. 5. . . . **ALLEN RUPPERSBERG,** Burgin, 243 W. 18th St. 462-2668. Through Feb. 5. . . . **JEFFREY STURGES,** Art Resources Transfer, 210 Eleventh Ave., at 25th St. 691-5956. Through Feb. 5. . . . **BETTY WOODMAN,** Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. 633-6999. Through Feb. 12. . . . **CARRIE YAMAOKA,** Debs, 525 W. 26th St. 643-2070. Through Feb. 13.

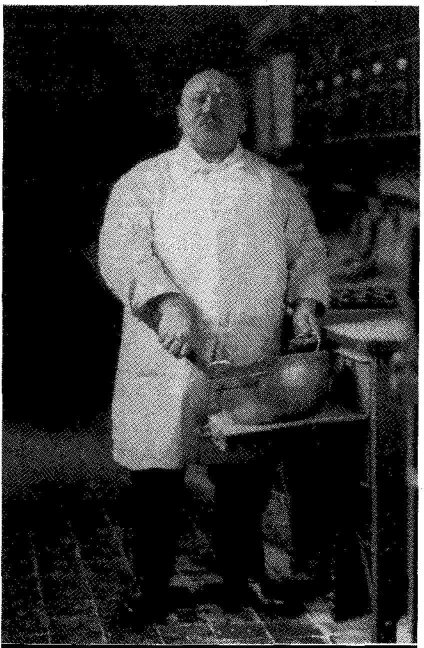
GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Cecily Brown—With her brash candor, sultry good looks, and illustrious parentage (she's the illegitimate daughter of the eminent English art critic David Sylvester), this young painter is already getting more than her share of press. To top it all off, her recent paintings have been big, salacious, and perversely traditional—like a cross between an *Orgy* magazine centerfold and a fifties de Kooning. This show, however, marks a brave, if not particularly successful, leap backward for Brown. Apart from a few glimpses of copulating bodies, the new canvases are smutless fields of Abstract Expressionist brushwork. With their crinkly flecks and rivulets of color, they seem strangely generic, handsome, and surpriseless. Through Feb. 19. (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. 228-2828.)

Keith Edmier / Richard Phillips—A remarkable, rose-colored valentine to the artist's mother, rendered life-size in resin at nine months pregnant (that's Edmier visible in utero as she lifts her blouse). Both her impeccable Chanel suit and a second sculpture of a dozen red roses are direct references to Jackie Kennedy circa J.F.K.'s assassination, a juxtaposition that exposes the peculiar relationship between personal nostalgia and collective memory. / Grisaille charcoal and chalk drawings. Phillip's glam women are always salacious, even in a head-shot format. The four on view here offset the sentimentality in Edmier's work. Both shows through Feb. 12. (Petzel, 26 Wooster St. 334-9466.)

Chris Finley—In successive shows over the past several years, Finley has presented his work as if it were stages in a video game, progressing from Levels One through Four and recently into Warp Zones. In this outing ("Warp Zone, Section Two"), Finley's scenes of chaos have a high-gloss, multiperspectival style reminiscent of recent retro animation: a few pieces look remarkably like "Ren and Stimpy" psychedelia. Is it the gobs of carefully delineated, bright-pastel drool? Through Feb. 5. (Tilton, 49 Greene St. 941-1775.)

Reverend Johnnie S. Swearingen—This former longshoreman from east Texas, who died in 1993 at the age of eighty-four, carried a Bible, a pistol, and a business card that proclaimed him "One of the best and oldest true primitive FOLK ARTISTS around today." Unlike most self-proclaimed outsider artists, Swearingen made paintings whose appeal doesn't depend on the folksy charm of clumsily painted figures, cows, and chickens. Instead, it's the meandering channels of rich color, curving around the see-through architecture of his barns and churches, that give these works their motley beauty. If you didn't know Swearingen was the child of sharecroppers, you might think he had grown up with Munch and Klee. Through Feb. 5. (Kind, 136 Greene St. 925-1200.)



August Sander, *Pastry Cook*, 1928. © Die Photographische Sammlung/SK Stiftung Kultur—August Sander Archiv, Köln; ARS, New York 1999

From
daguerreotype
to digital.
A splendid
mix.

The AIPAD
Photography
Show

The World's
Largest Exposition
Devoted to Fine Art
Photography

February 11–13, 2000

New York Hilton Hotel
Midtown New York City

Exhibition open Friday, February 11 and
Saturday, February 12: Noon–8:00pm;
Sunday, February 13: 11:00am–6:00pm
Ticket Price: $15 one day/$30 three days
(price includes show catalogue)

Sponsored by the Association of International
Photography Art Dealers (AIPAD)

AIPAD

1609 Connecticut Avenue, NW
Washington, DC 20009
Tel 202.986.0105
Fax 202.986.0448

Richard Tuttle—Tuttle continues his poetic investigation at the intersection of drawing, sculpture, and painting by way of twenty eleven-inch squares of acrylic-dabbed plywood, each with its own small block of wood attached. Some playfully ruminate on architectural space, and all are as precisely considered as a scientific experiment, despite their deceptively breezy appearance. A delightful antidote to laser-disk-projection fever. Through Feb. 12. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. 431-3685.)

"Double Space"—In a show that explores the relationship between writing and architecture, the curator A. S. Bessa has put together an exhibition that's both engaging and intellectually rigorous, a rare feat. Language and space marry most elegantly in Kenneth Goldsmith's "Fidget-Applet," an interactive CD-ROM-based work documenting a day in the life of the body, a subtext that reëmerges in drawings by Carolee Schneemann and Lilly van der Stokker. Through Feb. 5. (Apex, 291 Church St. 431-5270.)

Short List—**SUE DE BEER AND LAURA PARNES,** Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. 343-7300. Through Feb. 19. . . . **JASON DODGE,** Kaplan, 48 Greene St. 226-6131. Through Feb. 11. . . . **JEANNETTE LOUIE,** Esso, 191 Chrystie St. 714-8192. Through Feb. 5. . . . **LEROY PERSON,** Ross, 568 Broadway. 343-2161. Through Feb. 19. . . . **RAYMOND PETTIBON,** Zwirner, 43 Greene St. 966-4952. Through Feb. 12. . . . **LEZLY SAAR** and **PETER HRISTOFF,** Beitzel, 102 Prince St. 219-2863. Both shows through Feb. 5. . . . **JENNY SCOBEL,** Locus, 594 Broadway. 334-6424. Through Feb. 12. . . . **IONEL TALPAZAN** and **EDWARD NAGRODZKI,** American Primitive, 594 Broadway. 966-1530. Both shows through Feb. 12.

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

Sotheby's—Jan. 26: Old Master drawings, including notable works by Rembrandt, Watteau, and Goya. . . . ¶ Jan. 26-27: European and English furniture, tapestries, and decorative pieces. . . . ¶ Jan. 28: An auction of Old Master paintings, curated as a sort of history of Europe in oils, restores to public view a long-lost "Madonna and Child" by Andrea del Sarto, which has been hiding out in New England; other offerings include two splendid Guardi canalscapes, an important portrait by Rubens, and Domenichino's "The Rebuke of Adam and Eve." A group of thirty still-life paintings, dating from the seventeenth through the early nineteenth centuries, has been assembled for the concluding phase of the auction. (York Ave. at 72nd St. 606-7000.)

Christie's—Jan. 26: British furniture, ceramics, paintings, and other decorative pieces. . . . ¶ Jan. 27: Two Tiepolos and a Venetian scene by Canaletto are among the highlights of a sale of Old Master paintings. . . . ¶ Jan. 28: Old Master drawings. (20 Rockefeller Plaza, at 49th St. 636-2000.) . . . ¶ At **CHRISTIE'S EAST:** Jan. 27: A sale of European furniture and decorative arts includes a collection of eighteenth-century teapots. (219 E. 67th St. 606-0430.)

Phillips—An auction of almost two hundred photographs by Weegee (including several previously unknown images), from the estate of Wilma Wilcox, his companion during the last two decades of his life. (406 E. 79th St. 570-4830. Jan. 31.)

Doyle—Furniture, decorative art works, and Old Master paintings and drawings. (175 E. 87th St. 427-4141. Jan. 26.)

Swann—Vintage posters. (104 E. 25th St. 254-4710. Jan. 27.)

Winter Antiques Show—The conclusion of this annual high-end classic. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Jan. 26-30. For information, call 718-292-7392. . . . **NOTE:** Numerous decorative, documentary, and anthropological pieces from the collection of the Nantucket Historical Association—none of which are for sale—are on display throughout the show.)

Outsider Art Fair—The eighth annual installment of this show, which features work by self-taught, intuitive, eccentric, or otherwise non-mainstream artists. (Puck Building, Houston and Lafayette Sts. Jan. 28-30, with a benefit preview on Jan. 27. For information, call 777-5218; to make reservations to attend a concurrent symposium on the morning of Jan. 29, call 977-7170.)

Park Avenue Antiques Show—Mostly mid-range offerings in many genres. (Wallace Hall, Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. 288-3588. Jan. 28-30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Frantisek Vobecky (1902-91)—Surrealist-influenced photomontages from the thirties, by this Czech avant-gardist. Through Feb. 26. (Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. 794-4444.)

"Earth from Above"—A delightful series of large color photographs by the French aerial photographer Yann Arthus-Bertrand, taken while flying over more than sixty countries. Through Jan. 29. (Science, Industry, and Business Library, New York Public Library, Madison Ave. at 34th St. 869-8089.)

"Picturing Guatemala"—More than a century's worth of images from the archives of CIRMA (Centro de Investigaciones Regionales de Mesoamérica), including cartes de visite, funerary portraits, plantation promotions, photographs taken by nineteenth-century ethnographers, and the photographic record of an execution during the Estrada Cabrera regime. Through April 16. (Americas Society, Park Ave. at 68th St. 249-8950.)

"YNOT"—Photographs from the latest issue of *Blind Spot*, including works by William Wegman, John Baldessari, Shannon Taggart, Scott Irvine, and James Whitlow Delano. Through Jan. 29. (Mann, 210 Eleventh Ave., at 25th St. 989-7600.)

International Center of Photography—"Propaganda and Dreams: Photographing the 1930s in the USSR and the US." Through Feb. 13. (1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. 860-1777. Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Short List—**SARAH CHARLESWORTH,** Gorney, Bravin, and Lee, 534 W. 26th St. 352-8372. Through Feb. 5. . . . **ROLAND FISCHER,** Von Lintel & Nusser, 555 W. 25th St. 242-0599. Through Jan. 29. . . . **EDWARD GRAZDA,** Sepia, 148 W. 24th St. 645-9444. Through Jan. 29. . . . **ANDREA ROBBINS AND MAX BECHER,** Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. 255-8450. Through Jan. 29.

CLASSICAL MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall is 247-7800, and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 501-3330.)

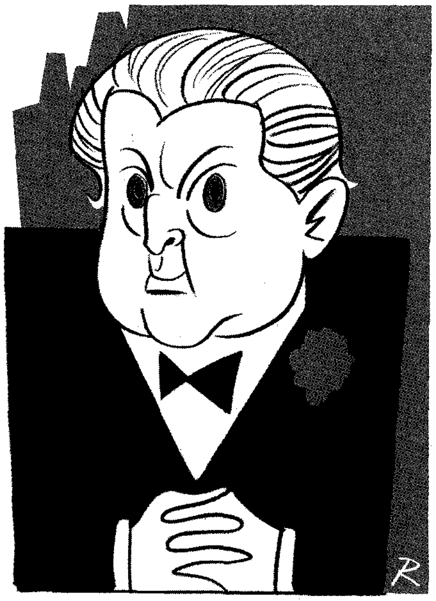
OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—A double bill of **CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA,** with Dolora Zajick, Fabio Armiliato, and Kim Josephson, and **PAGLIACCI,** with Veronica Villarroel, Dennis O'Neill, Frederick Burchinal, and Dwayne Croft; conducted by Steven Crawford. (Jan. 26 at 7:30.) . . . **LES CONTES D'HOFFMANN,** with Ruth Ann Swenson (portraying all four of the soprano heroines), Susanne Mentzer, Neil Shicoff, and Bryn Terfel; James Levine. (Jan. 27 at 8 and Jan. 31 at 7:30.) . . . **LA TRAVIATA,** with Cristina Gallardo-Domas, Roberto Aronica, and Vladimir Chernov; Roberto Abbado. (Jan. 28 at 8.) . . . **DER ROSENKAVALIER,** with Renée Fleming, Susan Graham, Heidi Grant Murphy, Stuart Neill, Hans-Joachim Ketelsen, and Franz Hawlata; Mr. Levine. (Jan. 29 at 1.) . . . With Joyce Guyer instead of Ms. Murphy. (Feb. 1 at 7:30.) . . . **MADAMA BUTTERFLY,** with Cynthia Lawrence, Jane Bunnell, Paul Charles Clarke, and Thomas Allen; Marcello Viotti. (Jan. 29 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

National Symphony Orchestra—Leonard Slatkin leads Liadov's "Eight Russian Folksongs," Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto (featuring Yura Lee, a fourteen-year-old Korean musician who already has a decade of experience under her belt), and Shostakovich's Symphony No. 15. (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 26 at 8.)

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra—Jesús López-Cobos conducts Copland's "Fanfare for the Common Man" and Clarinet Concerto, Barber's Adagio for Strings, Bernstein's "Preludes, Fugue and Riffs," a suite from Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier," and Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloé" Suites No. 1 and No. 2. Richard Stoltzman is the clarinet soloist. (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 28 at 8.)



The English baritone Thomas Allen, in recital at the 92nd Street Y.

ROBERT RISKO

Orpheus Chamber Orchestra—The conductorless ensemble performs Tippett's "Divertimento on 'Sellinger's Round,'" Mozart's A-Major Piano Concerto (K. 488, with Radu Lupu), Susan Botti's "Within Darkness" (featuring violinist Martha Caplin), and Brahms's Serenade No. 2. (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 29 at 8.)

Riverside Symphony—George Rothman leads Bartók's "Romanian Folk Dances," the première of John Peel's Violin Concerto (featuring Joseph Lin), and Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 3 (the "Scottish"). (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Jan. 29 at 8.)

The Queen's Chamber Band—Harpsichordist Elaine Comparone and her ensemble offer works by the Neapolitan Baroque composer Alessandro Scarlatti and his son, Domenico. (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 1 at 8.)

RECITALS

Thomas Allen—The distinguished English baritone performs songs by Schubert, Beethoven, Wolf, Duparc, Ravel (his "Cinq Mélodies Populaires Grecques"), and Arthur Somervell (a group of his settings from Housman's "A Shropshire Lad"). Pianist Malcolm Martineau assists. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Jan. 26 at 8.)

Focus! 2000—At the Juilliard Theatre, the concluding concerts of the Juilliard School's annual exploration of modern music, which this year offers an international selection of works completed during the last three years of the last century. Jan. 26 at 8: Chamber pieces by György Kurtág, Karin Rehnqvist, Robert Zuidam, Somei Satoh, Robert HP Platz, and Per Nørgård. . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 8: Pieces for small ensembles of various configurations, by Kaija Saariaho, Franghiz Ali-Zadeh, Willem Jeths, Veli Matti Puumala, John Zorn, Vanessa Lann, and Mario Lavista. . . . **NOTE:** A pre-concert recital, beginning at 7 and open to ticket holders, features works that employ electronic manipulation, by Alejandro Iglesias Rossi and others.) . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 8: Donald Palma conducts the Juilliard Orchestra in music by John Psathas, Henrik Strindberg, Betty Olivero, and Peter Maxwell Davies (his "Spinning Jenny"). (155 W. 65th St. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.)

MUSIC BY ENESCU—A talk-and-play evening devoted to the Romanian composer and violinist George Enescu (1881-1955), including performances by pianists Horia Mihail and Lory Wallfisch, as well as a screening of a forty-five-minute documentary film about the composer. (Romanian Cultural Center, 200 E. 38th St. Jan. 27 at 7. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 581-1365.)

BARGEMUSIC—New York's only floating concert hall presents a week of Brahms on the briny. Jan. 27 and Jan. 29 at 7:30: The Colorado String Quartet, assisted by violist Mark Peskanov and cellist Mark Shuman, plays both of Brahms's String Sextets. . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 7:30 and Jan. 30 at 4: The Moscow Conservatory Trio performs Brahms's B-Major Piano Trio and is joined by Mr. Peskanov for the composer's G-Minor Piano Quartet. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-4061.)

EMERSON STRING QUARTET—The foursome's members, who have just released a recording of Shostakovich's fifteen quartets, play and discuss selections from those seminal works of twentieth-century chamber music. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Jan. 27 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

WARREN JONES AND FRIENDS—The pianist is joined by four notable colleagues—mezzo-soprano Stephanie Blythe, flutist Michael Parloff, violinist Stephanie Chase, and cellist David Heiss—in a program that comprises piano trios by Haydn and Brahms (in C Minor), Dvořák's "Zigeunermelodien," and Weber's "Invitation to the Dance." (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Jan. 27 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

NORAH AMSELLEM—The soprano, assisted by pianist Antoine Palloc, performs songs by Debussy, Strauss, Poulenc, and others. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Jan. 28 at 8.)

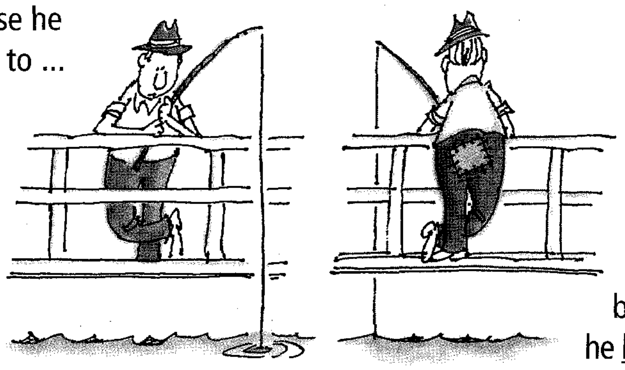
SARA DAVIS BUECHNER—The pianist performs Mozart's Fantasy and Sonata in C Minor (K. 475/457), Schubert's "Wanderer" Fantasy, and short pieces by Paderewski, Joplin, and others. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Jan. 28 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

SABAT/CLARKE DUO—Violinist Marc Sabat and pianist Stephen Clarke perform Morton Feldman's eighty-five-minute-long "For John Cage." (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Jan. 28 at 8. For information about tickets, call 979-1027.)

BARBARA BONNEY—This much loved American soprano has been nurturing an interest in the legendary Swedish soprano Jenny Lind. Under the management of P. T. Barnum, who dubbed her the "Swedish Nightingale," Lind became one of the most famous celebrities of the nineteenth century. She was also one of the most highly paid: guaranteed a minimum of a thousand dollars a concert for each appearance in her 1850-51 American tour, she found that her cut of the box-office receipts sometimes swelled her evening's earnings to more than fifteen thousand dollars. In this three-hour lecture-recital, Ms. Bonney is assisted by Warren Jones in an exploration of Lind's repertoire and the musical world in which she operated. (Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center. Jan. 29 at 10 A.M. For information about tickets, call 875-5050.)

MAYA BEISER AND STEPHEN SCHICK—Cellist and percussionist, performing works by Julia Wolf, Martin Bresnick, and other contemporary American composers. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Jan. 29 at 8.)

Is this man fishing because he wants to ...



... or because he has to?

Are You Absolutely Sure You Are Financially Secure?

Before you answer, why not find out:
How much money will it take to provide what you want?

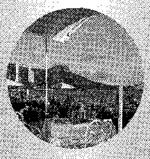
You can call or visit our Web site to learn more about ideas created by James E. Stowers, founder and Chairman of the Board of American Century Companies, a well-known family of mutual funds.

www.deerinternational.com
1-800-234-3445

STARWOOD PREFERRED GUEST
Be One.

THE ROYAL HAWAIIAN
Waikīkī

Taste of Luxury
Ocean accomodations for
a minimum of 3 nights
with daily breakfast buffet
and a complimentary 4th night.
Rate: $350 per night.



IF YOU WANT TO BE TREATED LIKE ROYALTY,
WHY NOT STAY IN A PALACE?

The historically elegant Pink Palace in the heart of Waikīkī. Here, every guest is treated like royalty. Needs aren't simply met, they're anticipated. And the service isn't just friendly, it's exceptional. It's this tradition of Hawaiian hospitality that makes it not only a luxury hotel, but a landmark. For reservations, see your travel professional or call 1-800-325-DLUX.

THE LUXURY COLLECTION
HAWAI'I
A Member of Starwood Hotels & Resorts Worldwide, Inc.

The Royal Hawaiian • Princeville Resort • The Orchid at Mauna Lani • The Lodge at Koele • The Manele Bay Hotel • Kapalua Bay Hotel

*Offer valid through 12/25/00. Subject to change and availability without notice. Some restrictions and blackout dates may apply. Not combinable with any other offer.

THE ROYAL HAWAIIAN
2259 Kalakaua Avenue,
Honolulu, HI 96815-2578

Tel: (808) 923-7311
Fax: (808) 924-7098
www.luxurycollectionhawaii.com

Plácido Domingo—The renowned Spanish tenor has been an indispensable presence on New York's operatic scene for thirty-five years—he made his début here in 1965, at New York City Opera—but, strange to say, this concert marks his first recital in town. He's assisted by pianist Daniel Barenboim for this rare foray onto the recital stage, which includes songs by Donizetti, Verdi, Liszt, Tosti, and Tórroba, as well as some interludes for solo piano (including a concert paraphrase, by Liszt, on themes from "Rigoletto"). (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 30 at 2.)

Andrew Bolotowsky and Gregory Bynum—The flutist and the recorder player offer solo sonatas and duets by Bach, Telemann, and other Baroque composers, in the octagonal drawing room of Manhattan's oldest private residence. (Morris-Jumel Mansion, 65 Jumel Terrace, between 160th and 162nd Sts. 923-8008. Jan. 30 at 2.)

Ambrosia Trio—Performing piano trios by Haydn (in E Major, Hob. XV:28), Beethoven (in B-Flat Major, Op. 11), and Brahms (in C Major). (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. Jan. 30 at 4. Tickets at the door.)

Richard Erickson—The organist's all-Bach recital includes the Partita on "Sei gegrüsset, Jesu gütig" and the Fantasy and Fugue in G Minor (BWV 542). (Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, Central Park West at 65th St. Jan. 30 at 5. No tickets necessary.)

Jerry Hadley—The tenor speaks and performs with pianist Brian Zeger, in the opening installment of a new monthly series that will spotlight classical singers. Pieces by Bernstein and Yoummans are among the works in the lineup. (Joe's Pub, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 239-6200. Jan. 30 at 6.)

Columbia Sinfonietta—This season, Columbia University's Department of Music joins the school's Computer Center to host a four-concert series featuring new music for unusual—and usually large—instrumental groupings. In the opening concert, Jeff Milarsky leads "Les Espaces Acoustiques" by the late Gérard Grisey, a work for solo viola (here, Lois Martin) and successive ensembles of seven and then eighteen instruments. An acclaimed figure in the French avant-garde, Grisey, who died a little over a year ago, was a student of Messiaen and Dutilleux, a denizen of Boulez's IRCAM center in Paris, and a champion of what he called "spectral music" (it involved a "formal organization and sonic material that came directly from the physics of sound, as discovered through science and microphonic access"). Completing the program are further contemporary works for large chamber formulations by two "spectral music" disciples: Philippe Hurel's "Pour l'Image" (for fourteen instruments) and Ronald Bruce Smith's "Remembrances of a Garden" (for a mixed sextet of strings, winds, piano, and percussion). (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 31 at 8.)

American String Quartet—The ensemble offers a rarity (George Whitefield Chadwick's Quartet No. 4, written in 1896) and a familiar classic (Beethoven's Quartet in E-Flat Major, Op. 127). (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. 749-2802, ext. 428. Jan. 31 at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Three of the Society's members—clarinettist (and music director) David Shifrin, violinist Ida Kavafian, and pianist Anne-Marie McDermott—are joined by cellist Peter Wiley (formerly of the Beaux Arts Trio) in a program of works born of the climate surrounding the Second World War: Krenek's Violin Sonata (from 1944-45), Hindemith's Clarinet Quartet (from 1938), and Messiaen's "Quartet for the End of Time" (premièred in 1941 by the composer and three of his fellow-interns at Stalag 8A, the prisoner-of-war camp in Görlitz, Silesia). (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Feb. 1 at 7:30.)

Ensemble Organum—This vocal group, directed by Marcel Pérès, is intrepid and creative in its exploration of medieval sacred music. In this concert, the singers focus their attention on Old Roman chant, re-creating an Easter Vespers service as it might have sounded at the Papal Chapel a thousand years ago, when Roman liturgy still reflected the influence of Byzantine musical traditions. (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 145 W. 46th St. Feb. 1 at 8. For information about tickets, call 800-627-0655.)

"Piano Century"—The Juilliard School's survey of twentieth-century piano repertoire reaches the nineteen-sixties, and works by Gubaidulina, Crumb, Sessions (his Sonata No. 3), William Albright, Britten, Rochberg ("Nach Bach"), and Einojuhani Rautavaara. (Paul Hall, Juilliard School, Lincoln Center Plaza. Feb. 1 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

ALSO OF INTEREST

DAVID TAYLOR: Bass trombonist, in recital, with several colleagues. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Jan. 26 at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . **JOSEPH LULLOFF:** Saxophonist, in recital. (Weill Recital Hall. Jan. 26 at 8.) . . . **PROMETHEUS CHAMBER ORCHESTRA:** The Third Symphonies of Sibelius and Brahms, plus Stravinsky's "Pulcinella" Suite. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 26 at 8.) . . . **NEW YORK SCANDIA SYMPHONY:** Music by Bernhard Crusell, a Finnish contemporary of Beethoven's. (Trinity Church, Broadway at Wall St. Jan. 27 at 1. Admission by contribution.) . . . **ST. FRANCIS SINGERS:** A program of spirituals. (St. Francis of Assisi Church, 135 W. 31st St. Jan. 27 at 1:15. No tickets necessary.) . . . **SYLVIA ROSENBERG:** Violinist, with pianist Barry Snyder, performing sonatas by Schumann, Bartók, George Walker, and Strauss. (Weill Recital Hall. Jan. 27 at 8.) . . . **VIDA:** A women's a-cappella quartet. (Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center. Jan. 30 at 11 A.M. For information about tickets, call 875-5050.) . . . **"SUNDAYS ON THE ISLAND":** Presenting Schubert's C-Major String Quintet. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. 718-885-2478. Jan. 30 at noon.) . . . **ST. LAWRENCE STRING QUARTET:** A lecture-recital, with commentator Robert Kapilow, about Shostakovich's String Quartet No. 3. (Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center. Jan. 31 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 875-5050.) . . . **BARBARA GAVATOS:** Violinist, with pianist Marcantonio Barone, performing Brahms's three violin sonatas. (Weill Recital Hall. Feb. 1 at 8.)

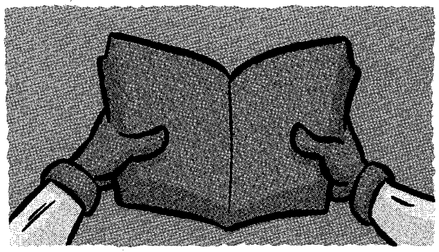
ABOVE AND BEYOND

Readings—Jan. 26 at 6:30: By actors Joseph Wiseman, John Shea, and Fionnula Flanagan, from the short stories of Isaac Babel, John McGahern, and Beth Lordan. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.) . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 8: By novelist Anne Stone and poet Michael Franco, from their work. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Tickets at the door.) . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 8: By Anthony Hecht, Yusef Komunyakaa, Robert Pinsky, Gjertrud Schnackenberg, and other poets, from Shakespeare's sonnets and narrative poems. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.) . . . ¶ Jan. 30 at 7: By Thom Jones, from his short-story collection "Sonny Liston Was a Friend of Mine," and by David Shields, from his book about professional basketball and race, "Black Planet." (K.G.B., 85 E. 4th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 6: By Monique Fowler, from the poems Elizabeth Bishop wrote while living in Brazil. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Tickets at the door.)

Talk—Jan. 29 at 2:30: New York City film critics John Anderson (*Newsday*), John Simon (*National Review*), and Stewart Klawans (*The Nation*) discuss the future of their profession. David Schwartz, chief curator at the American Museum of the Moving Image, moderates. (35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. 718-784-0077.)

BOOK CURRENTS

Chill Factor



CHRISTOPH NIEMANN

In 1626, Sir Francis Bacon tested the ability of snow to preserve the flesh of a chicken. The experiment, according to Bacon, "succeeded excellently well," but Bacon caught a bad chill and later died of pneumonia. The phenomenon of coldness, so familiar to New Yorkers lately, has always been an object of scientific curiosity and aesthetic contemplation. In **Absolute Zero and the Conquest of Cold** (Houghton Mifflin), Tom Schactman tells of the quest to harness and measure the baffling properties of cold. The physics of cold, unlike those of heat, were long misunderstood; the court magician Cornelis Drebbel astonished King James I when he devised a crude air-conditioner for Winchester Abbey. The economics of cold were easier to grasp. By the nineteenth century, the ice trade was in full swing, particularly in America, where ice from Walden Pond was shipped south to meet the demand created by a popular new drink—the mint julep.

In **Snow in America** (Smithsonian), the cultural historian Bernard Mergen examines the cold weather's most treacherous—and enjoyable—gift. He quotes Thomas Jefferson's musings about the Virginia winters, and marvels over Wilson Alwyn Bentley's Victorian microphotographs of snowflakes. Mergen even points out that Eskimos do not, in fact, have hundreds of words for snow. (Correcting for linguistic differences, they have two.) Ruth Kirk, in **Snow** (University of Washington), dispels another myth: that two snowflakes can never be identical. In Kirk's compendium, we discover that Descartes published the first accurate drawings of snowflakes, that macaques like to make snowballs (not to throw, but to sit on), and that a weather balloon can become an emergency snow hut.

In Antarctica, Stephen J. Pyne, author of **The Ice** (University of Washington), encounters a frozen world so vast that it needs its own vocabulary: ice hummocks, bergy bits. Here, the cold once again threatens to surpass understanding, "sweeping everything . . . into the heart of an immense whiteness."

—Mark Rozzo

Books.

[AT BARNES & NOBLE]

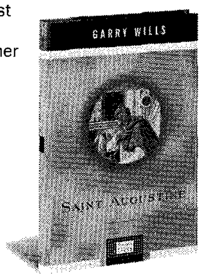
Acclaimed Authors— Extraordinary Lives

SAINT AUGUSTINE

by Garry Wills

Gary Wills, two-time National Book Critics Circle Award winner and Pulitzer Prize recipient, goes past the myths and misconceptions to create a complete portrait of the bishop/philosopher who pioneered the autobiography with his influential confessions. (Viking)

Pub. Price: $19.95
Discount **20%**
Our Price: $15.96

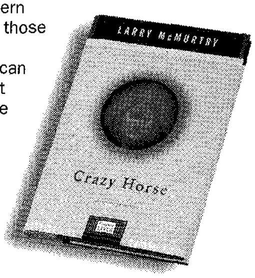


CRAZY HORSE

by Larry McMurtry

Pulitzer Prize winner Larry McMurtry examines the Sioux warrior whose legend looms above the Western plains. Drawing upon interviews with those who knew him, stories from Native Americans, and the records of American history, this is an outstanding look at the fierce yet reluctant leader at Little Bighorn. (Viking)

Pub. Price: $19.95
Discount **20%**
Our Price: $15.96

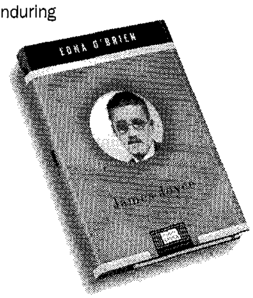


JAMES JOYCE

by Edna O'Brien

A contemporary Irish author tackles an enduring Irish legend. With the meticulousness of a scholar and the unbridled enthusiasm of a true fan, Edna O'Brien narrates the life of James Joyce, who, with one masterpiece after another, redefined twentieth-century literature. (Viking)

Pub. Price: $19.95
Discount **20%**
Our Price: $15.96

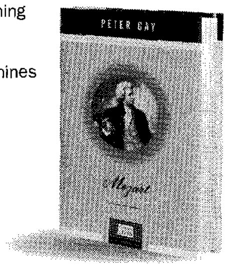


MOZART

by Peter Gay

The life of one of history's most revered composers is rendered beautifully by National Book Award-winning author Peter Gay. This enthralling book explores the magic of Mozart's music, the man behind the maestro, and examines the impact of his genius on his era—and on ours. (Viking)

Pub. Price: $19.95
Discount **20%**
Our Price: $15.96



MARCEL PROUST

by Edmund White

With *Remembrance of Things Past*, Marcel Proust paved a new path in writing, tapping the events of his own life as inspiration for his fiction. Award-winning biographer Edmund White reveals Proust as a man who sought the spotlight as often as he skirted it, and celebrates an author who changed how writers approach literature. (Viking)

Pub. Price: $19.95
Discount **20%**
Our Price: $15.96

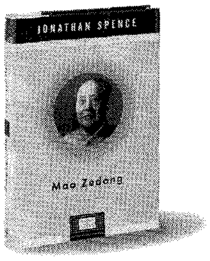
EDMUND WHITE
Marcel Proust

MAO ZEDONG

by Jonathan Spence

From acclaimed historian Jonathan Spence *(The Gate of Heavenly Peace)* comes a concise yet complete study of Mao Zedong, a man who, via commitment, cunning and an inscrutable charisma, rose from simple beginnings to become the undisputed leader of the largest country in the world. (Viking)

Pub. Price: $19.95
Discount **20%**
Our Price: $15.96

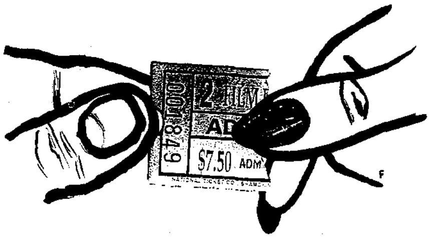


BARNES&NOBLE

shop online at bn.com *or visit our stores*

© 2000 Barnes & Noble, Inc.

Prices effective at store locations through 2/8/00



THE MOVIES

OPENING

Belfast, Maine—Frederick Wiseman's new documentary captures daily life in a small coastal town. Opening Jan. 28. (Walter Reade Theatre.)

The Big Tease—A comedy about a Scottish hairdresser (Craig Ferguson) who crashes the World Freestyle Hairdressing Championships. Directed by Kevin Allen. Opening Jan. 28.

The Cup—Khyentse Norbu directs this drama about a group of young Tibetan monks who become obsessed with the 1998 World Cup. Opening Jan. 28. (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Eye of the Beholder—Ewan McGregor plays a detective who tracks a serial killer (Ashley Judd) through America. Stephan Elliott directed. Opening Jan. 28.

Isn't She Great—The story of Jacqueline Susann, author of “Valley of the Dolls.” With Bette Midler, Nathan Lane, and John Cleese. Directed by Andrew Bergman and written by Paul Rudnick. Opening Jan. 28.

Kestrel's Eye—A documentary that follows the lives of two falcons. Directed by Mikael Kristersson. Opening Jan. 26. (Film Forum.)

Stella Does Tricks—A. L. Kennedy wrote the screenplay for this drama about a Glasgow girl (Kelly MacDonald) who becomes a prostitute in London. Directed by Coky Giedroyc. Opening Jan. 28. (The Screening Room.)

FILM NOTES

(If a movie has been reviewed recently in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.)

Any Given Sunday—In Oliver Stone's pro-football movie, everything happens at once: the ball is snapped, thighs churn, bodies lock together, and, as the coach screams, an arm is raised to throw the ball. Stone takes us so deep inside the action that we feel we're being threshed by the teeth of a machine. The movie is ostensibly a protest against corporate control of sport but is itself a prime example of corporate art. With Al Pacino, haggard and magnificent, as the aging, traditionalist coach Tony D'Amato; Dennis Quaid as the star quarterback who, in his late thirties, is fading fast; Jamie Foxx as the young hot shot who wants to replace him, and who must be taught to play not just for himself but for the team; Cameron Diaz as the blond-bitch team owner; and football great Lawrence Taylor as a defensive genius who risks maiming himself.—*David Denby* (1/10/00) (84th Street Sixplex, 42nd Street E Walk, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 72nd Street East, and Village Theatre VII.)

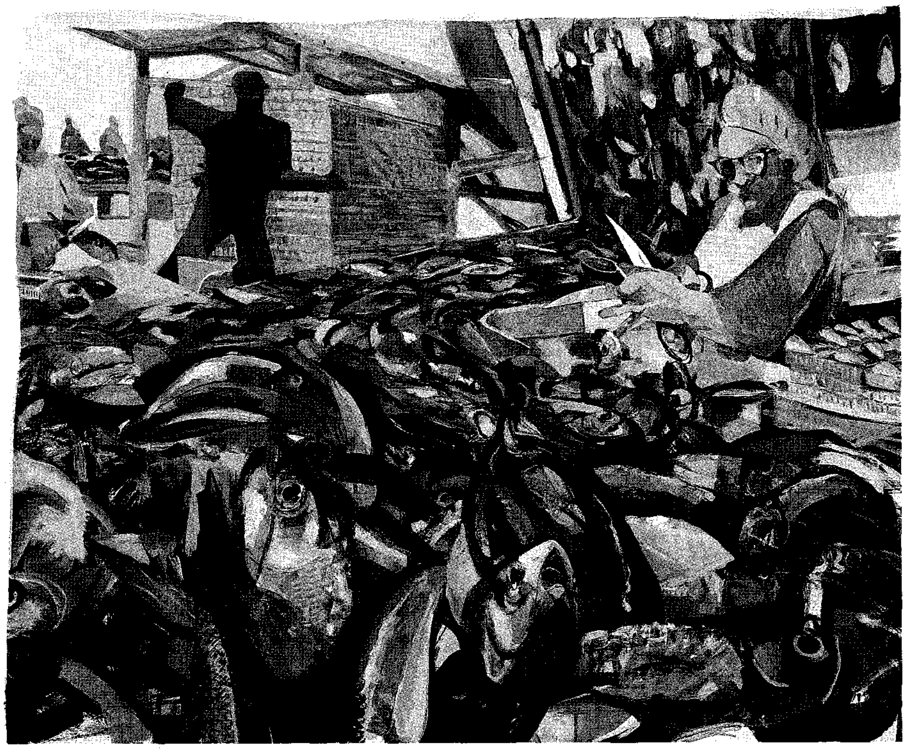
Galaxy Quest—Tim Allen plays a William Shatneresque TV space captain of a cancelled series whose current mission is to lead his fellow cast members where they have boldly gone many times before—to “Galaxy Quest” conventions. At one of these events, some actual space travellers mingle with the fans. Soon, Allen and the other actors have embarked on a mission way beyond their old scriptwriters' imaginings. Writers David Howard and Robert Gordon and director Dean Parisot exploit the comic dichotomy between actor and action hero for all it's worth, adding a surprisingly effective seasoning of special effects and emotion. Allen succeeds with equal measures of heart and bluster; Alan Rickman is a classically trained actor sick to death of his Spock-like persona; Sigourney Weaver, the only crew member the on-board computer can understand, scores warmly as a blonde. Much like “Trekkies,” the delightful documentary that opened and closed at warp speed last year, this deft comedy both pokes fun at the “Star Trek” phenomenon and embraces it.—*Ken Marks* (Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea West, First & 62nd Cinemas, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, and Union Square.)

Gospel According to Al Green (1987)—Robert Mugge extracts trenchant confessions from this soul star turned gospel singer while tracing the arc of his life and career, from popular acclaim to personal crisis to spiritual rebirth. Mugge's extensive talks with Green's producer and collaborator Willie Mitchell and the cultural critic Ken Tucker, as well as with Green himself, reconstruct the milestones that led to Green's religious conversion (most famously, the 1974 incident in which an ex-girlfriend poured boiling grits on him and then shot herself) without minimizing the complexity of these events or boxing in the singer-preacher's elusive personality. Catching Green at his charismatic best—performing snatches of his old music or raising the roof at his own Sunday church service—Mugge picks up on all the parallels between romantic and religious vocabularies, and leaves you with the impression that neither soul nor gospel alone could completely contain Al Green.—*Michael Sragow* (The Screening Room; Jan. 27.)

Girl, Interrupted—It's 1967 and a depressed and “promiscuous” upper-middle-class Boston girl seems to have just two choices: the Seven Sisters or the psychiatric ward. Susanna Kaysen's memoir of the time she spent “resting” in the élite McLean Psychiatric Hospital (Sylvia Plath was an alumna) has been adapted by James Mangold, with Winona Ryder, using her doe eyes and rheumy voice to good effect, as Kaysen. However, Angelina Jolie, the ward's truth-telling sociopath, provides the main spark and delivers the film's sharpest lines. Sanity arrives in the form of rock and roll, the talking cure, and Whoopi Goldberg, who plays a worldly-wise nurse. With his mental-ward setting, Mangold wants to provide a fresh perspective on the sixties, but he ends up merely institutionalizing them.—*Michael Agger* (Chelsea Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema 1 and 2, and Union Square.)

Holy Smoke—A mad new movie from Jane Campion, who has forsaken the incisiveness of “An Angel at My Table” and “The Piano” for something close to an acid trip. Kate Winslet plays Ruth, a young Australian woman who travels to India and falls victim to—or, from her point of view, finds peace and poise with—a religious cult. Her family lures her back to Sydney and hires an “exit counselor” to clear out her mind. Given that this counselor is supposed to be the voice of sanity in the movie, it is unfortunate that Campion assigned the role to Harvey Keitel. Winslet, by comparison, seems wholly in control—by turns lucid and lubricious, and always alive to the comedy of the situation. Thank heaven somebody is, because, long before the end, the film drifts into the outback and starts wandering around in circles. The forced weirdness of the imagery and the slightly weary satire of bourgeois existence do not make for an appetizing mix. In fact, the whole thing could use a little exit counselling.—*Anthony Lane* (1/17/00) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Lincoln Square.)

The Hurricane—A very square inspirational movie, factually untrustworthy, about the black boxer Rubin (Hurricane) Carter, a contender for the middleweight crown, who was locked up in 1967 for murders that he did not commit, and who spent years in prison refashioning himself as a lean, ascetic thinker and militant—the icon of the African-American male unjustly incarcerated. As Carter, Denzel Washington offers his usual concentration, quickness, and stern, appraising gaze; he's great, but the movie is a crock, a liberal fairy tale about a black American teen-ager (Vicellous Reon Shannon) and three white Canadian do-gooders (Liev Schreiber, John Hannah, and Deborah Kara Unger) who perform the in-



Frederick Wiseman's documentary “Belfast, Maine” premières on January 28.

RICCARDO VECCHIO

WINNING BID	
$ 7,000	
Paddle 5	$6,750
Paddle 9	$6,500
Paddle 2	$6,250
Paddle 5	$6,000
Paddle 9	$5,750

Large Chinese pottery figure of dog,
Han Dynasty (206 B.C.-220 A.D.)

SOTHEBYS.COM
Browse, bid or buy
FINE ART • DECORATIVE ARTS & ANTIQUES • JEWELRY & WATCHES • BOOKS

vestigative work that leads to Carter's release. The movie slights the work of lawyers who worked for Carter without fees for years, and neglects to tell us that Carter had been imprisoned once for three muggings before his arrest for the murders. Directed, clunkily, by Norman Jewison; written by Armyan Bernstein and Dan Gordon.—*D.D.* (1/10/00) (Beekman, Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, Kips Bay Theatre, Olympia I and II, Orpheum VII, and Union Square.)

Magnolia—In Paul Thomas Anderson's new movie, the characters break down, fall apart, and denounce themselves and others. "Magnolia" consists of multiple vignettes set in the San Fernando Valley, but since there's no common theme, the picture becomes a kind of mad crackup derby. Much of the material is earnest Arthur Miller-type stuff about how we can't escape the past, we can't escape the evil we've done, we all need to be truthful with one another, and so on. The ideas are banal, but Anderson ("Boogie Nights") plays each sequence in real time and cuts among them with remarkable fluency, and the actors have some tremendous arialike moments—especially Julianne Moore as an adulterous young wife, John C. Reilly as an angelic cop looking for love, and Tom Cruise as some sort of sex guru who hosts a cable-TV show called "Seduce and Destroy." With Jason Robards, Philip Seymour Hoffman, and William H. Macy.—*D.D.* (12/20/99) (Chelsea Cinemas, Cinema I, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, and Union Square.)

Man on the Moon—Jim Carrey, as the surrealist comic Andy Kaufman, who died in 1984, captures Kaufman's infantile grandiosity, the taunting ironic schmuckiness that dared anyone to take offense. Unfortunately, the moviemakers' intention is not to illuminate Kaufman but to enshrine him as a pure performer and beautiful nut case. We are too intimidated to ask such obvious questions as, Is Kaufman calculating and shrewd or is he just unconscious—a semi-psychotic set loose in the media? Our desire to understand him is recast as some sort of existential weakness; the movie turns into an exercise in one-upmanship. With Paul Giamatti, Danny DeVito, and Courtney Love. Written by Scott Alexander and Larry Karaszewski.—*D.D.* (12/27/99-1/3/00) (Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, New York Twin, 19th Street East 6, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, State, and Village Theatre VII.)

Mr. Death—Errol Morris's new documentary is one of the great movies about stupidity. Morris's dunce hero is Fred A. Leuchter, Jr., a Massachusetts man who spent years repairing and perfecting execution equipment—electric chairs at first and then gallows and lethal-injection machines—before meeting a neo-Nazi named Ernst Zündel, who sent Leuchter to Auschwitz on a revisionist mission. Leuchter brought back chunks of the crumbling walls of one of the crematoria and "proved," by ersatz chemical analysis, that no one had been executed there by gas. In part, the movie is an attempt by Morris to destroy one of the central "proofs" of the Holocaust deniers, but its real subject is the cult of expertise, a peculiar kind of American dimness which blinds the so-called expert to every form of knowledge save the one that he understands. Brilliant and disturbing.—*D.D.* (1/24/00) (Quad Cinema.)

Negative Space (1999)—This brief portrait of the seminal film critic and painter (and sometime carpenter and roofer) Manny Farber, filmed partly in his current San Diego-area digs, is a fluky triumph of triangulation. You may feel like running for the door when the British avant-garde moviemaker Chris Petit begins his film with gnomic comments about America's lack of irony and metaphor. But those views are offset by art critic Dave Hickey's visceral insights ("When Manny looks at a B picture, it's fucking high art") and Farber's own puckish conversational gambits. (He says his concept of pitting unself-conscious "termite art" against overblown "white-elephant art" was "a way of catching people's attention.") Using a fragmented screen, with film clips and documentary footage framed like Polaroid snapshots, Petit generates some of the sensory-intellectual kick of Farber's writing.—*M.S.* (American Museum of the Moving Image; Jan. 29.)

Next Friday—Ice Cube reprises his role as the Los Angeles homeboy Craig in this sequel to the 1995 comedy "Friday." It's four years later and Debo, the neighborhood thug, is getting out of jail, so Craig leaves South Central and goes to live with his Uncle Elroy (Don "DC" Curry) in Rancho Cucamonga, "The City Away from the City." Uncle Elroy lives large off of his lottery winnings, smoking blunts and taking Viagra, but his crib is on a wack cul-de-sac: the three Latino brothers across the way are running drugs. The action starts rolling when Craig and his cousin Day-Day (Mike Epps) must scheme to get a couple of grand to prevent foreclosure on Uncle Elroy's house. The film has a great soundtrack and some good laughs, but it lacks the backbeat of quotidian life and the sly evasion of stereotypes that made "Friday" a classic. And motormouth Chris Tucker, who lit up the original, is sorely missed. Ice Cube wrote the script, and he knows his demographic: a white skateboard punk plays a major role. Steve Carr, the noted hip-hop video director, makes his big-screen début.—*M.A.* (Astor Plaza, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Orpheum VII, and Village East Cinemas.)

THEATRE ADDRESSES

•

(For show times, call 777-FILM, except where noted.)

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077).
Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
BAM Rose Cinemas, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770).
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Chelsea West, 333 W. 23rd St.
Cinema I, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema II, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3rd Avenue, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363).
Coronet Cinemas, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Criterion Center, Broadway at 44th St.
East 85th Street, First Ave. at 85th St.
East 86th Street Cinemas, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Eastside Playhouse, Third Ave. at 55th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
42nd Street E Walk, 42nd St. near Eighth Ave.
Gotham Cinema, Third Ave. at 58th St.
Kips Bay Theatre, Second Ave. at 32nd St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St.
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
Metro Cinema 1 and 2, Broadway at 99th St.
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 67th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Olympia I and II, Broadway at 107th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St. (688-3800).
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th St.
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
The Screening Room, 54 Varick St. (334-2100).
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
64th and 2nd, Second Ave. at 64th St.
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
State, Broadway at 45th St.
Sutton I and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
Union Square, Broadway at 13th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Waverly I and 2, Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between Eighth and Ninth Aves.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.

Supernova—On a rescue mission in the twenty-second century, a deep-space medical vessel captained by Robert Forster makes a "dimension jump," accompanied by "2001" visuals and "A Day in the Life" sound effects. The guy the little crew rescues (Peter Facinelli) turns out to be bad, very bad, and his cargo, a youth-giving, ninth-dimension goo, has the power to destroy the universe before remaking it all over again. Who could have created such a thing? "Someone as smart as God, and a lot less nice," says medical officer Angela Bassett. Actually, "Thomas Lee" is how the director's name appears in the credits, but at least three men were involved (Walter Hill and Francis Ford Coppola among them). The main good guy is crew member James Spader, showing unexpected power in dark, buff mode. Like so many supposedly high-tech thrillers, the film ends with a low-tech punch-out, complete with a space-helmet head-butt.—*K.M.* (Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, 19th Street East 6, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and Village East Cinemas.)

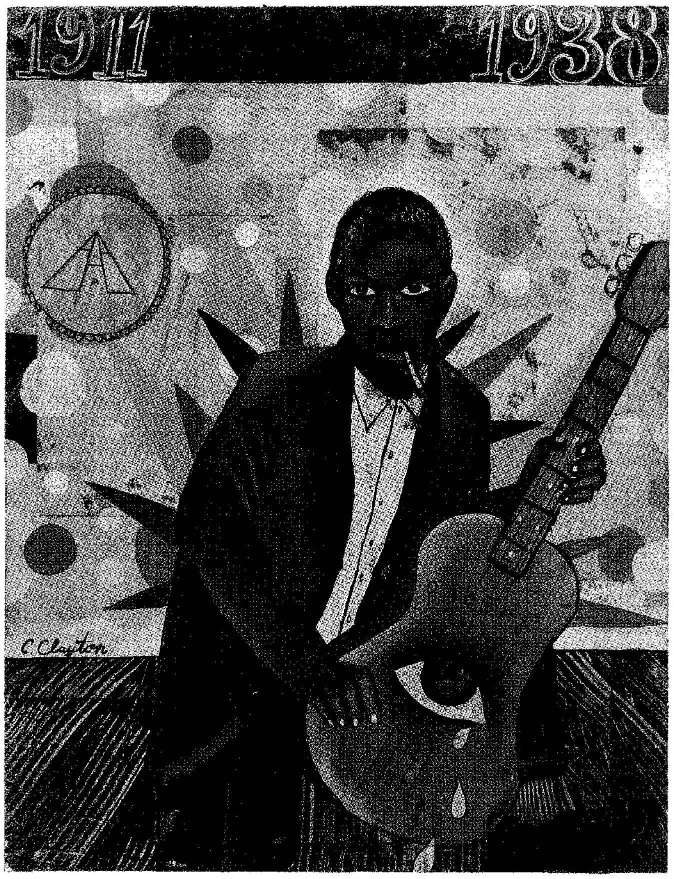
The Talented Mr. Ripley—For his first outing since "The English Patient," the writer and director Anthony Minghella has returned to the roasted light of Italy. The source is Patricia Highsmith's spooky, misanthropic novel of 1955; Matt Damon plays Tom Ripley, her murderous hero, although he lacks the quicksilver elusiveness that the role demands. He is outshone by Jude Law, whose violent disappearance, halfway through the picture, is a grievous wound. Law is sunny, slippery, and pansexual; he might have made a better Ripley himself. In the female roles, Gwyneth Paltrow struggles to find anything much in the stony Marge, whom Highsmith so loftily scorned; more rewarding is the dreamy Cate Blanchett as an heiress named Meredith Logue—a part invented by Minghella. Her fine features are like a flawless period detail in themselves. The film feels warm but unsettled, as if hinting at approaching storms; the score, too, flits from lugubrious to manic. With Philip Seymour Hoffman, perfectly cast once again, this time as another of Tom's victims.—*A.L.* (12/27/99-1/3/00) (East 85th Street, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, New York Twin, 19th Street East 6, Olympia I and II, Union Square, and Village Theatre VII.)

Topsy-Turvy—Mike Leigh's brilliant re-creation of the most famous partnership in the British theatre—the collaboration of W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan in the glory era of imperial rule. There are elements here of a traditional bio-pic—failure, triumph, intimations of immortality—but none of the stodginess and self-congratulation that usually plague the form. Sullivan (Allan Corduner), a libertine who nevertheless had serious pretensions as a composer, and Gilbert (Jim Broadbent), formal, irascible, and asexual, but a great theatrical pro, are so dissimilar in temperament that they can hardly bear each other's company. Leigh suggests that the combination of sentimental languor and incisiveness produced the art of "The Mikado," whose preparation and first performance take up the second half of the movie. The authentic period stage lighting produces a glow on the painted faces; the fragile beauty of Sullivan's tunes is piercing when they are played, as they are here, at slower tempos than we are used to hearing. In all, one of the greatest movies about the theatre. With Lesley Manville, Timothy Spall, Ron Cook, and

Wendy Nottingham.—*D.D.* (12/27/99-1/3/00) (Paris and BAM Rose Cinemas.)

ALSO PLAYING

ALL ABOUT MY MOTHER (11/22/99): Angelika Film Center, BAM Rose Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, Eastside Playhouse, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **AMERICAN BEAUTY** (9/20/99): First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, The Screening Room, and State. . . . **AMERICAN MOVIE:** Film Forum. . . . **ANGELA'S ASHES:** Coronet Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and Village Theatre VII. . . . **ANNA AND THE KING** (12/27/99-1/3/00): Ziegfeld. . . . **BEING JOHN MALKOVICH** (11/22/99): BAM Rose Cinemas, 59th Street East Cinema, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 62nd & Broadway, and Waverly. . . . **BICENTENNIAL MAN:** East 86th Street Cinemas and Kips Bay Theatre. . . . **BOYS DON'T CRY** (10/18-25/99): Criterion Center and Quad Cinema. . . . **THE CIDER HOUSE RULES** (12/13/99): Angelika Film Center, Chelsea Cinemas, East 86th Street Cinemas, Gotham Cinema, Kips Bay Theatre, and Lincoln Square. . . . **COOKIE'S FORTUNE:** Quad Cinema. . . . **CRADLE WILL ROCK** (12/13/99): Angelika Film Center, Kips Bay Theatre, and Lincoln Square. . . . **DOWN TO YOU:** Angelika Film Center and Chelsea Cinemas. . . . **THE EMPEROR AND THE ASSASSIN:** Village East Cinemas. . . . **THE END OF THE AFFAIR** (12/6/99): BAM Rose Cinemas, Lincoln Square, 64th and 2nd, and Village Theatre VII. . . . **FANTASIA 2000** (1/17/00): Lincoln Square. . . . **THE GREEN MILE** (12/20/99): Coronet Cinemas, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, and Union Square. . . . **AN IDEAL HUSBAND:** Art Greenwich Twin. . . . **THE INSIDER** (11/8/99): Cinema 3rd Avenue and Union Square. . . . **LIBERTY HEIGHTS** (11/29/99): Orpheum VII, Sutton 1 and 2, and Waverly. . . . **THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HANK GREENBERG** (1/24/00): Film Forum. . . . **THE LIMEY** (10/9/99): Cinema Village. . . . **MANSFIELD PARK** (11/29/99): Angelika Film Center and First & 62nd Cinemas. . . . **A MAP OF THE WORLD:** Angelika Film Center and Cinema II. . . . **ONEGIN:** Cinema Village. . . . **SNOW FALLING ON CEDARS:** Chelsea Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Lincoln Square. . . . **SWEET AND LOWDOWN** (12/6/99): First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Union Square. . . . **THE THIRD MIRACLE:** Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Quad Cinema. . . . **TITUS:** BAM Rose Cinemas, Cinema II, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Union Square.



At The Screening Room, the music documentaries of Robert Mugge, including his latest, "Hellhounds on My Trail."

CHRISTIAN CLAYTON

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—The New York Film Critics Circle presents its choices for the best films of the 1990s. Jan. 29 at 1:30: "Negative Space" (†). . . . Jan. 29 at 2:30: "The Future of Film Criticism," a panel discussion. . . . Jan. 29 at 4:30: "Swoon" (1991, Tom Kalin). . . . Jan. 30 at 2: "A Brighter Summer Day" (1991, Edward Yang). . . . ¶ Jan. 29-30 at 6:30: "Eternity and a Day" (1998, Theo Angelopoulos; in Greek).

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110)—A showcase of films released by Kino International. Jan. 27 at 7: "La Vie de Bohème" (1992, Aki Kaurismäki; in French). . . . Jan. 27 at 9: "M" (1931, Fritz Lang; in German). . . . ¶ Selections from Anthology's Essential Cinema collection. Jan. 27 at 8: "Songs 15-22" (1965, Stan Brakhage). . . . Jan. 28 at 7:30 "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" (1945, Robert Bresson; in French). . . . Jan. 28 at 8: "23rd Psalm Branch" (1966, Brakhage). . . . Jan. 28 at 9:30: "Diary of a Country Priest" (1950, Bresson; in French). . . . Jan. 29 at 5: "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Échappé" (1956, Bresson; in French). . . . Jan. 29 at 7:15: "Scenes from Under Childhood" (1969, Brakhage). . . . Jan. 30 at 5: "Pickpocket" (1959, Bresson; in French). . . . ¶ A tribute to screenwriter Zöe Lund. Jan. 29-30 at 7: "Ms. 45" (1981, Abel Ferrara). . . . Jan. 29-30 at 9: "Bad Lieutenant" (1992, Ferrara).

BAM Rose Cinemas, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770)—A series of silent films with live musical accompaniment. Jan. 26 at 6 and 9: "Three Women" (1924, Ernst Lubitsch). . . . ¶ A retrospective of films with Harvey Keitel. Jan. 27 at 6 and 9: "Mean Streets" (1973, Martin Scorsese). . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 6 and 9: "Knife in the Water" (1962, Roman Polanski; in Polish). . . . ¶ A celebration of Humphrey Bogart's centennial. Jan. 29 at 3, 6, and 9: "High Sierra" (1941, Raoul Walsh). . . . Jan. 30 at 3, 6, and 9: "In a Lonely Place" (1950, Nicolas Ray). . . . ¶ The films of director Curtis Bernhardt. Jan. 31 at 6 and 9: "A Stolen Life" (1946). . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 7: "The Kingdom, Part II" (1998, Lars Von Trier).

Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—Through Feb. 10: "Rear Window" (1954, Alfred Hitchcock).

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Through Feb. 21: "The American Place: Landscape in the Early Western (and a Few Later Classics)," a retrospective tracing the development of the celluloid Western landscape. Jan. 27 at 2:30 and Jan. 30 at 2:30: "Was He a Coward?" (1911, D. W. Griffith), "Bertie's Bandit" (1911, Allan Dwan), and "Wild and Woolly" (1917, John Emerson). . . . Jan. 27 at 6 and Jan. 29 at 2: "From Leadville to Aspen or a Rocky Mountain Hold-Up" (1906, director unknown) and "Bronco Billy" (1980, Clint Eastwood). . . . Jan. 30 at 5 and Jan. 31 at 2:30: "The Chief's Blanket" (1912, Wilfred Lucas) and "The Last of the Mohicans" (1921, Maurice Tourneur and Clarence Brown). . . . Jan. 28 at 6:30: "Blazing the Trail" (1912, Thomas H. Ince) and "The Searchers" (1956, John Ford). . . . Jan. 28 at 2:30 and Jan. 31 at 6: "Massacre" (1912, D. W. Griffith) and "The Covered Wagon" (1923, James Cruze). . . . Jan. 29 at 5: "Sierra Jim's Reformation" (1914, Jack O'Brien) and "The Big Trail" (1930, Raoul Walsh). . . . ¶ Through April 2000: A program of silent films, 1893 to 1928. Jan. 27 at 3: "The Man with the Movie Camera" (1929, Dziga Vertov; with Russian intertitles). . . . Jan. 28 at 7: "The Thanhouser Film Enterprise—1909 to 1918," a series of films produced at a studio in New Rochelle, New York. . . . Jan. 29 at 2: "The Abyss/The Woman Always Pays" (1910, Urban Gad; with Danish intertitles). . . . Jan. 30 at 2: "Soul for Sale" (1923, Rupert Hughes). . . . Jan. 30 at 5: "Ingeborg Holm" (1913, Victor Sjöström; with Swedish intertitles). . . . Feb. 1 at 3: "Limite" (1929, Mário Peixoto; with Portuguese intertitles).

Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—Through Jan. 30: "Andy's Funhouse: The Andy Kaufman Special" (1979). (Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 1, Thursdays at 6, Fridays at 7, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1). . . . ¶ Through Feb. 13: "Super Bowl: Super Showcase for Commercials." Frank Gifford narrates the ascendance of television's premier venue for new advertisements. . . . ¶ Through March 5: "The Unseen Lucy and Desi: Treasures from the Vault," featuring rare footage of "I Love Lucy."

The Screening Room, 54 Varick St. (332-2100)—"Steady Rollin' Man: The Films of Robert Mugge," a series of music documentaries. Jan. 26-27 at 4:30 and 8:20: "Hellhounds on My Trail" (1999). . . . Jan. 26 at 6:20: "Black Wax" (1982). . . . Jan. 27 at 6:20: "Gospel According to Al Green" (†). . . . ¶ A retrospective of Kirk Douglas films. Jan. 29-30 at 12: "The Bad and the Beautiful" (1952, Vincente Minnelli). . . . Jan. 29-30 at 2:15: "Two Weeks in Another Town" (1962, Minnelli).

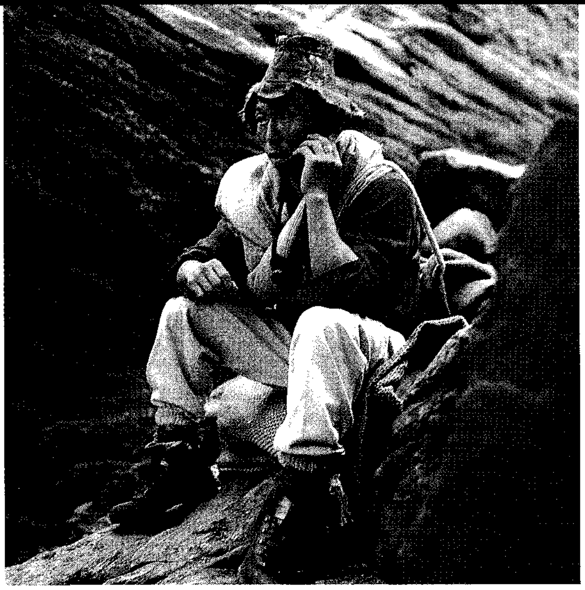
Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center (875-5600)—The Ninth Annual New York Jewish Film Festival: Jan. 26 at 1 and 8:15: "What I Saw in Hebron" (1999, Dan and Noit Geva; in Hebrew and Arabic). . . . Jan. 26 at 3:30 "Shylock" (1999, Pierre Lasry) and "Village of Idiots" (1999, Eugene Fedorenko and Rose Newlove). . . . Jan. 26 at 6: "Menelik" (1999, Daniel Wachsmann; in Hebrew and Amharic) and "Women of the Wall" (1999, Faye Lederman). . . . Jan. 27 at 1: "The Danube Exodus" (1998, Péter Forgács; in Hungarian) and "Pleasures of Urban Decay" (1999, Sam Ball). . . . ¶ Through Feb. 24, "Frederick Wiseman: American Filmmaker," a retrospective of the noted documentarian's work. Jan. 29 at 8:30 and Feb. 1 at 9:40: "Titicut Follies" (1967). . . . Jan. 30 at 2 and 8:15: "High School" (1968). . . . Jan. 30 at 3:45: "High School II" (1994). . . . Feb. 1 at 1 and 7:30: "Racetrack" (1985). . . . Feb. 1 at 3:15: "The Store" (1983). . . . Feb. 1 at 5:40 "Essene" (1972).

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—Through Feb. 13: "The Cool World: Film and Video in America 1950-2000," eclectic shorts, documentaries, and videos from the museum's collection.

© Agilent Technologies, Inc. 1999

dreams made real.

Honey, you're gonna hate me, but I gotta work late. It took one hundred years to connect the first billion people. The second will take only five. The wireless revolution is at hand. And Agilent is testing and creating components for all of it. From handsets to networks, we're helping to bring wireless to the world. And making sure it works. Even if that means overtime.



Agilent Technologies
Innovating the HP Way

Agilent Technologies is a subsidiary of Hewlett-Packard Company. www.agilent.com

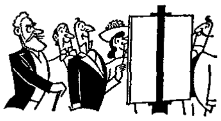
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

COMMENT

Exhibitions for exhibitionists.

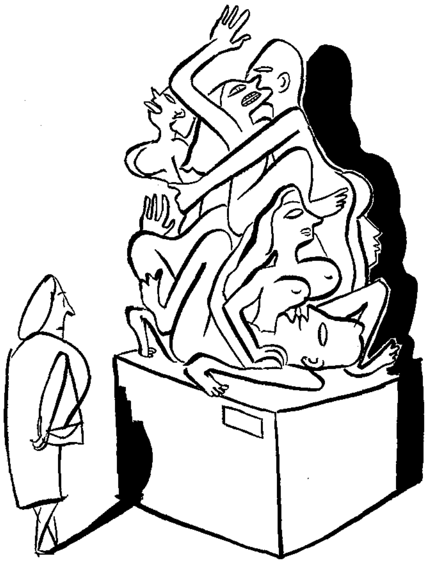


UNTIL last week, few New Yorkers were aware that the city is to be adorned with a Museum of Sex. It was perhaps unfortunate that they should learn of this project at a time when the temperature dropped to three degrees. Row upon row of icicles, pendant and forlorn, present a less than ideal backdrop for such a grand design, and a young man's fancy will not lightly turn to thoughts of love if he is unable to feel his own nose.

The new institution will be known, unofficially, as MoSex, which sounds like the better sort of Spike Lee film. It is slated to open in the fall, but only at temporary premises; as yet, its permanent home consists of no more than a tempting space on Fifth Avenue at Twenty-seventh Street. The plan has precedents in Europe, such as Copenhagen's Erotica Museum, which overlooks a downtown pedestrian mall. There, you start with two or three floors of history: a gathering of Greek vases, plus a room of those exquisite Indian miniatures in which the woman's calm, otherworldly gaze suggests not that she is nearing climax but that she is trying to remember where she put the keys to the elephant. After a while, though, the scholarship runs dry, and, by the time you reach the top, the museum has more or less thrown in the towel and given the punters what they came for: a wall of video screens, each of them crammed with unsmiling gymnastics. There is even a little movie theatre, behind a red curtain. From within, to the ears of this reporter, came a low but distinct neigh. Is this really what New Yorkers want when they drop into MoSex for a quick Danish on their way to the toy store?

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL

If you believe Alison Maddex, the director of the new museum, the answer is no. What New Yorkers want—or, at least, what they're going to get—is nothing less than "the Smithsonian of Sex." Think of the air and space displays in Washington, and then replace that early biplane with Ms. Lewinsky's outstretched, unwashed dress, or that frail lunar module with Monkey Business, the yacht in which Senator Hart ran aground. As yet, this is a pipe dream; we must wait four long years, hearts pounding, before MoSex is ready to welcome us in. Still, according to SHoP, the New York architecture firm behind its creation, the agony should be worthwhile. Layered panels will undulate and shimmer across it like skin; they will "blush" at different hours of the day and night; they will be nearly, but not entirely, see-through . . . Take me, Twenty-seventh Street, take me!

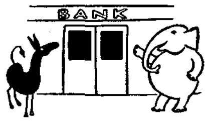


It is assumed, of course, that such transparency is a good thing. Freedom of information, and the visible workings of open government, are now such proud essentials of Western democracy that it has become almost vulgar—and hopelessly Victorian—to ask whether they should apply to private life. It may just be that shame and secrecy, not to mention the shamelessness that secrecy brings, are precisely what embellished the boudoir in the first place. That is why collections of erotica have traditionally been concealed behind the third oak panel on the right in the ducal library, and why they may seem slightly foolish when exposed to passersby on Fifth Avenue. Sex, at its best, is an in-joke; for once, we are defined not by what other people know of us but by what they would like to know—by what their gossip grabs at but misses. A meeting of two bodies, hoggish or sinuous, is no more penetrable than a meeting of two minds; the meeting of three bodies has its adherents, but it belongs less to the realms of pure pleasure than to those of geometry and backache. A meeting of a hundred thousand bodies—the number that MoSex hopes to greet every year—sounds like no fun at all.

The organizers of MoSex hope to dispel such gloom with novel varieties of interaction; at the merest brush of a knob, presumably, customers will be encouraged to riffle through a thousand years of rearing priapic imagery, much as their counterparts at the nearby Banana Republic burrow through cargo pants in search of an XXL. We wish Ms. Maddex and her colleagues well in their endeavors, but they should reflect that the city is not exactly low on sensual attractions. Forget the skin flicks; there are desserts on offer at Danube that would make our grandmothers fall off their chairs. If we go to MoSex, it will be for the reasons we go to any other museum: to find refuge and the balm of enlightenment. Even those New Yorkers with a Picasso over the fireplace make the pilgrimage to MOMA to check out the other Picassos, to see what they're missing. But will they really hand over six-fifty to enter the pellucid glories of MoSex? Why pay for art when you can make it in your own home? —ANTHONY LANE

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS DEPT.

Bill Bradley gets back to his Republican roots.



As the Presidential candidates head into the New Hampshire primary, the conventional wisdom on Bill Bradley is that he needs to "broaden his base" and reach beyond the Democratic Party establishment. A close look at Bradley's backers suggests that he has already reached pretty far—all the way into the Republican Party. Until recently, Bradley's campaign advisory board included, in addition to a score of illustrious Democrats, an interloper from the opposition party. A campaign press release from last summer lists Raymond G. Chambers, of the Amelior Foundation, among this select group. Chambers is a press-shy businessman turned philanthropist whose leveraged-buyout business, Wesray Capital, made hundreds of millions of dollars on Wall Street during the nineteen-eighties. He is also a registered Republican, and a major contributor to the G.O.P. (His partner in Wesray, William E. Simon, was Treasury Secretary during the Ford Administration and went on to run the conservative John M. Olin Foundation, in the hope of delivering the country from what he once described as the liberals' "death grip.")

Federal Election Commission records show that, since 1987, Chambers and his wife have given more than a hundred and fifty thousand dollars to Republican candidates and Party organizations, making his pairing with Bradley the most unexpected political coupling since Pat Buchanan teamed up with Lenora Fulani on the Reform Party ticket. Still, Chambers has consistently remained a Bradley supporter over the years. F.E.C. records also show that between 1987 and 1995 Wesray was a major contributor to Bradley's Senate campaigns. Even with a limit of a thousand dollars for individual gifts, Wesray employees and their wives managed to donate some fifty-five thousand dollars to Bradley. During this period, Wesray was so successful that it landed both Chambers and Simon in the Forbes 400. It also ran into trouble. In 1993, after selling the Simmons Company to its workers for a vastly inflated price, Wesray was ordered by a federal court to pay the workers more than fifteen million dollars, one of the largest such settlements in United States history.

Chambers has underwritten not only Bradley's public career but his private one, too. According to federal campaign-disclosure forms, a month after Bradley left the Senate, in 1995, Chambers hired him as a consultant to his company, Van Beuren Management, which is based in Morristown, New Jersey, and where he remained on the payroll for nearly two years before announcing his Presidential candidacy.

Last week, the Bradley campaign downplayed Chambers's involvement, and emphasized that he was not currently playing any official role in the campaign. "He was an early supporter and honorary adviser, but not on policy," Kristen Ludecke, a Bradley spokesperson, said. An assistant in Chambers's office at the Amelior Foundation said that Chambers was unavailable for comment about his relationship with Bradley, and would be "unavailable for the next year or so, because he's travelling." Howard Rubenstein, a public-relations agent to whom Chambers's office referred telephone calls, said that Chambers had "resigned some time ago" from the Bradley advisory board for unknown reasons. At Amelior, the former president, Barbara Bell Coleman, explained that the "common thread" that brought Chambers and Bradley together was "a concern for race, and for children in the inner city." There is no listed phone number for Van Beuren Management, but Coleman said that the company is a for-profit financial services and management company, and referred calls about it to its chairman, Kurt Borowsky. Borowsky, whose assistant answered the phone "Harding Service," said that she worked for Borowsky at Van Beuren, but was not authorized to say where or what Van Beuren was, and Borowsky failed to return repeated phone calls asking for clarification. The Bradley campaign also declined to say what Bradley had done for Van Beuren, and how much he was paid.

Rubenstein also said that Chambers no longer has any affiliation with Wesray. In recent years, he has turned his hand to philanthropy. The Amelior Foundation, which gives grants to causes such as the Boys Club of Newark and the New Jersey Performing Arts Center, is one charity he has helped to establish; another is the Points of Light Foundation, which was inspired by his friend former President George Bush. What President Bush's son, Bradley's Republican rival, makes of all this is hard to imagine.

Bradley's connection to Raymond Chambers is not his only Republican tie. Another of his top supporters is Sandy Warner, the chairman of the Wall Street banking firm J. P. Morgan. Bradley worked for Morgan after he left the Senate, serving on its International Council, among other functions, for reported fees of between three and four hundred thousand dollars. And, of course, though he rarely mentions it, Bradley was once a member of the G.O.P. himself. Born into a Republican family, he worked for several prominent Republicans during the nineteen-sixties. He supported the moderate Republican Bill Scranton's Presidential campaign against Barry Goldwater, in 1964. And, according to Donald Rumsfeld, who later became Gerald Ford's Secretary of Defense, Bradley was working for him at the Office of Economic Opportunity in the Nixon Administration in 1969. In fact, Rumsfeld recalled the other day, Bradley worked in the same office with his future Republican foe in New Jersey politics Christine Todd Whitman.

Although Rumsfeld is officially supporting George W. Bush, he says that he has contributed to Bradley's campaign as well. "He's an awfully good guy," Rumsfeld said. "If anyone on the other side has to win, I'd vastly prefer it to be Bill." —JANE MAYER

U.S.A.
WORK
PROGRAM
WPA

THE CAMPAIGN

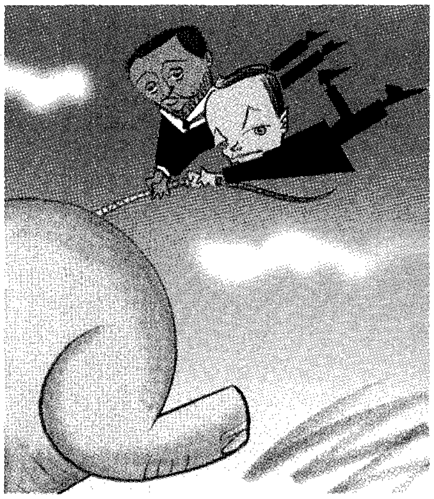
Best supporting actors.

A FEW days ago in New Hampshire, Gary Bauer—a fifty-three-year-old political activist who is under the impression that he is running for President of the United States—was asked by a teen-ager what he thought of Alan Keyes and Steve Forbes. Keyes and Forbes are also running for President, sort of. All three men are conservative Republicans. "I think Alan is a good guy," Bauer said, doing a fair imitation of what actual politicians do when they are trying to be politic. "He'd make a great Justice of the Supreme Court in a Bauer Administration, or a great running mate."

Bauer's assessment of Steve Forbes was less charitable, but no matter—I was transported by the fantasy of a Bauer-Keyes ticket, a Bauer-Keyes Administration, or, better still, by the vision of the perpetually dyspeptic Alan Keyes ranting in the hushed chambers of the highest court. And then I returned to earth and realized, sadly, that the Republican bit players in this year's campaign—Bauer, Keyes, Forbes, and Senator Orrin Hatch, of Utah—will not be with us much longer and that they will be missed. They have played their little roles wonderfully; even, occasionally, with flashes of brilliance. They have been useful ideologues.

A caveat is in order: none of the four might actually be leaving the race, in their own minds. Steve Forbes has the money to stick around as long as he wishes; the others have never had even a scintilla of plausibility, and there is no reason that so small a detail as the dearth of civilians willing to vote for them should have any impact on their delusions. But the moment will soon pass when the etiquette of the process demands that their candidacies be taken seriously. Iowa and New Hampshire will vote; the field will be winnowed; the vanity candidates will disappear from the stage. And then the Republican debates will become as worthy as the Democrats' have been all along. (Jake Tapper, of the Internet magazine *Salon*, memorably described Al Gore and Bill Bradley as an old married couple who rehearse the bickerings of a lifetime: Don't you get started again on my Medicaid plan!)

The Republicans have been far more entertaining, in large part because of the presence of the four Also-Rans, who are not so much a Greek chorus as individual interlocutors, each representing a faction of the Republican Party without a serious candidate of its own this time.



Alan Keyes and Gary Bauer

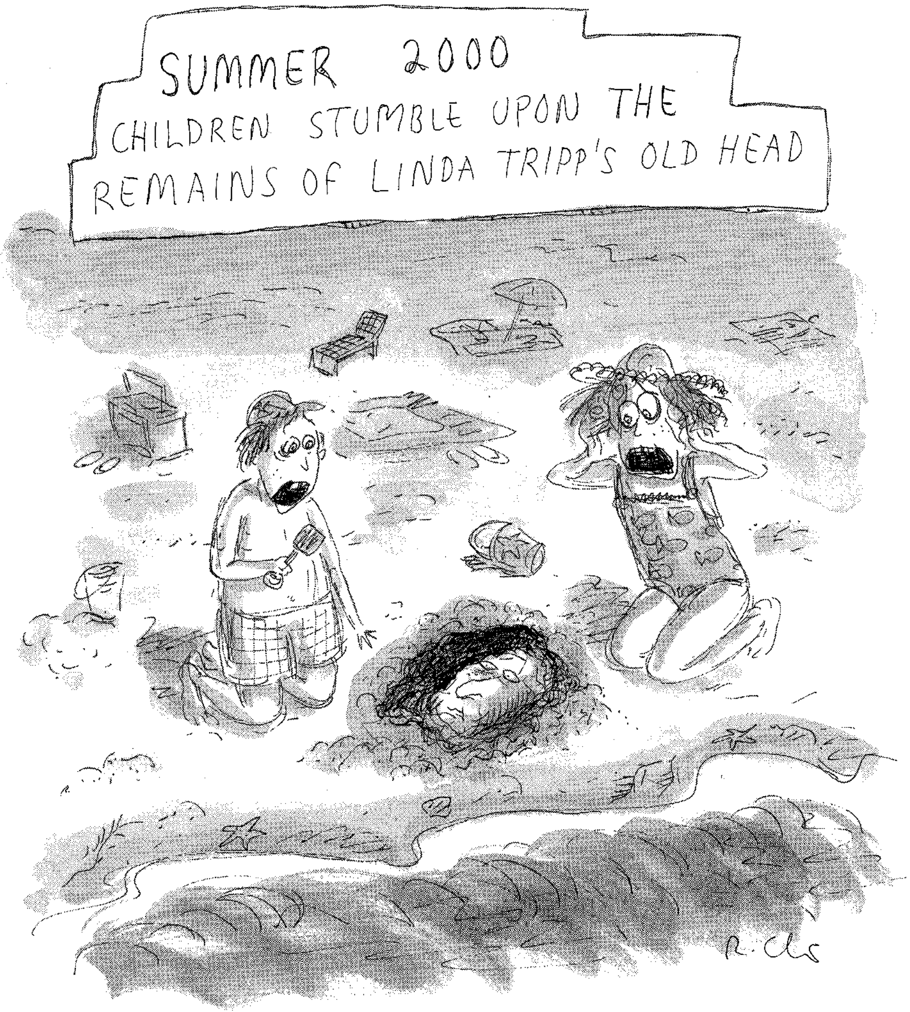
Forbes and Hatch might almost be taken seriously. Forbes actually won primaries in 1996 and may do well in the early races; he represents the supply-side wing of the Party, although he has tried to broaden his appeal by pretending to be a fundamentalist. But he has been rather inert in the debates—not an effective advocate even for his signature proposals, like a flat tax, and much too slow for this crowd. Hatch represents the Republican congressional establishment, although goofily. He oscillates between being a regular guy—a former janitor, a would-be songwriter—and the most pompous of senators. The Chinese rolled out the red carpet for him, he bragged in one debate. Bauer scoffed at this. No, Jiang Zemin spent a whole hour and a half with him, Hatch insisted, thereby demonstrating the astonishing distance between the United States Senate and human life—he actually expected the audience to be impressed by that.

Bauer and Keyes, the Legion of Decency's dream ticket, have provided the real fun. Both are religious conservatives, but Keyes comes from an unusual part of the political landscape: he is from Maryland, has a Harvard education, and is a Roman Catholic. Keyes is also an African-American and thereby denotes a ghostly, amputated Republican tendency: the Party's nineteenth-century Reconstructionist spirit of racial unity. There are moments—the time Keyes excoriated his fellow-candidates for their smarmy waffling over the Confederate flag atop the South Carolina statehouse, for example—when one can hear the voice of a party that might have been. But then Keyes—a radio talk-show host in real life—will fly off into stratospheric declamations about the federal income tax and the general corruption of just about everything. Early on, he was a passionate defender of Slobodan Milosevic's sovereignty; he has also lacerated John McCain for joking about being a fan of Nine Inch Nails. These moments are always eloquent, never quite hinged.

An odd thing has happened with Gary Bauer: he has gained the respect of a significant portion of the press corps. He may look like a Claymation pixie, the reasoning goes, but he really has the courage of his convictions—which include homophobia, vehement opposition to abortion, and a semi-infectious strain of Pat Buchanan's populist pessimism. This gives him a bit too much credit. Bauer can be as irresponsibly demagogic as anyone, especially on the subject of China, where he is all dragon fire and brimstone, insisting that the Chinese are intent on world domination (even though he has never visited the country and possesses only a thimbleful of knowledge about foreign policy). But he has been an extremely effective debater, quick and sharp, frequently puncturing the front runner, George W. Bush—and that is, of course, the root of all the losers' fantasies. If they can stand on the same stage, and occasionally draw blood, then maybe someone, somewhere, will not fall over laughing when they begin a sentence, as Gary Bauer did last week, "In my Administration . . ."

—JOE KLEIN

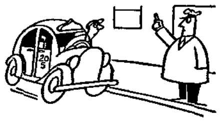
ROBERT RISKO


SUMMER 2000
CHILDREN STUMBLE UPON THE REMAINS OF LINDA TRIPP'S OLD HEAD

• •

DEPT. OF EXPLORATION

A yellow cab ventures across the Hudson and beyond.



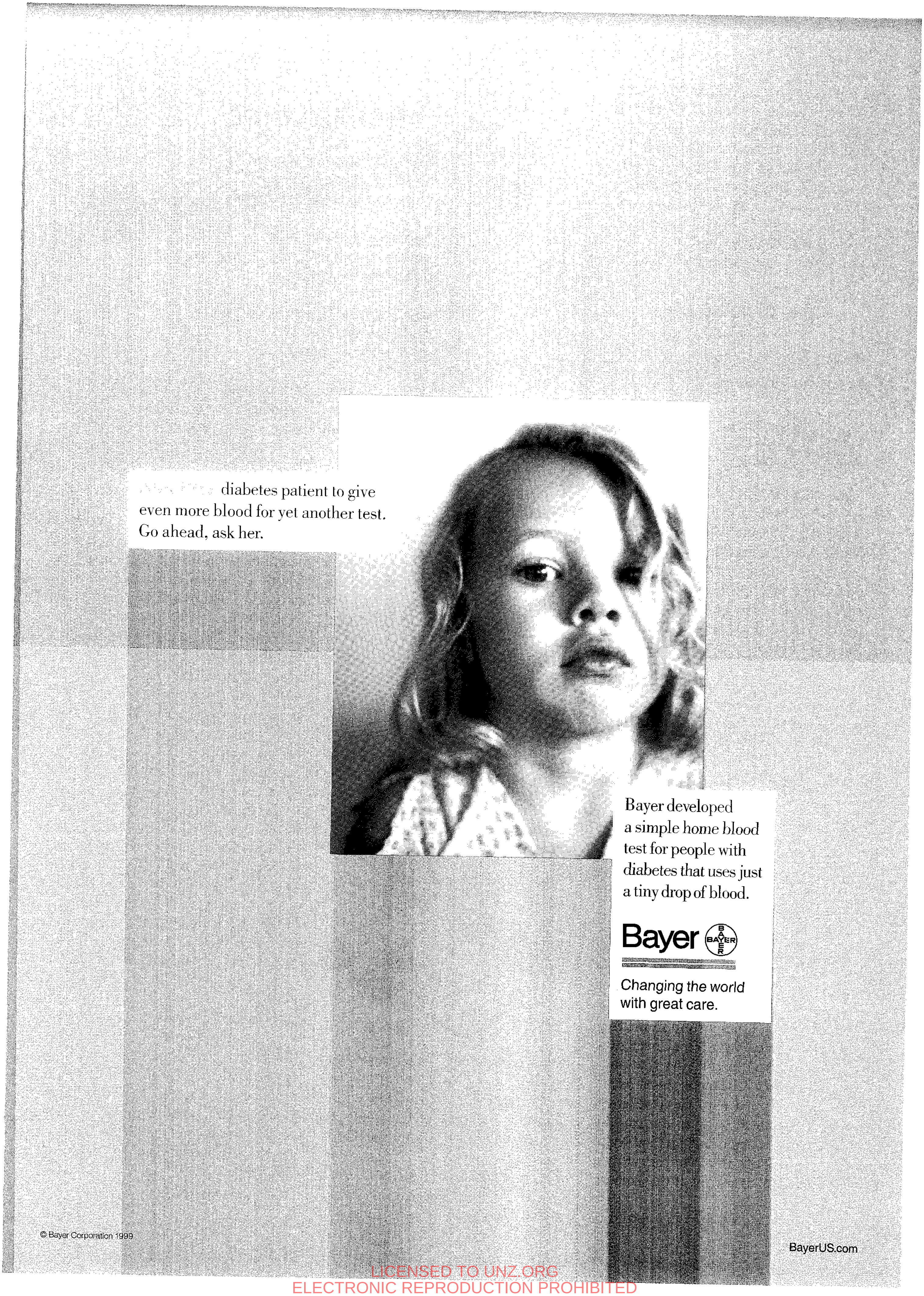
In anticipation of crossing the Bering Strait in his taxi, Ioan Oprisiu intends to take a look at the Strait this summer, while driving his cab to the Arctic Ocean. Oprisiu, who is Romanian, plans to visit a fare in Prudhoe Bay, Alaska. He picked up the man last fall in Manhattan and, after they talked for a while, the man, who works in the oil industry and has lived in Prudhoe Bay for twenty-five years, gave Oprisiu his card and invited him and his wife and two boys to visit. Driving to the Arctic Ocean will be the longest trip of the sixteen that Oprisiu has made in his taxi. He arrived by himself in New York nine years ago—his wife and two sons came four years later—and worked for a while in a restaurant, then got a hot-dog vender's cart, and then, as he says, "decided to go for a cab." To learn more about America, he began making trips of a week or so in his cab, each longer than the last, until he had reached the Pacific. "Unfortunately, a lot of people don't know what a great country this is," he says. "They fly. Everyone should have to make one trip across the country. The problem is, once you make one, you have to make two, and after that you can't stop yourself." The first trip Oprisiu made was a circle that included Boston, Albany, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Indianapolis, and Pittsburgh. On the way to Boston, a man flagged him down on the Cross Bronx Expressway. As it happened, the man wanted to go to Boston, where Oprisiu dropped him off, but only charged him twenty dollars.

Oprisiu is forty-two. He has black hair and a black mustache, and a round face. He generally wears cowboy boots, jeans, a Western shirt, a bolo tie, and a cowboy hat. "When I was thirteen, we had a carnival in my school, and my costume was a cowboy suit," he said. "Even my nickname for my father was the Sheriff. So Western passion probably came from there." Oprisiu is not the first in his family to come to America. He had a great-great-grandfather who emigrated to Cleveland in 1905. When Oprisiu went through Cleveland, he visited his ancestor's grave and bought him a headstone. "He never had one," he says.

Oprisiu has driven his taxi throughout the South and the Southwest, and up and down the West Coast. If you happen to occupy the back seat of his cab, and fall into conversation with him, you are likely to end up looking through his scrapbook, which he keeps beside him on the front seat and which features his cab posed in front of various landmarks. Oprisiu is likely to say such things as "That's the Continental Divide and my son. The Grand Canyon, my wife. This is the desert, that's Hoover Dam, that's Santa Monica. This is Mexico—look at the machine guns the cops have, and that's just the regular ones. This is Oklahoma, the bombing place. This is Arizona—just to the left here is the Biosphere—and this is Arizona also, the biggest meteor crater, and this is Amarillo. They have a great steakhouse. Seventy-two ounces. If you order it, they put you up on a stage. You have one hour, and if you eat the whole thing you get it free."

Oprisiu has not yet decided how he will cross the Bering Strait. "Driving across the ice, I think, is not what I need to do," he says. "About seven years ago, there was a truck company in Italy that had a round-the-world trip for their trucks, so I know it can be done. They used a boat, I think, so, if it's possible for a truck, I guess a yellow cab can make it."

Oprisiu's ambition is not simply to cross the Bering Strait. He intends to drive from there to London and take a picture of his cab in front of Buckingham Palace. What he needs, he believes, is a sponsor. "Such a trip," he says, "it's not an easy one. Probably it's not going to demonstrate anything, but



[illegible] diabetes patient to give
even more blood for yet another test.
Go ahead, ask her.

Bayer developed
a simple home blood
test for people with
diabetes that uses just
a tiny drop of blood.

Bayer

Changing the world
with great care.

© Bayer Corporation 1999

BayerUS.com

it will give me an idea of the many pleasures along the road." Oprisiu is now on his third taxi, which has a hundred and five thousand miles on it. He keeps his cab in excellent repair. He uses only original parts, and he doesn't let anyone else drive it. "In Romania, we have a saying," he says. "My car, my pen, my wife, I don't lend."

—Alec Wilkinson

THE PERFECT LIFE

Unicorns envy their cousin
horses a smooth forehead.
Horses weep for lack of horns.

Hills cherish the ambition
to turn into partial
differential equations,

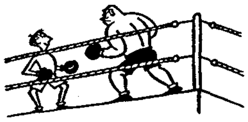
which want to be poems, or dogs,
or the Pacific Ocean,
or whiskey, or a gold ring.

The man wearing the noose
envies an other who fondles
a pistol in a motel room.

—Donald Hall

THE SPORTING LIFE

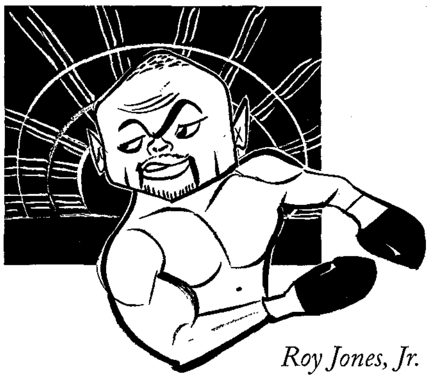
Wanted: Boxing champion seeks foe for fun, challenge.



In the fight game, it is axiomatic that it takes two to make a bout for the ages—Ali and Frazier, say, or Louis and Schmeling. After Roy Jones, Jr.,'s latest win, at Radio City Music Hall earlier this month, he sat, paycheck in hand, contemplating the possibility of opposing a prizefighter whose talent is equal to his own. Jones, who is regarded by the cognoscenti as the finest boxer in the world, has spent eleven years in the professional ring winning fights that raise but do not resolve questions about his legacy. He has won championships in three different weight classes and has defeated forty-one opponents. His only loss came in 1997, on a disqualification, when he hit an opponent who was down on one knee. He seems forever to be alone in the ring.

"It gets boring sometimes," Jones admitted after the Radio City fight, during which, to no one's surprise, he handily defended his undisputed world light-heavyweight championship against David Telesco, a puncher out of Port Chester, New York. The fight was Radio City's first boxing show, and was, fittingly, an entertainment of sorts. Jones arrived in the ring wearing a swallowtail coat over gray shorts and vest, a costume that suggested Groucho Marx in resort wear. He high-stepped with the Rockettes, was joined on his way to the ring by the rappers Redman and Method Man, and capped off the evening with a twelve-round exhibition at the expense of the challenger.

Though Telesco, sporting cornrows and an angry demeanor, was game and determined, he was no match for Jones. During the fight, Jones found ways to keep himself interested. He fought, by turns, as a righty and as a lefty. He dropped his hands to his sides and lured Telesco into the corner to try his luck at landing a haymaker. Then he stood stock still while Telesco, taking the bait, surged forward, only to arrive at a place that Jones had already vacated. Jones paused, briefly, to shake his hips at the press seats. "I try to change things," Jones later said of his various approaches to the contest. "I keep going back and forth. I enjoy myself." He revealed that he had fractured his left wrist in a motorcycle accident three weeks earlier. Unable to use his most lethal punch, the hook, he had to settle for a unanimous decision.



Roy Jones, Jr.

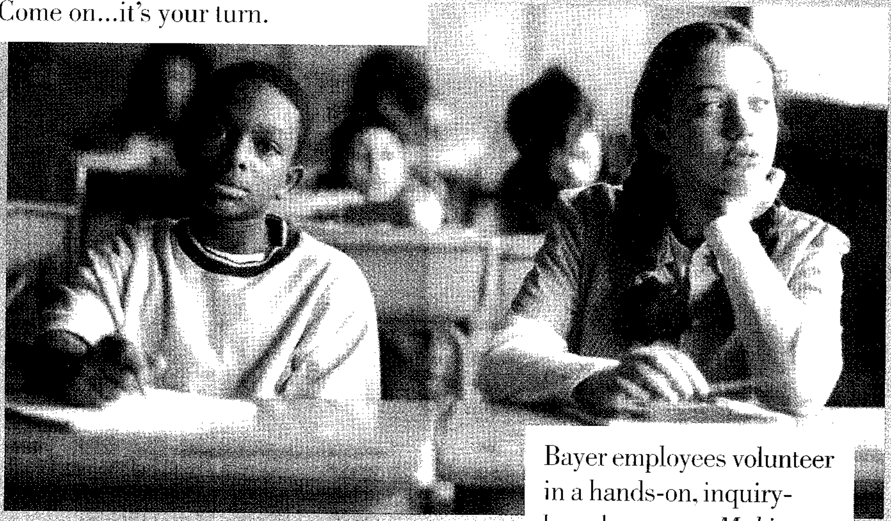
At the close of the fight, a pair of Rockettes stepped through the ropes to present Jones with a cake to mark his thirty-first birthday—white decorated with boxing gloves in red icing. It was a celebratory moment that raised the question of when, in the twilight of his career, he might find the foe essential to secure his legend. Jones believes that the only challenge lies with what A. J. Liebling called "the big fellows," the heavyweights. "It's inevitable," Jones said. Boxing's history is littered with smaller men who dreamed of taking on the bigger ones—Billy Conn, defeated by Joe Louis in 1941, and Michael Spinks, defenestrated by Mike Tyson in 1988.

Tyson is back, though he's not as formidable as he was. Evander Holyfield is closer in size to Jones, but, lacking a title, he holds less appeal. Jones, who admitted that his "walking around" weight was no more than a hundred and ninety pounds, would be dwarfed by the champion, Lennox Lewis, who stands almost six feet five and fights at two hundred and forty pounds.

Still, such a contest would give Jones an opponent worthy of consideration. There was a time, he said, when he looked into the other fellow's eyes, wondering what he was thinking, the better to plan what he might do. Now, he says, he cannot recall the last time he felt it necessary to get inside the other man's head. "Been a long time," he said. "A good while."

—Michael Shapiro

YOU TRY IT. Try to get them interested in why lighter things fall as fast as heavier things. And how. Come on...it's your turn.



Bayer employees volunteer in a hands-on, inquiry-based program, *Making Science Make Sense,* to help kids develop a lasting passion for science.

Bayer

Changing the world
with great care.

© Bayer Corporation 1999

For more information visit *Making Science Make Sense* at BayerUS.com

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

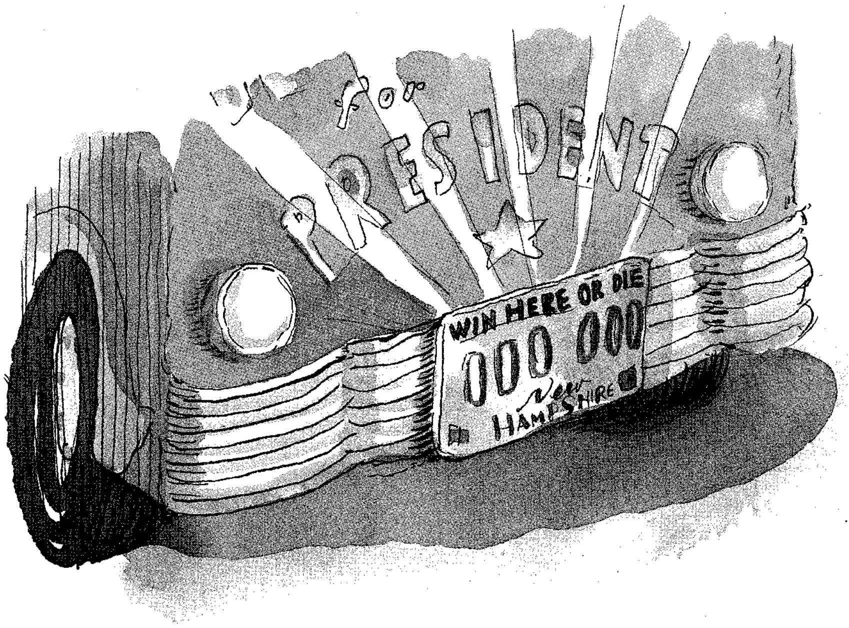
LETTER FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE

THIS MUST BE THE PLACE

Somebody has to decide who gets to be President. Why not the good people of a small, atypical, provincial state?

BY HENDRIK HERTZBERG

The Wayfarer Inn, in Bedford, just south of Manchester, is the unofficial headquarters of the New Hampshire primary. Every four years, as winter approaches, the Wayfarer begins to fill up with the camp followers of national politics: advance people, consultants, television technicians, political reporters and pundits, gofers, campaign staffers—even, sometimes, actual candidates and their entourages. The Wayfarer has a hundred and ninety-four rooms, all but a handful of which can be had for about a hundred dollars a night—a hefty sum by local standards, but peanuts if you're on the expense account of a network or a big-city newspaper. The location is great. New Hampshire is shaped like a wine bottle, and most of its million-plus people have settled like silt at the bottom—the bottom, of course, being where political campaigns feed. From the Wayfarer, it's a five-minute drive to the heart of Manchester. Twenty minutes north gets you to Concord, the state capital. Twenty minutes south and you're in Nashua, the second-largest city, and halfway to Boston.



BARRY BLITT

The Wayfarer is a strangely magical place. It's like a space station. It's surrounded on all sides by a concrete wilderness, from which, once you're inside, it seems utterly cut off. Four or five multi-lane highways collide haphazardly around it. Shopping centers and strip malls are plunked on the asphalt like boulders on Mars. Guided by a couple of discreet, easy-to-miss signs, you enter the Wayfarer by driving through the desolate parking lot of a boxy Macy's. Yet the Wayfarer somehow feels as if it were in the country. Trees and hillocks screen out the sprawl. The cozy entrance suggests rough timbers. In the details of its décor and facilities, and the unpretentiousness of its staff, the Wayfarer is an ordinary mid-range business motor hotel. Its various wings, though, have been built in a splattered-out way, in different directions, on different levels, and in different shapes. Wandering the Wayfarer's angled corridors, you can't tell how big it is, or where it begins and ends, or where you are in it. Even after many sojourns there, I still have to find my way to the lobby by trial and error—a happenstance that, unless I'm in a hurry, is amusing rather than distressing.

Somewhere at the heart of all this, like the bridge of Captain Kirk's Enterprise, is the bar. It's an airy structure, with a high, steeply raked ceiling—a sort of modified A-frame—with thick wooden beams, a big fireplace, and an enormous projection TV set. Political posters from campaigns past adorn an entrance wall. Through tall windows on three sides may be seen a covered bridge over a picturesque stream, a waterfall tumbling over a canal lock, a white frame farmhouse, lots of trees. A flock of Canada geese occasionally stops for a waddle on the slope at the water's edge. You'd never know where you are, except that you're in heaven—political heaven, at any rate. At night, after the last rally or press conference, the room hums with the sound of political gossip. Sitting at the bar, you may catch a glimpse of David S. Broder or (more likely) Jack Germond. Every now and then, someone flips open a notebook or flicks on a tape recorder. You're in the quadrennial crucible of the conventional wisdom, and you never want to leave.

The Wayfarer opened in 1962. The site had been occupied by an old water mill, built in 1744 by a veteran of the French and Indian Wars and operated for two hundred years by his descendants. The last of them, in the nineteen-fifties, made pinewood furniture for the nostalgia market, including (notes a brochure) "a milking stool which proved to be popular as a TV viewing seat." A milking stool for watching television—that's a nice metaphor for the Wayfarer Inn. And the Wayfarer, come to think of it, is a nice metaphor for the New Hampshire primary itself. Both of them look, superficially, pretty much as they did thirty-odd years ago, while everything around them has changed; both incorporate elements of much older forms; both have a rustic appeal, even as they make use of the latest technology; both are magnets for the migrant circus known as "the political community"; and both, while inexpensive compared with their metropolitan counterparts, cost a hell of a lot more than they used to. (In 1962, a room at the Wayfarer could be had for seven dollars.) Time has given both of them something of the artificial aspect of a theme park, though it is by no means certain which is fake—them, or the brave new worlds that have metastasized around them.

I've been visiting New Hampshire during primary season ever since 1968, and what struck me this time was how familiar the basic rituals seemed, given the convulsive changes in politics—the big money, the eclipse of volunteer activism, the media craziness, the direct-mail revolution, the polling explosion. It all still happens, event to event, on a human scale—in hotel function rooms, on sidewalks, at civic clubs. It's still amazingly easy to see candidates, even meet them and ask them questions. On one recent two-and-a-half-day foray, I had no trouble catching a Bill Bradley rally at a Lions Club in Hudson, a George W. Bush speech and press conference at Manchester West High School, and a couple of John McCain "town meetings," in a Holiday Inn in Dover and a middle-school gym in Candia, with enough time left over to attend two all-candidate debates and have a late drink at the Wayfarer. Only at the debates was it obvious that something fundamental has changed.

These were held, one night after the other, at the University of New Hampshire, in Durham. Members of the press, around a hundred of us, were directed to a spacious, well-lit room in the student union, outfitted for the occasion with long tables, phones and modem lines, and a couple of tarpaulin-size video monitors. The candidates and their live audience were in an auditorium elsewhere on campus, but they might as well have been in Iowa. When the debate started, the monitors showed only what was being broadcast, so that neither audience reaction nor the facial expressions of candidates who were not talking could be seen. A few still photographers were in the auditorium, I was told, but no "pencil pool." None had been requested. From our tables in the student union, we were able to gather that (for example) Al Gore was more relaxed than usual. But if he had spent his time off camera with his tongue stuck out and his eyes crossed we'd have had to be told about it afterward.

Representatives of the various campaigns, naturally, were on hand to explain why their candidate had wiped the floor with the other guys. The importance of spin, however, is often exaggerated. The daily reporters—the ones who write the stories you read the next morning—don't have time for it. They have to grind out copy, fast. At these debates, in fact, spinners were barred from the filing room itself and relegated to an adjoining space, because the daily reporters had demanded a little peace and quiet. Some of the spinners had to be content with spinning each other.

There's nothing especially pernicious about any of this, and a good time was had by all. But it does point up the extent to which New Hampshire has become a television studio producing programs for the national market. The debaters were talking to voters not just in New Hampshire but in Iowa and Florida as well. The results of the New Hampshire primary have always been important, but the day-to-day details of what happened there didn't much matter outside the state. Now those details are instantly available to all.

IF you had to pick one of the fifty states and confer upon its citizens vastly more influence in the choice of a President than those of any other, you probably wouldn't pick this one. New Hampshire is small, provincial, and atypical. As a microcosm suitable for exploring the great issues, it stacks up indifferently at best. Economic policy? If New Hampshire were a country, as George W. Bush likes to say about Texas, it would have the fifty-fourth-biggest economy in the world—bigger than Chad's and Kazakhstan's combined! Tax policy? New Hampshire is the only state without either a personal income tax or a sales tax. Urban policy? Manchester is the two-hundred-and-tenth-largest city in the nation. It houses barely a hundred thousand souls. Race, the American dilemma? Of the nearly fourteen thousand black and Hispanic elected officials in the United States, New Hampshire has two. The state's African-American population wouldn't fill the visiting-team side of Madison Square Garden.

But, then, no one appointed New

Immerse Yourself in the Arts.

Pissarro "4 Generations"
Museum of Art, Fort Lauderdale
January 29 - April 30, 2000

Lido D'oro Festivale Internazionale
Gold Coast Opera
February 17 - 20, 2000

de Kooning "In Progress"
Museum of Art, Fort Lauderdale
March 26 - July 10, 2000

Houston Ballet's Dracula
Concert Association of Florida
April 14 - 16, 2000

Ocean Dance 2000
Hollywood Art & Culture Center
May 27, 2000

Beethoven by the Beach
Florida Philharmonic Orchestra
July 2 - 22, 2000

Symphony Classics
Symphony of the Americas
Through July 2000

Summer of Family Fun
Broward Center for the Perfoming Arts
Museum of Discovery & Science
Young At Art
Stranahan House
June - August 2000

GREATER THAN EVER
FORT LAUDERDALE
CONVENTION & VISITORS BUREAU

Call for Free Vacation Planner and Package reservations.
800-22-SUNNY
www.sunny.org

Cultural Affairs
24 Hour ArtsLine
800-249-ARTS

Hampshire to have the first-in-the-nation primary except New Hampshire itself. It did so without (until recently) malice aforethought. In 1916, purely for reasons of Yankee thrift, the first primary was set to coincide with Town Meeting Day, when locals were congregating already. That date—the second Tuesday in March—remained unchanged for half a century and more, until, after 1968, it became obvious that primaries would henceforth monopolize the nominating process. Accordingly, the legislators of other states—imagining, poor dears, that their citizens, too, should have a substantial role in choosing the nation's chief magistrate—started horning in on the early action. Florida tried to move its primary to the same day as New Hampshire's, the first in a series of acts of aggression to which New Hampshire has responded like the Tsar's army drawing Napoleon into the wintry wastes of Russia. Back and back the date of the New Hampshire primary has fallen, election by election, out of March altogether and into February. This year, it's the first Tuesday in February, which happens also to be the first day in February. The gates of Moscow won't be reached until the New Hampshire primary is held on the day after the previous election.

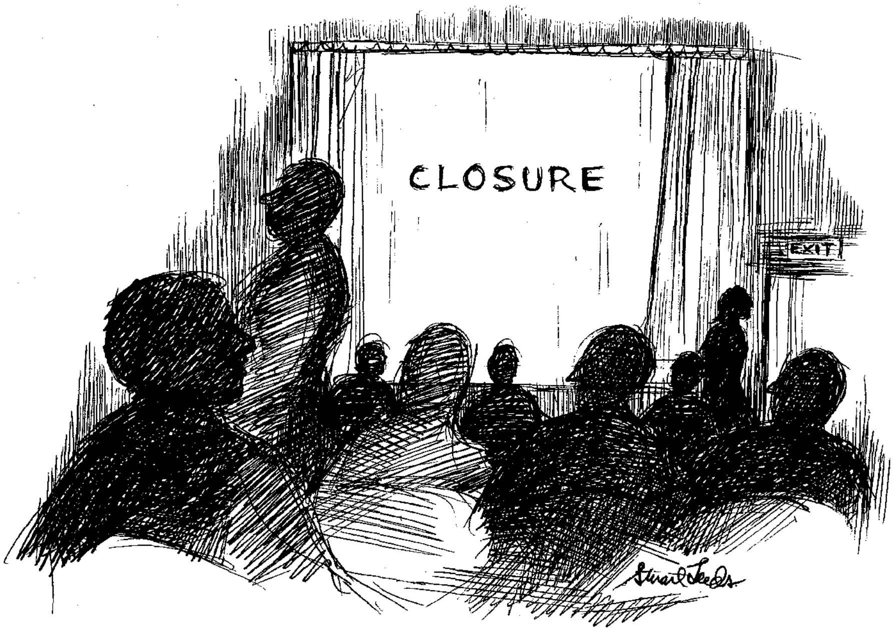
RICHARD UPTON is a name not heard much nowadays, or ever, in constitutional-history classes, but it deserves to be. As surely as James Madison, Benjamin Franklin, Gouverneur Morris, or any of the other bewigged, buckle-shoed gentlemen who met at the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia in 1787, Richard Upton is a designer of the system by which we choose our government—a Framer, you might say. A Founding Father. In 1949, Upton was the Speaker of the New Hampshire House of Representatives. Until then, the voting in the New Hampshire primary had been only for convention delegates, whose affiliations with particular Presidential candidates might or might not be known, and who usually won on the basis of their local prominence. Turnout was low, national impact quite rightly nil. In 1949, Upton decided to make the primary more interesting by allowing a direct vote for Presidential candidates. His bill passed, without much fanfare, and was signed by the governor, Sherman Adams.

The new arrangement revolutionized Presidential politics, beginning with the first time it was tried, in 1952. On the Democratic side, a rawboned freshman senator from Tennessee, Estes Kefauver, went to New Hampshire and pioneered the sustained "retail" campaigning that would eventually become mandatory in the state. President Truman, at first disdaining the primary as "eyewash," stayed in Washington but did nothing to keep his name off the ballot. Sophisticates thought Kefauver was a clown (he campaigned in a Davy Crockett-style coonskin cap) and a sure loser (shortly before the voting, the Associated Press predicted that Truman would beat him by two or three to one). On the Republican side, Senator Robert A. Taft, the Ohio isolationist, also campaigned in person, but less extensively and, thanks to his chilly personality, far less effectively than Kefauver had done. Taft's opponent was General Dwight D. Eisenhower, who spent the winter in Paris, attending to his duties as supreme commander of NATO, while his supporters, led by Governor Adams, organized on his behalf. On Primary Day, Kefauver trounced Truman by ten points, and Eisenhower swamped Taft by a like margin. A few days later, Truman announced that he would not run for a second full term. Kefauver went on to win two-thirds of the vote in the fourteen remaining primaries that existed in those days, but not the nomination. The Republicans, desperate for a victory after twenty years of defeat, nominated the smiling General, who, once ensconced in the White House, made Sherman Adams his chief of staff. Its first time out, the modern New Hampshire primary had brought down one President and raised up another.

Ike's triumph established a rule that has held true in ten of the eleven subsequent elections: no one gets elected President without first winning the New Hampshire primary. Still, New Hampshire would not consolidate the importance it had so suddenly attained for sixteen more years.

In 1968, with Richard Nixon the prohibitive favorite on the Republican side, the action was among the Democrats, riven by the Vietnam War. Many people of a certain age remember that Senator Eugene McCarthy, of Minnesota, and his legions of freshly shorn "Clean for Gene" student volunteers dealt President Lyndon Johnson a defeat in New Hampshire that chased him out of the race and lured Robert Kennedy into it. They remember wrong: Johnson won. And among those who haven't forgotten the actual result, many have forgotten that Johnson's name was not even on the ballot. His supporters had to write him in.

It has since become routine for a New Hampshire winner to be seen as having lost and a loser to be seen as having won. The year 1968 marked the emergence of what has been called (if only by me) the expectorate—the congeries of political reporters, consultants, pollsters, commentators, and loiterers who decide how a candidate is expected



"Edward? Can I play with your stuff?"

to do, and who declare afterward that this or that candidate has done better or worse than expected and has therefore gained or lost momentum, if not the race. The expectorate's role is not entirely unhealthy: a primary such as New Hampshire's is part of a fluid process, like the first turn in a horse race, and the testimony of handicappers may therefore be of value. At the track, though, the opinions of touts and tipsters can't influence the odds once the starting gate snaps open. Nor can those opinions have any effect on the horses, or even—assuming that the race has not been fixed—on the jockeys.

The 1992 primary was the high-water mark of New Hampshire weirdness. President George Bush won but lost; Governor Bill Clinton lost but won. The President's margin over Patrick Buchanan, the right-wing populist commentator, fell short of the expectorate's never quite specified benchmark, and Bush came out weakened by his victory. Senator Paul Tsongas, a Massachusetts goo-goo, defeated a field of mostly more liberal Democrats by a sizable plurality. But the second-place finisher, the energetic Governor of Arkansas, famously proclaimed himself the Comeback Kid and got away with it. Clinton's New Hampshire abracadabra remains the apotheosis of spin—the furriest, plumpest rabbit any politician has ever pulled out of a battered New Hampshire hat. Clinton then became the first and, so far, only person to be elected President without winning the New Hampshire primary.

Of course, the lessons of primaries past—that you can win without winning, that the expectorate can trump the electorate, that (with a little spin) a candidate can come back from the dead—became visible only in retrospect. In 2000, retrospect is still down the road. We have only prediction, an altogether less satisfactory instructor. Because the leading candidates are so closely bunched in the opinion polls, the winners cannot be predicted. By the same token, however, it can be predicted that winning, this time, will require an actual plurality of votes. And it can be predicted that, once the results are in, no great issue will have been propelled to the fore, as Vietnam was in 1968. No such issue exists—not, at any rate, in the narrow space defined by American political possibility.

It has been a sedate, civil, and serious—in the sense of giving attention to substance—campaign. But Gore and Bradley have had to struggle to find things to disagree about. So, to a lesser extent, have Bush and McCain. What piquancy the campaign offers derives mostly from the backgrounds and personalities of the two leading Republicans. McCain is certainly the most interesting candidate in the race. He says in his stump speech that he is a "proud conservative Republican," and his voting record in Congress confirms the conservatism if not the pride. But his campaign doesn't *feel* particularly Republican. The openness and good fellowship aboard his campaign bus, the Straight Talk Express, are all they're cracked up to be. There's none of the feeling of being inside an ideological bunker, whether beleaguered or triumphant, which was so marked in the Reagan campaigns and still is in those of such latter-day Reaganites as Gary Bauer, Steve Forbes, and Alan Keyes. Nor is there the feeling of being deep inside the culture of Republicanism, as there was with Bush *père* and is with Bush *fils*. McCain, in his town-meeting Q. & A.s, speaks with passion about campaign-finance reform and inspiring young people to public service. When he's asked about the budget surplus, he stresses that he doesn't want to give it all away as a tax cut. Bush, for his part, has worked hard to perfect a vocabulary of social concern, but the airless orthodoxy of the conservative movement—in which government is to be disparaged at every turn, and tax cuts and military spending are always good—still hangs heavy over his operation.

These are not, however, the sort of thing that epochs are made from. At the Wayfarer bar the other night, where in years past the pre-primary talk had been about Vietnam or nuclear war, the main topic was whether Bill Bradley should grow a beard. My drinking partner said no—Middle America would never stand for it. I said yes. He'd look great, and, God knows, something has to be done about that inflatable object between lip and necktie, especially given Gore's newly workout-chiselled jaw. Also, Lincoln had one. ♦

PARIS JOURNAL

LIKE A KING

How to have a baby in France.

BY ADAM GOPNIK

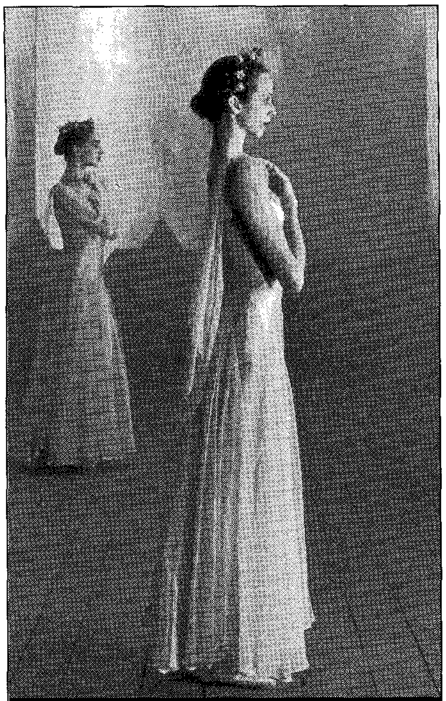
WHEN we discovered that the child we were going to have in Paris last fall would be a girl—we already have a boy—everybody told us that we had been blessed with the "*choix du roi*," the king's choice. "Why, it's the *choix du roi!*" the technician said as she looked at the sonogram, more or less in the tone of the host on "Jeopardy" announcing the daily double. "It's the *choix du roi!*" said the woman in the two-hour-photo place on the Rue du Bac when we told her. "A little girl coming after a little boy?" said my friend Pascal, the philosopher, with evident pleasure. "Why, then, it's the *choix du roi!*"

My wife, Martha, was delighted to be having a girl, however the king felt about it. She had always wanted a son and a daughter, and, as she only now explained to me, one of the reasons she had been so eager to leave New York four years earlier, just after the birth of our son, was that all her friends there who had two children had two boys, and she was starting to believe that two boys was just one of the things that happened to women in New York, "like high-intensity step classes and vanilla Edensoy," as she put it. Also, she said, she was worried about having to succumb to the New York social law that compels you nowadays to name your sons exclusively after the men your grandfather used to take a shvitz with. In our New York circle of under-tens, we already had, in addition to the requisite Maxes, a Harry, a Joe, a Sam, an Otto, and a Charlie—the whole senior staff of Benny's Market: Lowest Prices in Town. "Even if I had had another boy, at least in Paris I wouldn't have had to call him Moe," she explained.

I was pleased by the news, too, of course, but a little mystified by the expression. To be brutally frank, what mystified me was why a king would choose to have any girls at all. If I were a king, I would want only boys, so that the succession would never be challenged by the sinister uncle with a mustache lurking behind my throne. Or only girls, and an immortality pill. What puzzled me even more was the way the phrase, though you heard it on Parisian lips, had a slightly disconcerting air of peasants-in-the-spring ecstasy about it—the kind of thing ("*C'est le choix du roi!*") you would expect to hear set to a Trenet tune and sung by the villagers in a Pagnol film when the baker's daughter gives birth to little Lisette.

I soon sensed, though, that, while people meant it, they also didn't mean it—that it was a thing you said both as a joke and not as a joke. After four years in Paris, I have come to realize that this is where the true cultural differences reside: not in those famous moments when you think that a joke was meant straight ("My goodness, the *dessert grand-mère* is not made by grandmother!"), or you misunderstand something that was meant straight as a joke ("The *tête de veau* is actually the head of a calf!"), but in those moments when you are confronted with something that is meant both as a joke and seriously. This zone of kidding overlaid with not kidding is one that we know at home. When a New Yorker passes out cigars in the office after the birth of his child, for instance, he is both making a joke about passing out cigars—with unspoken but quickly grasped reference to all the episodes of "Bewitched" and "I Love Lucy" in which Darrin or Desi or some other fifties-ish father passed out cigars—and sincerely celebrating the birth of his child. (The proof of this doubleness is that the cigars he passes out will actually be good to smoke, while mockery would make do with a bad or unsmokable cigar. Nobody tried to eat Warhol's soups.)

IN Paris, the obstetricians all wear black. When your wife goes to be examined, the doctor who comes out into the waiting room is not a smart



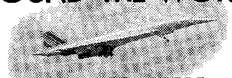
NEW YORK CITY BALLET

Winter Repertory Season Jan. 4-Feb. 27, 2000

For information call 212.870.5570
www.nycballet.com

NEW YORK STATE THEATER AT LINCOLN CENTER, BROADWAY AND 63RD STREET
EVA NATANYA AND DEANNA MCBREARTY. PHOTO BY RODNEY SMITH.

AROUND THE WORLD



BY PRIVATE CONCORDE

HAWAII · NEW ZEALAND · AUSTRALIA
PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA (BEIJING & HONG KONG)
INDIA · KENYA · FRANCE

May 16 to June 8, 2000

$62,000 per person, double occupancy

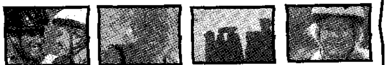
Designed and Operated by INTRAV
7711 Bonhomme Ave. · St. Louis, MO 63105-1961
Visit us on the web at: www.intrav.com

INTRAV Exploring the World Since 1959 Or Contact Your Travel Agent

1-800-964-0500

France • Germany • Holland • Ireland • Italy • Luxembourg • Scotland • Switzerland • Belgium • England

A great European biking or hiking trip doesn't have to cost $400 a day!



CBT Tours • 800-736-2453
Call for a FREE brochure!

CHINA FOR TWO

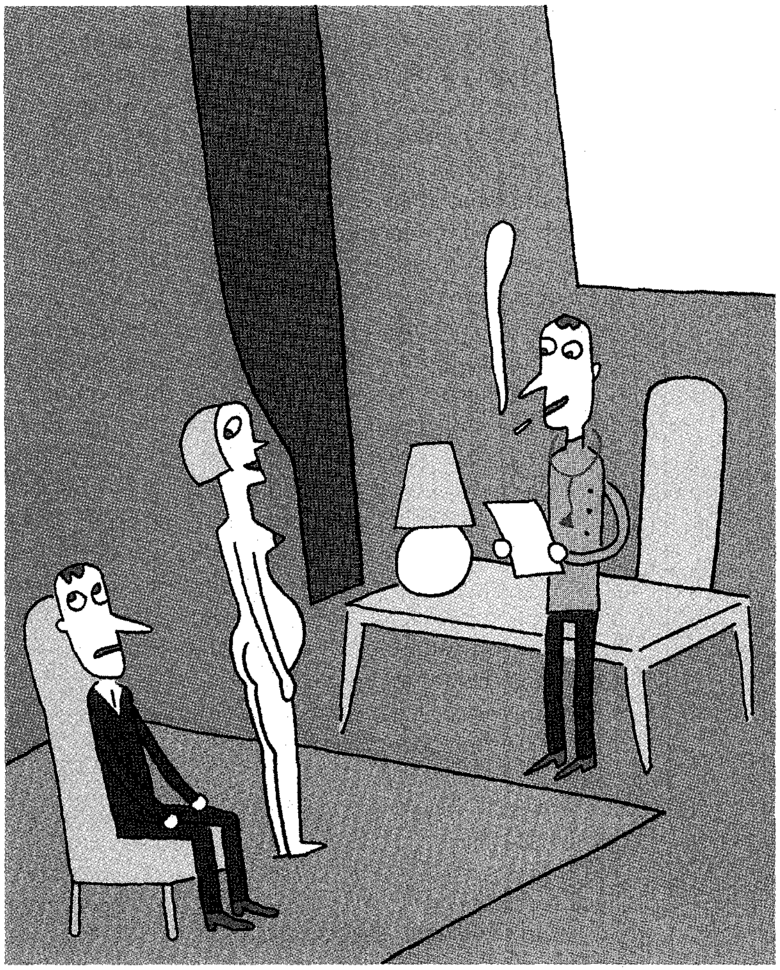
Affordable, escorted private tours for 2 or more people. Tailored to fit your dates and interests. Ideal for couples, families. All China, Yangtze River, Tibet, Silk Road, Mongolia, SE Asia.

All tours designed by Fredric M. Kaplan

888-7-BEIJING (723-4546) chinalink@erols.com
www.chinaprivatetours.com

Jewish girl in a lab coat, as in New York, but a man with a day's growth of beard, who is wearing black jeans and a black silk shirt, like a character in a David Mamet play about Hollywood producers.

I first became aware of this when we went to get the first of many sonograms of the new baby. The sonogramist we had been sent to performs in a nineteenth-century apartment in the Sixth Arrondissement, with wainscoting and ceiling moldings and windows that open like doors. A curtain was drawn across one half of the living room, and couples sat on two sofas in the other half, turning the pages of *Elle* (*Elle* is a weekly in France) and waiting to be called. After about ten minutes, the curtain parted and the sonogram specialist came into the room. He had on black jeans and a black silk shirt, open at the front and plunging down toward his navel, sleeves rolled up to the elbows. A day-old growth of beard covered his face. He smiled at us, and asked us to come in. We sat down in front of a handsome Louis XV desk—the sonogram equipment was over in the other corner of the office—and he asked us when the baby had been conceived. My wife gave him the likely date.



In Paris, pregnancy is a chapter in a sentimental education—a strange consequence of the pleasures of the body.

PHILIPPE PETIT-ROULET

“Was that at night or early the next day?” he asked. It took me a moment to realize that he was kidding, and then another moment to realize that he was not, and then still another moment—the crucial cultural-gap moment—to realize that he was neither kidding nor not kidding. That is to say, he was kidding—he knew that it didn't matter—but he was not kidding in the sense that he was genuinely interested, considered that it was part of his profession to view that precise moment of passion or lust with a special tenderness. The moment of conception, the sexual act, was, in his schema, not incidental information to be handled discreetly, or pushed aside altogether, as American obstetricians do—all American “What to Expect” books begin with the Test, not the Act—but the prime moment, the hallowed moment, the first happy domino that, falling, caused all the other dominoes that had brought the three of us together to fall, and (his eyes implied) it was our special shared knowledge that that domino had not in fact fallen but had been nudged, deliberately, and by us. Then he asked Martha to get undressed. There was, to my surprise, no changing room or even a curtain, so she did, like that. (I was the only embarrassed person in the room.) The elaborate hospital rigmarole of American hygiene and American obstetrics—the white coats, the dressing rooms, the lab gowns—is dispensed with. They make no sense, since a pregnant woman is not only not sick but in a sense has doubled the sum of her health.

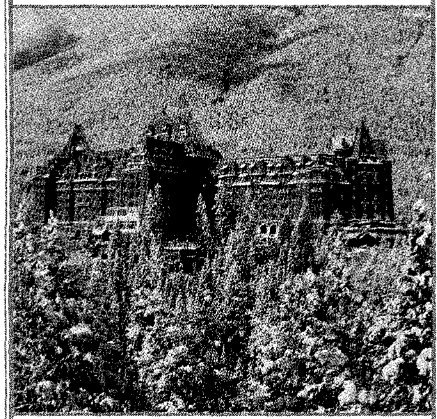
We looked at the baby on the sonar screen, as though she were a character in a Tom Clancy novel. “She's pretty,” he said at last. Then we got a package of fifteen or so pictures of our daughter in embryo, full of allure, as the receptionist said. The pictures were stapled, in neat ruffled rows, into a little wallet, with sans-serif lowercase type, like an E. E. Cummings poem.

“IN New York, the obstetricians all wear white and they all have books out,” Martha said to me one afternoon. She had called up an obstetrician in New York that day, before her appointment with her French doctor. “She covered me with congratulations, and then she told me all these tests I ought to take. Week ten the CVS, then in week fourteen an early amnio, and then in weeks eighteen to twenty a targeted ultrasound to test for neural-tube defects, and then I'm supposed to get genetic-carrier blood tests for all these other things.”

“What did the French obstetrician say when you told her that?”

“She made that ‘oh’ face—you know, that lips-together, ‘How naïve can one be?’ face—said that it was far too dangerous to do the CVS, and then she prescribed a lot of drugs for pain. I've got antispasmodics, anti-nausea drugs, painkillers, and some other ones, too. Then she told me I could drink red wine and absolutely not to eat any raw vegetables. She keeps asking me if I've had any salad. She says ‘salad’ the way the doctors in New York say ‘uninsured.’ ”

French doctors like to prescribe drugs as much as New York doctors like to publish books. I suppose that it fulfills a similar need for self-expression with a pen, without having to go to the trouble of having your photograph



ADVENTURES IN CANADA'S WEST

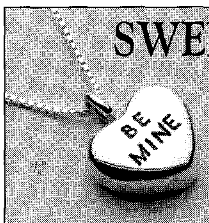
BANFF SPRINGS - *Banff, Alberta*

NOT YOUR AVERAGE CABIN IN THE WOODS

Fairmont
HOTELS & RESORTS

EXTRAORDINARY HOTELS. EXTRAORDINARY PLACES.

Call 1.877.570.5564 or your travel agent.
Web site: www.fairmont.com



SWEET HEART

James Breakell's pretty pendant with 18" chain. Sterling silver $30. 14k Gold $195. Add $4 handling. Catalog available (800) 767-6411.

J.H. Breakell & Co.
132 Spring St., Dept. NYSH, Newport, RI 02840

www.seeitaly.com
CARAVELLA ITALIA
EXPERIENCE THE BEST OF ITALY
SMALL GROUP TOURS • CUSTOM TOURS
toll-free 888.665.2112

Zone Diet Home Delivery
3 Gourmet Meals, 2 Snacks
Freshly Prepared and Delivered Daily
917-301-1444
•Healthy•Convenient•Delicious•

LAS Studies Abroad Program Switzerland
An enriching, challenging int'l. experience for talented, motivated h.s. students in a beautiful, safe Alpine village. Accredited American curriculum; college prep & AP courses; transfer credit. Family-like environment. Est. 1961.
Leysin American School, U.S. Admissions
PO Box 7154/Y, Portsmouth, NH 03803
Toll-free: 1-888-642-4142
One Semester or One Year | www.las.ch

taken with a professional yet humane grin. You cannot go into a French doctor's office for a cinder in your eye and emerge without a six-part prescription, made up of pills of different sizes to be taken at irregular intervals.

I wanted to meet Martha's doctor, who would be delivering the baby while I "coached"—I am of the Phil Jackson school as a coach; you might not actually see me doing much, but I contribute a lot to the winning atmosphere—and so I accompanied her to the next appointment. We sat in the waiting room and read *Elle* some more. By now, Martha was nervous. An American friend who lives in Normandy had gone into labor a few days before, only to find that all the anesthesiologists had gone out on strike that morning. She had delivered the baby, her second, without any epidural.

"I want to go to a place where the anesthesiologists are scabs," Martha said. "Or nuns, or something. I don't want to go to a place where the man with the epidural is on a picket line."

While we were in the waiting room, a man in black jeans and a black silk shirt with the sleeves rolled up, and with a Pat Riley hair style, peeked in and mischievously summoned one of the women in the waiting room.

"Who's that?" I asked.

"The other obstetrician," Martha said.

"Does he always dress like that?" I demanded.

"Oh, yes. He's very nice. He examined me last time."

Martha's doctor was wearing black stretch slacks, a black tank top, and a handsome gold necklace. She is very exacting about appearances. "You have gained too much weight," she said to Martha, who had in fact gained less than with her first pregnancy. "Start swimming, stop eating." (Martha says that a friend who went for an appointment two months after the birth of her second baby was told by the same doctor, "You look terrible. And do something about your hair.") We did another sonogram. "Look at her, she's pretty," the doctor said as we looked at the sonogram. "There's her *fille*," she said, pointing to the sex. Then she again counselled Martha to swim more, and gave her a prescription for sleeping pills. We talked a bit about the approach of those hard, exhausting first weeks with a newborn. "Get a night nurse," she advised. "Go out with your husband. Be happy again."

In New York, in other words, pregnancy is a medical condition that, after proper care by people in white coats and a brief hospital stay, can have a "positive outcome." In Paris, it is something that has happened because of sex, which, with help and counsel, can end with your being set free to go out and have more sex. In New York, pregnancy is a ward in the House of Medicine; in Paris, it is a chapter in a sentimental education—a strange consequence of the pleasures of the body.

In America, we have managed to sexualize everything—cars, refrigerators, computers, Congress—except the natural consequences of sex. Though it is de rigueur for every pregnant supermodel to have her picture taken when she is full-bellied, it is always the same picture. She covers her breasts, she is swaddled below in some way, and she looks off into the middle distance, not dreamily, as she might when wearing lingerie, but slightly anxiously, as though she could not remember if she had left her husband's electric guitar turned on. The subject, the hidden subject, is not the apotheosis of sexuality but its transcendence into maternal instinct—babe into mother by way of baby.

In France, though, a pregnant woman is alive, since she has demonstrated both her availability and her fecundity: We Have a Winner. Though Lamaze-method childbirth began here, it remains cultish and sectarian. Most women nurse for three months, no more. (It shrinks your breasts, and gives you an uncomfortable accessory.) And, when the anesthesiologists are not striking, they are, as our babysitter says, fully busy. (Two French friends of ours talk about natural childbirth: "What is the English for *accouchement sans douleur*?" one asks. "A lie," the other answers.)

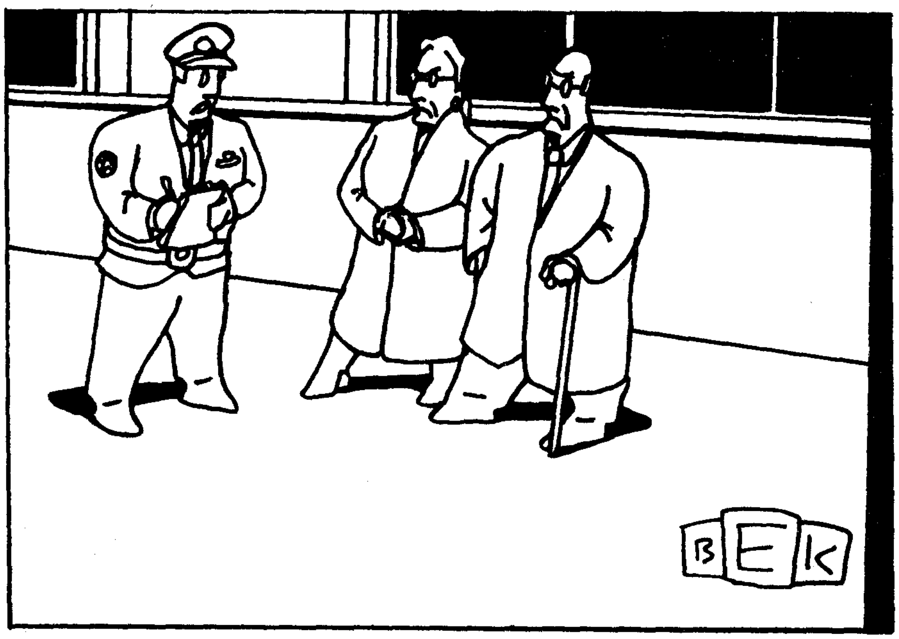
The prohibition on uncooked vegetables, by the way, turns out to have a solid scientific basis. Toxoplasmosis—a mild parasitic infection that is devastating to unborn children—though it's rare in America (it's that thing you can get from cat litter), is common in France. Red wine is recommended, in turn, because it is high in iron and acts as an effective anti-spasmodic.

BY law, a French woman who is going to have a baby is guaranteed—not merely allowed but pretty much compelled—to stay four or five nights in a clinic or a hospital. In New York, when our son, Luke, was born—in the Klingenstein Pavilion of Mount Sinai Hospital—we had two days to have the baby, bond, and get out. French law is specific and protective about the rights of pregnant women. If you are a salaried employee, you get six weeks of prenatal leave and ten weeks of paid leave after the baby is born. For a third child, you get eight weeks off and eighteen more, and if you have three at once you get, in all, forty-six weeks of paid leave. (The leave is paid, through a complicated formula, by your employer and the state.) The law is as finely tuned as a viola d'amore. There is even a beautiful added *remarque*, right there on the government document: "*Les artistes du spectacle, les mannequins des maisons de couture*," and others who do work that is plainly incompatible with the state of pregnancy (i.e., a bigger belly) are assured of paid leave after the twenty-first week. In France, Cindy and Paulina and the rest would not just be having their pictures taken. They would already be on the dole.

The system, Martha's doctor observed once during a visit, is "royal for the users, good for the doctors, and expensive for the society." There are many rational arguments to be made about whether or not the outcomes justify the expenditures, and, in any case, the level of care that the French have insisted on may be unsustainable. But the people who are being treated "royally" are ordinary people—everybody. For many, perhaps most, French people, life at the end of the century in the American imperium may look a bit like a typical transatlantic flight, with the airless, roomless, comfortless coach packed as tight as possible, so that the maximum dollars can be squeezed out of every seat, with a few rich people up front. I am American enough to understand that this is, so to speak, one of the prices of mass travel—that there is no such thing as a free lunch, or clinic—and yet have become French enough to feel, stubbornly, that legroom and a little air should not be luxuries for the rich, and that in a prosperous society all pregnant women should have three sonograms and four nights in a hospital, if they want to. It doesn't seem particularly royal to have four nights in a clinic when you have a baby, or aristocratically spoiled to think that a woman should keep her job and have some paid leave afterward—even sixteen weeks, if she happens to be a mannequin in an haute-couture house. All human desires short of simple survival are luxurious, and a mother's desire to have a slightly queenly experience of childbirth—a lying in rather than a pushing out and a going home—seems as well worth paying for as a tobacco subsidy or another tank.

IN preparation for our own four-night stay, we had first to search for the right clinic. Friends recommended two: the Clinique Sainte-Isabelle, in the leafy suburb of Neuilly, and the Clinique Belvedere, in Boulogne-Billancourt. We went to tour them. Both clinics had a pastoral, flower-bed, medical but not quite hospital feel, like the sanitarium where they pack off Nicole in "Tender Is the Night." I liked the Belvedere best. The rooms there had a nice faded-white and pale-blue look, like the room in "Madeline" where she goes to have her appendix taken out and sees the crack in the ceiling that had a habit of sometimes looking like a rabbit. The cracks in the ceiling at the Belvedere were expressive, too, and, for a premium, you could have a room with French doors leading out onto the garden. (The ordinary rooms were less grand, though they mostly had garden views, too.) But what I really liked about the place was the clippings in the formal salon—the waiting room—downstairs, which was filled with dusty silk roses and blue-and-gold Louis XVI furniture. The clippings chronicled the birth of minor nobility in the halls of the Belvedere. A Bonapartist pretender had been born there, I remember, and also I think a Prince of Yugoslavia. I liked the kingly company, particularly since it was such cheesy kingly company.

Martha, though, as we toured the clinics, kept asking gentle, pointed questions about labor relations with the anesthesiologists. Now, the anesthesiologists here—were they unionized? Did they have enough vacation time? Would the clinic manager say that they were happy with their working conditions? How long had it been since they signed a contract? Were there any, well, radicals among them—the kind of ex-Trotskyite *soixante-huitards* who might suddenly call for mass action by the



"Did he have any distinguishing characteristics besides a strong sense of entitlement?"

workers? Eventually, we settled on the Clinique Sainte-Isabelle, which seemed to be the sensible, primly bourgeois choice of all our friends, and which had a couple of full-time anesthesiologists on call, neither of whom looked like a sansculotte.

Everything was going along fine, in fact, until our meeting with the *sage-femme*, the "wise woman," or, in American, the midwife. She was in yet another of the suburban clinics, an odd Jacques Tati modern place. This meeting was brisk, and it concentrated on two essential points: breathing and lying. The breathing bit we had heard about before—you are supposed to breathe from the diaphragm—but she emphasized that it was just as important, for a happy birth, to remember never to tell a taxi-driver that you are in labor. Whatever you do, she said, don't say that you're in labor, or might be in labor, because no taxi-driver in Paris will take a pregnant woman to her clinic, for fear of her having the baby in his car. (You can't call an ambulance, because an ambulance won't go over the city line, and our clinic was out in Neuilly.)

Then how were we going to get to the clinic? Martha asked. (We don't have a car.) It's no problem, I interrupted, we'll simply walk over to the taxi stand. (You can't call a taxi, because there is a stand right across the street from our apartment.)

"I won't be able to stroll across the street and stand in line if I'm in labor," she objected. "I'll wait in the courtyard. Just get him to do the *demi-tour*."

At these words, my heart was stricken. *Demi-tour* means, literally, a U-turn, but in Paris it is also a half-metaphysical possibility that exists on the Boulevard Saint-Germain just across the street from our apartment building. The boulevard itself runs one-way, from east to west. There is, however, a narrow lane carved out on it, for buses and taxis, that runs the other way, toward the Place de la Concorde and the Quai d'Orsay and, eventually, if you turn right over a bridge, toward Neuilly and the clinic, too. Leading off this lane, at a single light about a hundred feet from our building, there is a small, discreet curved arrow marked on the asphalt. This arrow means that a taxicab—and only a taxicab—can make a U-turn there and go the other way, with the rest of the traffic. In principle, I could get a cab going against the traffic, have him do the *demi-tour*, pick up my pregnant wife, and then go back against the traffic. The trouble is that, though I have sometimes succeeded in persuading taxi-drivers, when we arrive from the airport, to make the *demi-tour*, I have just as often failed. "It's impossible," they will tell you, when you ask them to do it. "No, there is an arrow printed on the pavement that advertises the possibility of this maneuver," I will say. (When I'm under stress, my French becomes very abstract.)

"I've been driving a taxi for twenty years, and it doesn't exist," the cabbie will say. Then you either give up or get hot under the collar, and neither approach helps.

If I asked a Paris cabdriver to attempt the *demi-tour* at, say, five in the morning, to pick up a very pregnant-looking woman, he would know that the only reason was that she was in labor, and to the insult of being instructed would come the injury of being asked to ruin his cab.

For the next few weeks, I became obsessed by the logic and strategies of the *demi-tour*. What if I couldn't pull it off? The only thing to do was to rehearse, just as we had done in New York in the Lamaze class. So I began walking over to the taxi station at all hours of the day and night, getting in a cab, asking the driver to make the *demi-tour*, and then going, well, someplace or other. Then I walked home. Sometimes the driver made the *demi-tour*, and sometimes he didn't. I was determined to keep practicing, until it felt as natural as breathing.

We still hadn't got to the bottom of the whole *choix du roi* thing. Martha had decided to give in to the obstetrician's insistence that she start swimming, and one day, with Luke, we got into a cab to go to the pool. The taxi-driver was wearing a short-sleeved shirt, and had gray hair and a lot of metal teeth. Suddenly, he chuckled and said, of Luke, "Why, he speaks so well. Tell me, is it a little sister or a brother?" A sister, we said, and I grimaced and tightened inside as I prepared myself for the response, which, of course, came on cue.

"Ah," he said, slapping the steering wheel. "*C'est le choix du roi!*"

I was so fed up that I said, Please explain it to me. It was an ironic, rhetorical question. But he didn't miss a beat.

"I will be happy to explain it," he said, and he actually pulled over to the curb, near the Crillon hotel, so that he could speak in peace. "In Latin countries, we have what we call Salic law—which means that only your son can inherit the throne. You Anglo-Saxons, you don't follow Salic law." I let the Anglo-Saxon thing go by. "For your Anglo-Saxon royal families, it doesn't matter if the king has a *nana* or a *mec*." A *nana* is a doll and a *mec* is a guy. "But, you see, a French king, under Salic law, had to consolidate his hold on the throne by having a boy. And he had to have a girl, so that she could be offered in marriage to another king, and in this way the royal possessions would be expanded, since the daughter's son would

THE JOB

Imagine that
the job were
so delicate
that you could
seldom—almost
never—remember
it. Impossible
work, really.
Like placing
pebbles exactly
where they were
already. The steadiness it
takes . . . and
to what end?
It's so easy
to forget again.

—Kay Ryan

be a king, too. He," he said gesturing toward Luke in the back seat, "is your strong piece, to be kept in reserve, while she"—he gestured toward Martha's belly—"is your pawn to build your empire. That's why it's the king's choice: first a boy to hold the throne, then a girl to get another. *Tendresse* has nothing to do with it. That is why it is the *choix du roi*.

"It is very odd," he went on expansively, "because in the Hundred Years' War, the King of England, as Duc de Guyenne, a title he had inherited from his grandfather, was subject to Salic law, too. The story of how this worked itself out in the making of the two monarchies is a passionately interesting piece of history. I recommend the series 'Les Rois Maudits' "—the damned or cursed kings—"which is a fascinating study of this history, particularly of the acts of John the Good and what he did as an act of policy to accommodate the Salic principle. The books are by Maurice Druon, of the Académie Française, and I heartily recommend them. Passionately interesting."

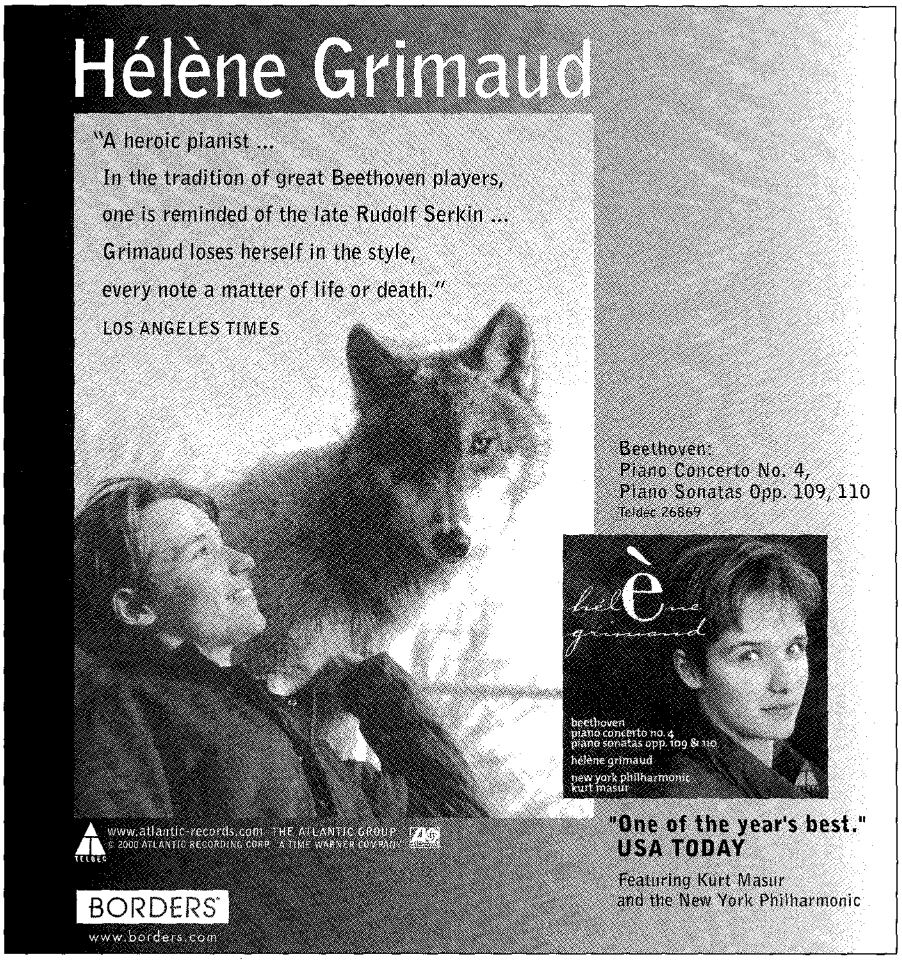
We sat in stunned silence.

"Ask him does he do *demi-tours*," said Martha.

"YOU'RE wearing stripes?" she asked. I had put on a striped shirt a few minutes before, in the excitement, but I quickly changed it. I put on a suit and tie, in fact—a nice *marron* cotton number—thinking that, though my New York child had been born with me watching in jeans and a collarless shirt, my French kid ought to see a dad who had a touch more finish.

The drama had begun a few hours earlier, in the middle of the night, and now it was five o'clock and we were on our way to the clinic. At five-thirty, with a babysitter for Luke and a suitcase in hand, we were out on the boulevard. I walked to the curb, held my breath, saw that there were cabs at the taxi stand, and, head down, told Martha to wait where she was while I started across the street, preparing to ask a taxi-driver to make the *demi-tour*, my moment come at last.

Far down the boulevard, a single cab with a firelight light appeared. Martha stepped out into the street, just as though it were five-thirty in the eve-



Hélène Grimaud
"A heroic pianist ...
In the tradition of great Beethoven players,
one is reminded of the late Rudolf Serkin ...
Grimaud loses herself in the style,
every note a matter of life or death."
LOS ANGELES TIMES
Beethoven:
Piano Concerto No. 4,
Piano Sonatas Opp. 109, 110
Teldec 26869
hélène grimaud
beethoven
piano concerto no. 4
piano sonatas opp. 109 & 110
hélène grimaud
new york philharmonic
kurt masur
"One of the year's best."
USA TODAY
Featuring Kurt Masur
and the New York Philharmonic
TELDEC
www.atlantic-records.com THE ATLANTIC GROUP
© 2000 ATLANTIC RECORDING CORP. A TIME WARNER COMPANY
BORDERS
www.borders.com

WOOD CLASSICS
free catalog
Precision-Cut Kits
or Fully Assembled
Handcrafted in the U.S.A.
Lifetime Teak
An extensive collection of the finest garden furniture available anywhere.
Our teak is of the highest quality and comes with a lifetime guarantee.
Box 100Y0410 Gardiner, NY 12525
914 . 255 . 5651
shop! online @ www.woodclassics.com

BIKE RIDERS TOURS
small groups, gracious inns and wonderful dining.
bicycling vacations in new england, canada & europe.
free catalog: 1-800-473-7040 • www.bikeriderstours.com

BEAU TIES LTD. *of Vermont*
Handcrafted silk bow ties & accessories
800-488-8437

GET INTO THE FLOW OF EUROPE WITH A KD RIVER CRUISE
Discover the treasures of the Rhine, Elbe, Danube, and Europe's other great waterways.
For a copy of our colorful 32-page brochure, see your travel agent, or call 800-RIVER-KD.
KD
River Cruises of Europe
www.rivercruises.com

Offices: Purchase, NY; San Francisco, CA

ning on Sixth Avenue, got her right hand up in that weird New York-Nazi taxi salute, and cried, "Taxi!" The guy came skidding to a stop. She got in, and I followed.

"Twenty-four Boulevard du Château in Neuilly," I commanded, my voice pitched a little too high (as it also tends to get in French). "Just cross the street and make the *demi-tour*," I added, fairly casually, and docilely, at five-thirty in the morning, he swung the cab over to the taxi lane, on other side of the street, and did a full U-turn. He flew along the boulevard. I took the hand of my Queen.

"You've got him going the wrong way," she whispered.

He was, too. I waited a few blocks, and then told him that I had made a mistake, could he turn around and go the other way. He shrugged, and did.

When we got to the clinic, it was shut tight, no lights on at all. The advantages of a big hospital up on Madison Avenue became a little clearer. No one was answering the door, a thing I doubt happens much at Mount Sinai. We banged and cried out, "*Allô!* Is anybody there?" Finally, an incredibly weary-looking *sage-femme*—not our own—wearing sweater and slippers, sighed, let us in, hooked Martha up to an I.V., and asked to see our papers. She shuffled through them.

"Where is your blood test for the dossier?" she asked at last.

"The doctor has it," I said. "She'll be here soon."

"That the doctor has it is of no consequence," the nurse said. "If your wife wishes to have an epidural, she must have that paper."

"It's all the way back home," I protested, but, of course, nothing doing. It looked as though Martha's epidural, having escaped French syndicalism, were about to be done in by French bureaucracy. Having lived in France long enough to know there was no choice, I found another taxi, rushed all the way home, ran upstairs, tore open the filing cabinet, found the paper, and then took a taxi back, setting some kind of land-speed record for trips from central Paris to Neuilly. The *sage-femme* slipped the paper into the dossier, yawned, put the dossier down on a radiator, and nobody ever looked at it or referred to it again.

The labor got complicated, for various reasons—basically, the baby at the last moment decided to turn sideways—and Martha's doctor, acting with the quiet sureness that is the other side of Parisian insouciance, did an emergency cesarean. It turned out that behind a small, quaint-looking white door down in the basement there was a *bloc*—a warren of blindingly white-lit, state-of-the-art operating and recovery rooms. They hadn't shown it to us when we toured the clinic, of course. It seemed very French, the nuclear power plant hidden in the *bocage*.

The baby came out mad, yelling at the top of her lungs. In New York, the nurses had snatched the baby and taken him off to be washed behind a big glass nursery window, and then had dressed him in prison garb, the same white nightshirt and cap that the hundred other babies in the nursery had on. (The next day, there was also an elaborate maximum-security procedure of reading off the bracelet numbers of mother and child whenever either one wanted to nurse.) Here, after the *sage-femme* and I gave her a bath, and the *sage-femme* taped her umbilical remnant, the *sage-femme* turned to me.

"Where are her clothes?" she asked. I said I didn't know, upstairs in the suitcase, I guessed, and she said you better get them, so I ran up, and came back down to the *bloc* with the white onesie and a lovely white-and-pink-trimmed baby-style cat suit, which her mother had bought at Bonpoint a few days before. All by myself, I carefully dressed the five-minute-old squalling newborn, and took her back to her mother, in the recovery room. A day later, I would walk the six blocks to the Mairie, the City Hall, of Neuilly-sur-Seine, and register her birth. The New York birth certificate had been a fill-in-the-blanks, choose-one-box business, which we had filled in on our way out of the hospital. The French birth certificate was like the first paragraph of a nineteenth-century novel, with the baby's parents' names, their occupations, the years of their birth and of their emigration, their residence, and her number, baby number 2365 born in Neuilly in 1999. (It's got a big hospital, too.) After that, of course, would come the weeks of exhaustion and 3 A.M. feedings, which are remarkably alike from place to place.

But just then, looking at the sleeping mom and the tiny newborn in her arms, I had a genuine moment of what I can only call revelation, religious vision. When people talk about what it is to have a baby, they usually talk about starting over, a clean slate, endless possibility, a new beginning, but I saw that that is not it at all. A birth is not a rebirth. It's a weighty event. In a telescopic universe, we choose to see microscopically, and the blessing is that what we see is not an illusion but what is really there: a singularity in the cosmos, another baby born in a Paris suburb. The world is a meaningless place, and we are weird, replicating mammals on its surface, and yet the whole purpose of the universe since it began was, in a way, to produce this baby, who is the tiny end point of a funnel that goes back to the beginning of time—a singularity that history was pointing toward from the start. That history didn't know it was pointing toward Olivia—and, of course, toward Salome over in the other corner of the nursery and little François just arrived, not to mention Max and Otto and possibly even Moe, just now checking in at Mount Sinai—doesn't change the fact that it was. We didn't know we were pointing to her, either, until she got here. The universe doesn't need a purpose, if life goes on. You sink back and hear the nurse cooing in French to the mother and child ("*Ah, calme-toi, ma biche, ma biche,*" she says. "Be calm, my doe, my doe," but which one is she talking to?) and feel as completely useless as any other male animal after a birth and, at the same time, somehow serenely powerful, beyond care or criticism, since you have taken part in the only really majestic choice we get to make in life, which is to continue it. ♦

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the Denver Post*]

"I don't care if it's $100," said Dick Sargent of Golden, an I-25 proponent. "It distracts from the goal, and the goal is so big—we're hunting elephants with a BB gun. If we don't all get behind fixing the hole in the hull, we're all going down. And that team spirit isn't there."

Cutting-edge humor that's stayed sharp for decades.

THE NEW YORKER *75th Anniversary*
CARTOON COLLECTION

EDITED AND WITH A FOREWORD BY BOB MANKOFF

BAD MOM CARDS

The biggest and funniest collection of *New Yorker* cartoons ever assembled.

From the Roaring Twenties to the Networking Nineties, a compilation of unforgettable classics, long-forgotten gems, and contemporary favorites. Here in one luxurious book is nearly three-quarters of a century of human idiosyncrasies and cultural caprices as seen—and skewered—by the most gifted comic artists on the planet, including Peter Arno, Charles Addams, Mary Petty, Roz Chast, William Steig, Jack Ziegler, and many more.

A POCKET BOOKS HARDCOVER

AVAILABLE WHEREVER BOOKS ARE SOLD

www.SimonSays.com

PROFILE

THE REDEMPTION

Everything went wrong for George W. Bush, until he made it all go right.

BY NICHOLAS LEMANN

"It's quite fascinating," said Joe. "This big honor, the biggest in the world, can happen to a man almost overnight. What was Coolidge when he was nominated for the vice-presidency? He'd been governor of Massachusetts and settled the police strike. What was Harding? Well, Harding isn't a good example, because he'd not only been governor of his state but United States senator as well. But look at the other side, the Democrats. Wilson, a governor and a college president. Cox? Nobody. Franklin Roosevelt, the fellow that ran for vice-president, I used to know him slightly. At least I met him at dances when I was in college. A typical New York snob, I always thought."

—*John O'Hara, "Ten North Frederick."*

I MET George W. Bush once by accident back in the early seventies, at Harvard. I must have been a freshman or a sophomore. Some home-town friends of mine from New Orleans, Grant and Margot Thomas, were in Cambridge for a few years because Grant was getting a master's degree, and I used to drop by their apartment all the time. To me, it was a warm island of Southern gaiety in a sour sea of ambition and after-the-revolution ill will. Life had a light and charming cast there. The Thomases had a dog named Layla, and their neighbors, who were the authors of the Curious George books, would appear occasionally to deliver fond mock-chastisings in a Mitteleuropa accent. One afternoon when I was there, the doorbell rang and a guy came up the stairs: George Bush.

I remember having two thoughts. One was that he looked like a standard-issue boarding-school boy turned business-school student. He was wearing wide-wale corduroy trousers, an Izod polo shirt with the collar turned up, a crew-neck sweater, and Sperry Top-siders—the uniform of the day for his group. He had curly brown hair worn just a little longer, but not much, than you could wear it at your first job. The second thought was that he must be the son of the head of the Republican National Committee. This was, on the one hand, just about the worst credential you could present in Cambridge at that moment, but, on the other hand, being the son of a definite somebody always registered as a plus at Harvard. One of the things you were socialized to do there was to notice that kind of signifier of position, and affect not to notice. So we greeted each other with meaningful blankness. I, in my Army fatigues, T-shirt, long hair, and big round glasses, would have come across to him as being as deeply not his type as he did to me. The famous Bush charm was not on display. After a few minutes, I said I had to go.

I mention all this because it was very much at the top of the agenda the next time I came face to face with George Bush, which was a few days before Christmas, in the hamlet of Derry, New Hampshire. At one end of town, outside the office of the local newspaper, sat a big bus, which had been got up in the manner of the conveyance of a travelling musical act, with a painting of an eagle on one side and a landscape on the other. A small clutch of people, some of them members of a Texas Rangers security detail, stood outside. Soon Bush emerged from the newspaper office, and I introduced myself. He gave me an appraising look. "You're Henry Thomas's friend," he said. "I saw him last night, at the Christmas party at the Mansion"—the Governor's Mansion, in Austin. "Didn't you teach with him at the Chinquapin School?"

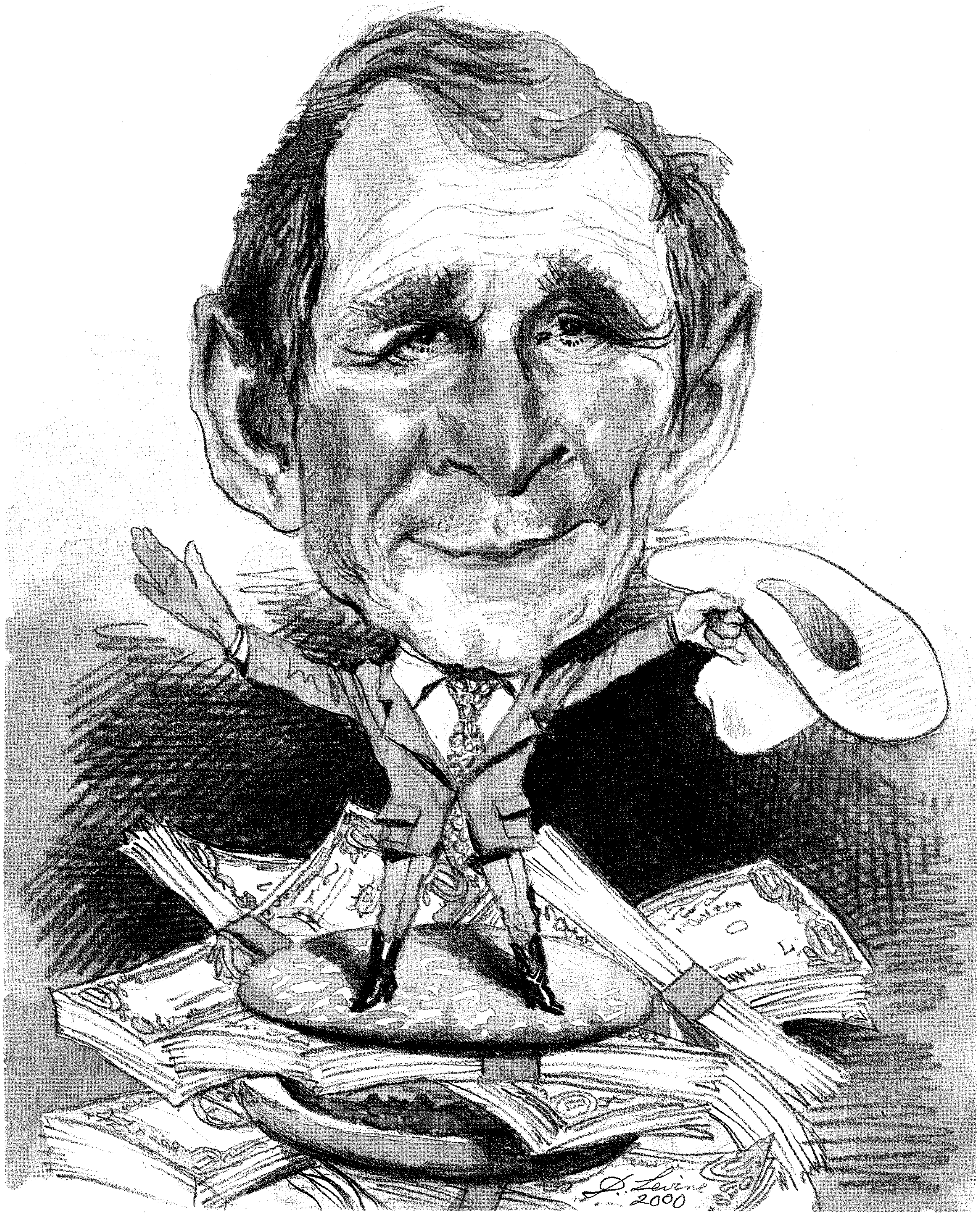
What Bush does with people is establish a direct, personal connection—a vector of just-you-and-me. One aspect of it is that everybody gets a nickname, which thenceforth becomes the fixative in the relationship, the instant way of establishing that there's this special thing going on between Bush and the other person. My friend Grant Thomas was born Henry Grant Thomas, Jr., so, somewhere back in the mists of time in the private-school and country-club world of Houston, where they first met, he became, to Bush, and to Bush only, Henry. Chinquapin was a school in Texas for poor kids where Grant taught for a year, during the period when Bush was in the Air National Guard. I had registered, therefore, as an old friend of Grant's, probably from the South, probably a liberal, but possibly at least the kind who goes beyond hypocritical preachiness. Not exactly right, but in the ballpark. He motioned for me to get on the bus.

Inside, the long channel of space had been divided into two parts, a dressing room in back and a living room in front, where eight or ten people could sit on upholstered couches. A few aides were inside, and a few local Republican politicians, and another reporter, from the newspaper in Nashua. I was going to interview Bush as the bus travelled from Derry to Manchester, a few miles away, where he would give a speech at a high school.

Bush looked great. He was wearing a wool jacket that perfectly hugged his back and shoulders, a white shirt with some kind of crosshatched texture in the fabric, black ostrich-skin cowboy boots emblazoned with his initials, and a belt with a nicely worked silver buckle. The curly dark hair of long ago had matured into a close-cropped gray pelt like a Roman emperor's. He was trim and golden. His face had that middle-aged patrician's quality of being creased in a way that somehow connotes success.

HE began the interview by questioning me. Hadn't I recently published a book on education and testing? It was obvious that in his mind this book had been filed under "Respectable but Too Liberal." Didn't I want people's S.A.T. scores to be readjusted to account for their backgrounds? I said I didn't. Well, then, what did I want? He was looking to identify the thing that

DAVID LEVINE


D. Levine
2000

Being an entrepreneur wasn't what saved Bush. It was Texas, and forming a more workable relationship to his father.

he knew he disagreed with. I said I was for a national achievement test, based on national curriculum standards. That was it. "You've got your opinion, I've got mine," he said, and then he went on to explain that a national test was unnecessary because of a long-running government-financed program called the National Assessment of Educational Progress—a program that everybody inside the education world and almost nobody outside of it knows about. He grinned. "And now that I've won that argument..." He and the appreciative audience in the bus broke out laughing. He stretched out and put his boots up on the couch.

The interview, in other words, began with the quality of an amiably competitive game. Bush wasn't just going to sit back and let me ask him questions; he was going to take the initiative, establish a teasing, givin'-you-shit vibe, and score a quick point off me, as if to show that he wasn't an easy mark for the kind of tricky public-policy questions that I had probably come to ask. Now that all that had been established, we could begin.

But, even then, that competitive feeling hung heavy in the air. Sometimes Bush would answer a question by going into what I knew to be a well-used string of sentences from one of his speeches—the unspoken part of the answer being "See, I stayed on message and didn't let you trip me up." Or he'd jump in, mid-question, with a quick, triumphant answer, as if to say that he'd been ready for that one. When a question began with a premise, he'd often challenge the premise. When he detected an allusion to a public criticism of him, he'd declare his critics to be wrong. While he was answering, he was also ascending a rising curve of nomenclatural informality which began with "Nicholas" and quickly made its way to "Nick." He seemed happiest when he could come in with a quick, sure answer. Once, I asked what he'd want written on his Presidential tombstone. Instantly: "He came, he said, he accomplished."

There was something jarring between the tone of Bush's prospective Presidency, as he sketched it out—in which he would lead by the example of his personal probity, heal the partisan sickness that grips Washington, and solve problems in a practical, positive way—and his aggressive, ironic manner. Or, when there wasn't this curious dissonance, there was instead a nearly instantaneous switching back and forth between serious and comic modes. The feeling was: We don't really have to be all official and sombre with each other, do we? Can't we be real—which inevitably means a high quotient of kidding—instead? Here's an example:

Me: What do you do about the pure, horrible human-rights-abuse case happening in some corner of the world with no real strategic import to the United States?

Bush: And Rwanda's a great example of what you're referring to. There will be times when the United States can lend its prestige and help and wealth to help ameliorate a situation. But people should understand that I will commit troops only where our strategic interests are involved. And, as you said, there's no strategic importance to the United States.

Me: Was Somalia (*pronounced with a long "a"*) a mistake?

Bush: Somalia (*pronounced with a short "a"*). Please, Nick. (*Mock-serious shocked look—he'd scored another point.*) You know, I have to get every single word—I'm a leader, I have to be correct a hundred per cent of the time. (*General laughter in the front of the bus.*) I haven't unleashed my great line yet, which is that my mother taught me not to be a know-it-all. (*Pause for a perfect beat, quick innocent glance around the room.*) I didn't let her down. (*More laughter. Bush acknowledges it with a broad smile, then turns serious again.*) You know, it's an interesting question. What makes it interesting, of course, is that Somalia was during my dad's Administration. And I try to avoid putting myself in a position where, you know, the headlines scream "BUSH CRITICIZES FATHER." I think the big mistake, of course, is to change any humanitarian relief mission into a political mission. Which is what the Clinton Administration did. The idea of getting troops in to distribute food and then get them out of there is a reach, as far as I'm concerned, but I don't want to second-guess.

What didn't happen in the interview was this: Bush's thinking about a question for a minute (or at least giving the appearance that he was), and then offering what came across as a considered, custom-tailored answer. Instead, the couple of times when we got onto unplowed ground, he'd come back with a non sequitur. I asked Bush about his position in favor of abolishing inheritance taxes (something all the Republican candidates except John McCain are for). It rarely comes up in the campaign, so I thought I might get a fresh answer:

Me: Let me ask you a question about the inheritance tax, or the death tax, which you've repeatedly called—

"I hate my nose."

BUSH (*jumping in*): Eight-year phaseout.

ME: More of a conceptual question. If you abolish it, over eight years or however many years, don't you wind up with a country that looks more like an aristocracy, because—

BUSH (*jumping in again*): No. Because I think wealth would be more likely to be dissipated, without the trusts and the legal documents that are formed to protect a wasted generation from squandering their granddaddy's lucre.

ME: So if you just give it to them instead of putting it in trust, then that would sort of solve that problem?

BUSH: Well, I think it's more likely that people who are unable to—I mean, I think people would spend their money. I do. Now, this inheritance situation for the, as you said, in quotes, the aristocracy, is: The trusts are pretty well protected by the laws, the tax laws. It's quite the opposite of what you said. The current law has tied up tons of wealth.

This seemed to me rooted more in some deep and long-standing well of emotion about no-good trust-fund kids than in logic, because even without inheritance taxes rich people can set up trusts. But I didn't get a chance to pursue it, because we had arrived in Manchester, early.

BUSH motioned for the bus driver to pull over at a Dunkin' Donuts and went inside, pulling me along. He shook the hand of everyone in the place, saying, in each case, "I'm George Bush. I'm askin' for your vote." When there weren't any hands left, we sat at a table and continued the interview for a while, in multitasking mode—Bush shifting between talking to me, talking to the people at the adjoining tables, and greeting anybody who came up to say hello.

When the possibilities of Dunkin' Donuts seemed to have been exhausted, Bush turned back to the three or four of us who were sitting with him and said, "Here's what we've learned. Two things. One, how many people there are in New Hampshire with a Texas connection. So far today, two. The other is—we ran into a Hispanic lady from Estado de Chihuahua—how many people from Mexico there are here."

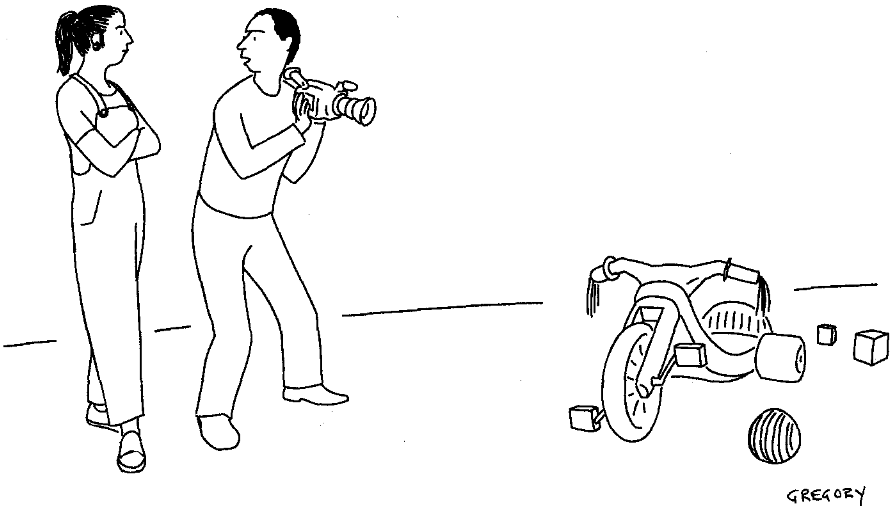
It was time to get back on the bus. My interview was plainly over. I asked Bush what I should do now. "Usually what we do with guys like you is drop 'em on the road about a third of the way there," he said, with a little smile, "but you can ride with us to the high school." So I sat and watched while Bush chatted with the other people on the bus. He was relaxed and happy, but hardly at rest. His face was like a library of human mugging—eyebrow raises, cheek blowouts, lip purses, mock grimaces, feints of surprise, and, of course, the famous smirk, which, in this context, seemed to be just one aspect of an all-out effort, requiring the service of all body parts, not to be dull, rather than a way of appearing superior. At one point, he and the New Hampshire politicians got into a discussion of whether the Texas Rangers should re-sign Aaron Sele, the former Boston Red Sox pitcher who had just become a free agent. Bush shot me a glance that indicated that he reckoned the name Aaron Sele would be unfamiliar to someone like me. (True.) "Baseball player, Nicky." Evidently Bush's search for a nickname for me had now found its end point.

We all went into the high school, where Bush gave a short speech to wild applause and then held a press conference. Back on the bus, he indicated me, with a nod of his head, to the other people in the living room. "This guy says to me, 'You should talk about N.A.E.P. in there,'" Bush said. "But if I did that not a single person would know what I was talking about!" He'd scored again, but this time the levelling of a charge that everybody knew to be outlandish, a fable representing my impracticality, seemed to mean that I was being fitted out for a pleasant if somewhat distant spot in the Bush emotional universe.

As we drove on to Hudson for a reception, I moved back to the "follow car" with the advance people. Soon we arrived at the house of a Republican stalwart named Rhona Charbonneau. It was a dark, cozy place, decorated with enormous displays of tchotchkes—figurines, model cars, baseballs, commemorative dishes—and filled with a happy, expectant crowd of Party people. On the dining-room table was a cake in the shape of the White House. Bush's father, when he was President, had once done a similar event here, and so had Barbara Bush.

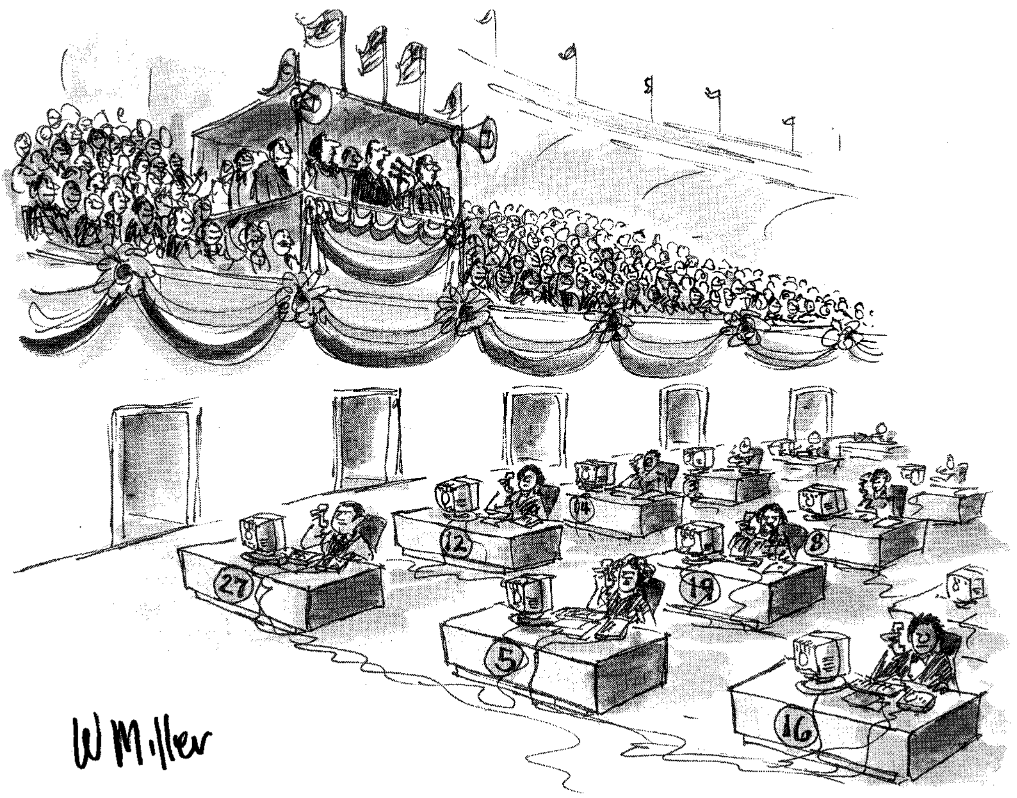
Bush took up a place that had been made for him, with a microphone and a spotlight, on a stair landing in the living room. He glanced around, shooting little arrows of recognition to faces he knew, and then he gave a short speech. It was the one he always gives, with slight situational variations. He begins by talking about his wife, Laura, and his twin daughters, Barbara and Jenna. He says that Laura used to be a public-school librarian and that now "her most important job title isn't First Lady, it's Mom." He says that his daughters didn't want him to run for President, but he is doing it anyway because he is worried about children "who can't access the American dream." And then you can tell that he's working around to the end when he brings up his twin daughters again. The last bit is a mock oath of office in which he says that when he takes office he'll put his hand on the Bible, laying one hand out palm down to demonstrate, and swear, raising the other hand, to restore honor and dignity to the office. The final words, delivered with his hand raised, are "So help me God!"

Speaking from a podium isn't Bush's natural métier. He tends to amble to



"I figure we can blue-screen the kids in later."

• •



"Ladies and gentlemen, start your companies!"

the stage, rather than making a big kapow entrance. His gestures seem overrehearsed and a little awkward; for example, his standard emphasis move is to bend his knees slightly, tilt back the upper half of his body, throw out his palms, and deliver the line with a too predictable punch. His voice isn't a fabulous instrument, either: the range of tone and volume is too flat; it lacks richness and roundness. You can sense him itching to connect individually, to get back to having fun, as he speaks. At the Charbonneau house, while he was talking he spotted me standing against a wall. If there's such a thing as winking invisibly, that's what he did, and then he said to the audience, "There are some folks, really decent folks in this country, who want to have a national test. Not me!"

The big payoff was not the speech but the aftermath. Bush stepped down into the living room and started greeting people. Now he was almost glowing with the pleasure of being down in the room with his folks: pulling his face close to other faces, draping his arms across shoulders, kissing old ladies, registering exaggerated surprise or hilarity in response to what he was told, remembering the names of people who hadn't expected to have their names remembered. With the men, baseball came up a lot; with the women, his mother. In this and most other rooms, he was maybe the second-handsomest man—handsome enough to be magnetic, but short of the dangerous territory of being pretty or overtly sexual. He made you feel drawn to him, without feeling so strongly drawn to him that it was frightening. He went through the house person by person by person, interminably, making the sale every time. You could see how this scene, endlessly repeated all over the country in 1999, could have caused the world of Republican Party organizers to give him its heart.

When Bush finally left, he spotted me standing, a little expectantly, next to the door of the bus. "Nicky, you want to ride with us?" he said. "C'mon." So I got back on, positioning myself in the narrow spot between the front and back rooms of the bus. Bush signed baseballs for some of the local politicians and then gave some interview time to the reporter from Nashua. After a while, the bus pulled up at a hotel where he was going to be the dinner speaker. He had changed out of his jacket and tie during the day. Now he had to change back. To get to the dressing room, he had to brush past me, and as he did he said, sarcastically, "Nicky, I can't tell you what a pleasure it's been."

I moved up toward the door of the bus so that I could get off. In a moment, Bush reemerged from the back room. He was shaving with an electric razor. "So who you writing this article for, Nicky?" he asked me. I told him it was for *The New Yorker*—though we both knew he knew. "*The Noooo Yawkuh*," he said, rolling it out endlessly in a kind of Texan-imitating-an-upper-class-Brit accent. "I can't believe any of their readers would be interested in what I have to say." He grinned—yet another score. Then suddenly he was serious. "Do you know how they got my grade transcript?" I said I didn't. "Let me tell you, some people at Yale heard about that. The little girl who did that is the same little girl who asked me about mooning somebody."

He was referring to an episode a couple of months earlier in which someone from *The New Yorker* called to ask about a rumor that he had mooned the opposition at a Yale-Princeton football game in the sixties. I thought the way out of this moment would be to go back to the Nicky-and-the-Governor game we had developed, in which I was supposed to play the city slicker as comic foil. "What's mooning, Governor?"

But Bush was not in the mood for jokes. His face was flushed and hard. "Mooning's when you drop your pants and show somebody your rear end," he said, "and the answer's no." And then, as suddenly as the storm had come on, it passed. Bush finished shaving, shook my hand, reminded me that he'd seen Henry Thomas at the Mansion the previous evening, and stepped off the bus. The last time I saw him, he was working his way through a vast hotel dining room, bathed in the golden light of a television crew, shaking every single hand.

THE official story of George W. Bush's life, often repeated, is one of redemption: On his fortieth birthday, Bush dramatically renounces alcohol, his religious faith begins to deepen, and he embarks on a journey to his political destiny. It might help explain him better, though, to accept the premise but change the terms: Bush's redemption, indeed his whole story, makes more sense if understood as an interplay of class and personality and locale, rather than of God and man.

Whenever George W. Bush discusses his father, he visibly changes. The grinning, let's-have-fun look is gone. He alternates between two stances: deep reverence, and blustery anger at those who have done the old man wrong. In George W. Bush's world, George H. W. Bush—President Bush—is a godlike figure, held in genuine awe.

George H. W. Bush was born, in 1924, into a tightly enclosed, rich, influential group: high-Protestant, English-stock, boarding-schooled, Ivy-Leagued finance capitalists. To outsiders, members of this group look like easy inheritors, but from the inside one of the group's prime characteristics is felt to be a preoccupation—obsession even—with competition, the competition being usually limited, though, to its own membership. Within the group, George H. W. Bush was the guy who always won, the effortless possessor of the subculture's most prized (though unquantifiable) qualities: character, leadership, athleticism, and devotion to public service. Even his emigration to Midland, Texas, in the late nineteen-forties, was, in context, more a daring move than it was a self-exile or a spurning of his Wall Street destiny. In the pages of this magazine forty years ago, John Bainbridge marvelled at "the scores of eager, hard-driving young men, many of them graduates of Yale, Princeton, or other Eastern universities, who have flowed to Midland." Bainbridge's first example was Bush, identified as the son of a Connecticut senator.

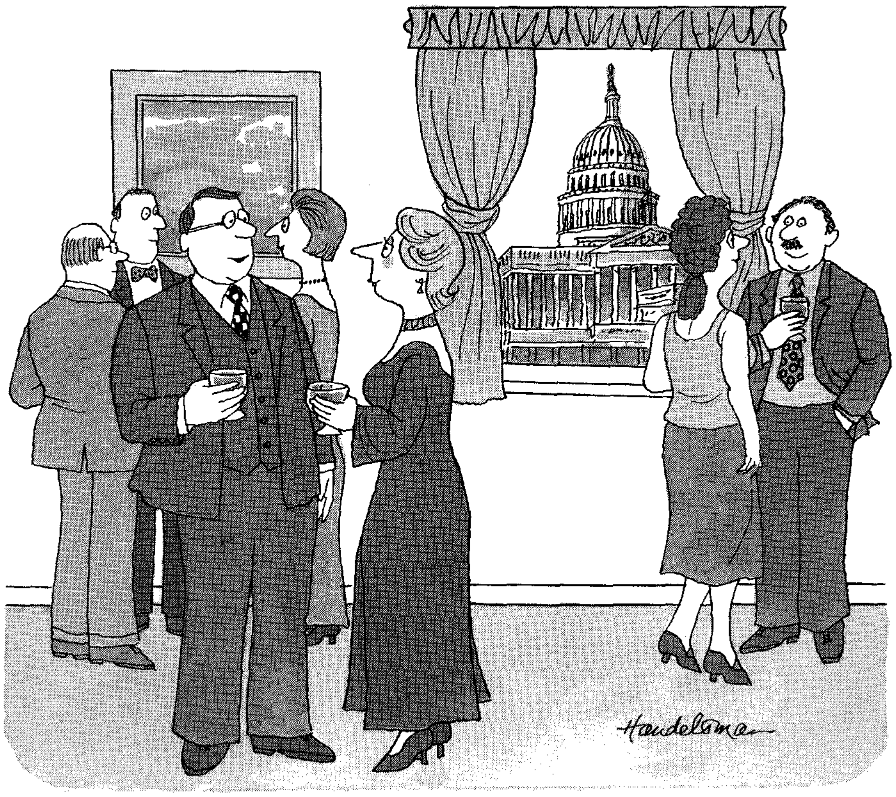
George W. Bush grew up in Midland and Houston, but he was a member of the Texas Raj—a circle of Liedtkes and Bakers and Mosbachers, Texans who had educational and financial ties to the Eastern Seaboard élite—and, evidently, it was expected that he, the firstborn son, would, whether finally resident in Texas or not, take up a position in his powerful ancestral subculture. But this proved to be unexpectedly difficult, in a way that Bush couldn't have failed to find painful. He lived in Midland until he was thirteen, by all accounts happily (except for the tragedy of his younger sister's death from leukemia). Then the family moved to Houston. Then he was sent East to the family schools, Andover and Yale.

Bush almost immediately became a recognizable version of what he is today, a hail fellow well met with a talent for establishing a jovial connection with an unusually large number of people. The lead item on his Andover résumé was head cheerleader. He was neither an outstanding student nor an outstanding athlete, as his father had been. Also, he doesn't seem to have liked boarding school. "Andover was cold and distant and difficult," Bush says in his new autobiography, "A Charge to Keep." "In every way, it was a long way from home . . . forlorn is the best word to describe my sense of the place and my initial attitude. . . . It was a hard transition."

Clay Johnson, then another Texan at Andover and still one of the people closest to Bush, told me that when the time came to apply to college the guidance counsellor at Andover told both of them that they really ought to consider applying to the University of Texas as well as to Yale, the school they had in mind—"which I took offense at," Johnson said. The implication was that they might not be able to cut it at Yale. Yale evidently didn't agree, because it accepted both boys (those were the days when more than three dozen members of every Andover graduating class got in), and they became roommates.

Just recently, the question of Bush's attitude toward Yale has become complicated. In 1978, when Bush was running unsuccessfully for Congress from Midland, his opponents beat up on him for his Eastern education. In 1994, when he was running successfully for governor of Texas, he took an anti-Yale position. Now that he's running for President, he and his friends are emphasizing his positive feelings about Yale. "George *loved* Yale," another old roommate, Terry Johnson, told me. "He was a fish totally in water. He thrived at Yale."

Still, even his friends will agree that over the years the Bush-Yale relationship has been bumpy. He has a well-known antipathy toward the other most famous member of the class of '68, Strobe Talbott, the Deputy Secretary of State, who was the perfectly promising and eternally networking young man that Bush wasn't. During the nineteen-eighties, he came to believe that his fa-



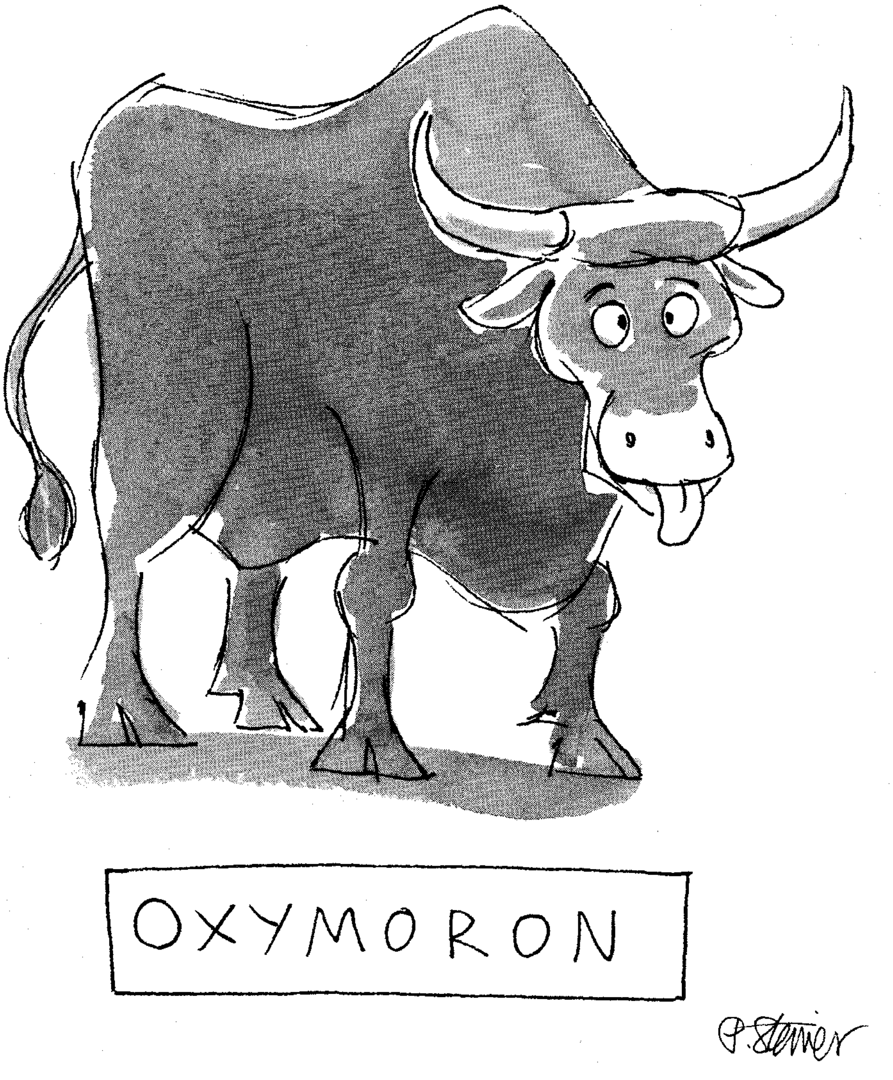
"My bill isn't terribly controversial. It would provide modest tax breaks for people who don't really need them."

ther should get an honorary degree from Yale. He would grouse about what was taking them so long, and then, when the degree was finally granted, in 1991, he reported to his friends, furiously, that at the official reception the wife of the president of the university, Helen Whitney, a documentary filmmaker, had refused to be in the same room with the President of the United States. In 1993, he initially refused to make a twenty-fifth-reunion contribution to Yale, although in the end Clay Johnson talked him into it.

One may reconcile these accounts by surmising that Bush personally may have had a hell of a good time at Yale but he was also aware that the tide of the institution was running against his type. The leading item on his résumé there was being president of Delta Kappa Epsilon, the hardest-partying, baddest-boy, most athlete-venerating of the campus fraternities. He had two run-ins with the police as an undergraduate, once when he stole a Christmas wreath from a New Haven storefront for the Deke house, and again when he and a group of friends tore down the Princeton goalposts after a football game. He was quoted as a public figure in the Yale *Daily News* (Strobe Talbott, chairman) only in connection with the Dekes' practice of branding a Delta into each pledge's back ("There's no scarring mark physically or mentally," he said). And, as at Andover, he got to know lots and lots of people and made an unusual number of close friendships.

After Bush's class was admitted, Yale's new president, Kingman Brewster, Jr., a liberal-reformist New England patrician, brought in an insurrectionary new director of admissions, only twenty-nine years old, named R. Inslee Clark, Jr. Clark set about making Yale more of a national institution dominated by public-school graduates who were picked for their academic abilities. He made so many people mad that he lasted only five years in the job, but by that time the revolution was substantially complete. A good way of encapsulating the abrupt change from Old Yale to New Yale is this: George H. W. Bush is the eldest of four brothers. All four went to Yale. George W. Bush is the eldest of four brothers, too. He is the only one who went to Yale.

In the Old Yale, George W. Bush would have been a familiar and lovable figure, someone who felt entirely comfortable there. Living with a set of roommates from Andover, planning vaguely to go into business, being obviously talented at personal relations, being an unserious student, a Republican, the son, grandson, and cousin of dozens of Yalies—all of which applied to Bush—would have put him right at the center of the Yale experience. By the time Bush graduated, it put him at the periphery. In the fall of his junior year, the *Daily News* reported that fewer than two hundred and twenty-five people had attended the annual rush meeting at Delta Kappa Epsilon, down from more than four hundred the year before.



What was interesting about the change at Yale—which was part of a change along the same lines in the whole American élite—was that, while everybody agreed that something big had happened, they disagreed over what the something was. To most of the New Yale people, it was the advent of meritocracy, a system in which brains would be put in their rightful place atop the list of human attributes, and the deserving, not the inheritors, would get the rewards. To Old Yale people like Bush and his friends, the change looked more political—good old Republican Yale moving to the left. Terry Johnson told me that a graduate teaching assistant had declared to a class he was in, after the Watts riots of 1965, "The solution's simple. It's income redistribution. That solves the problem." Johnson—like Bush, an unusually fit and handsome middle-aged man—shook his head. "Not 'We have to focus on core things that will solve the problem. Skills. Education. Discipline.' No. Just 'Take from the rich and give to the poor.' There was a lot of that then." When he's in an anti-Yale mood, Bush talks about its being populated with "élitists" and "snobs." That would make him one of the ones being looked down upon. In the venue in which his birth entitled him to noble rank, unexpected events had now made him into a populist.

YALE was still Old enough, though, that it was assumed, without being stated, that most of the students didn't need to think about getting a job, because before they got there they already belonged to a network that could take care of that for them. Even in this context, Bush stood out as unusually undirected. Sam Chauncey, in those days a young Yale administrator who knew Bush, says, "I vividly remember sitting with him on the fence at Davenport College, and he said, 'I just don't have the foggiest idea what I want to do.'" Anyway, at that moment most Yale boys thought about life after graduation mainly as a short-term question of how to avoid going off to fight in the Vietnam War. A member of Bush's Yale crowd named George Carpenter got kicked out for a year for excessive hell-raising, which meant he temporarily lost his student deferment. He was drafted, sent to Vietnam, and killed in action. "That made it real to us," another of Bush's close friends from Yale, Roland Betts, says.

Bush returned to Houston and joined an Air National Guard unit that was well populated with children of prominent Texans who were looking for a respectable alternative to the front lines. Five years after finishing Yale, Bush applied to the University of Texas law school, which turned him down, and Harvard Business School, which accepted him. (Bush, a man with a long memory for slights, told me that when he became governor he "decided to have a little fun with the University of Texas folks. I said I didn't get in. Somehow the University of Texas overlooked the potential of George W. Bush, who now approved its budget.") At Harvard, as at Yale, he stood out for being fun-loving, gregarious, and unambitious.

Then he moved to his childhood home, Midland, and became an oilman—an unusual choice for a graduate of Harvard Business School in the seventies. Back then, the cult of the entrepreneur was almost unimaginably smaller than it is now; if you were smart and ambitious you went to work for a big corporation or, more likely, a consulting firm or an investment bank. In going to Midland, Bush wasn't participating in a tiny but distinct East Coast vogue of the day, either, as his father had done in going there. He was going home, and following in his father's footsteps.

Bush seems to have felt some impulse to conduct his life almost point by point as his father had. He went to Andover. He went to Yale. At an unusually young age, while still in college, he became engaged to a society belle from home, just as his father had. He became a military pilot. He went into the oil business in Midland financed by family connections, even giving the company he started a strikingly similar name to the one his father had started (George H. W. Bush: Zapata; George W. Bush: Arbusto—same language, same number of syllables, other end of the alphabet). He ran for Congress.

But at every step things didn't work out as well as they had for the old man. Andover was difficult. He did not conquer Yale. His fiancée, Cathy Wolfman, broke off their engagement. His military experience did not come anywhere near qualifying him as a hero, as his father's had. When his oil company made an initial public offering, only a million two hundred thousand dollars of the six million dollars in stock sold. He ran a strong race for Congress, but he lost. A lot of the explanation for the difference between the experience of the younger Bush and that of the elder lies in the individuals, but it's also true that they changed the rules on George W. Bush. By the time he was out of adolescence, he was part of a displaced élite. Over one generation, the Eastern Seaboard part of his world dramatically altered the qualities it valued. It made these changes without becoming any less competitive than it always had been; in fact, it probably became more competitive. All these changes worked against him personally. In that endless series of competitions, he kept coming up short. It was not merely in the spiritual sense that George W. Bush needed redemption.

Several years ago, Karl Rove, the strategist who has guided every detail of Bush's political career, brought to his attention a book by Myron Magnet called "The Dream and the Nightmare: The Sixties' Legacy to the Underclass," which was published in 1993. The book seems to have made a strong impression on Bush: Rove brought Magnet down to Austin in 1998 to talk to Bush's entire senior staff, then to Bush; and Bush talks about Magnet's book more often than he does the work of other anti-sixties authors, such as Marvin Olasky, whom Rove brought to his attention, and David Horowitz, whom Bush found on his own. Magnet blames just the kind of new academic liberals who were rising at Yale when Bush was there for the problems of the poor in America today: they challenged the moral verities so successfully as to engender, at the very opposite end of the socioeconomic scale, a disastrous wholesale change in the direction of permissiveness and relativism. "What I remember him telling me at lunch was that he'd been through the sixties," Magnet told me. "Been there, done that. It was extremely destructive. The culture was at the root of a huge proportion of America's problems, especially the underclass." So the sixties had done something much worse than push him aside. They had ruined the lives of millions of ordinary Americans, and even, it seems, been responsible for his own wild years, even though Bush was never self-consciously a sixties person. That would lend both an aspect of personal account-settling and a large social purpose to Bush's intent in 2000 to wrest national power from the élitists and the snobs.

BUSH never really made it in the oil business. His company got washed out in the bust of the mid-eighties. He merged it with a bigger company owned by two family friends from Ohio, and then sold that company to an outfit known for putting people with famous names on its board. In a world where money is how they keep score, he put in more than a decade, in very good times as well as bad ones, with unusual access to capital at favorable terms because of his family connections, and at the end of it he had amassed only a few hundred thousand dollars—chicken feed for an independent oilman. Being an entrepreneur wasn't what redeemed him. Instead, it was a combination of two things: Texas, and a new relation to his father which was much more workable than trying to follow him.

Bush fit in in Texas, culturally, politically, and socially, far more comfortably than he had in the Northeast. The whole package that being *le Texan homme moyen sensuel* entails—the business-venerating conservative politics, the devout non-High Church Christianity (Bush switched from Episcopalian to Methodist after he married), the reverence for sports and military heroes, the cowboy boots, the Western art, the bass fishing, the country music, the practicality, the friendliness to strangers, the endless deadpan ironic joking, the relatively low level of concern with the fine gradations of social status—was perfect for Bush. Unlike his father a generation earlier, it required no adjustment on his part to become a Texan, and no leap of imagination on Texas's part to think of him as one.

As Bush's oil business was sinking, in the late eighties, his father was starting a Presidential campaign. That was fortuitous timing. Bush moved to Washington and took up a post as a kind of official kibbitzer at the Bush for President office. He didn't have specific responsibilities; his job was to look out single-mindedly for his father's interests, travel and make speeches on his behalf, and keep an eye on the hired campaign staff, especially the campaign manager, Lee Atwater. He'd sit in his office with the door open, his boots up on the desk, a tin of Copenhagen snuff near at hand, gathering intelligence and, when necessary, kicking a little butt, just to make sure the staff knew they were subordinate to the President. The idea was that George W. Bush was especially useful to his father because he was tougher, more conservative, more political, and had a better instinct for the public mood. Having failed in his years of efforts to be exactly like his father, he now succeeded at a different project: making up for the elder Bush's shortcomings, chiefly excessive gentlemanliness, and avenging his losses. It wasn't exactly a dignified role, because it required playing the boss's son very heavily, well into middle age; Jeb Bush, by contrast, though seven years younger, was in Florida patiently building up an independent political base.

When the election was over and Bush had moved back to Texas, he'd still pop up to Washington sometimes and set errant employees of his father's straight, particularly if he suspected them of self-aggrandizement—the best-known example being the role he played in persuading John Sununu to resign as White House chief of staff. Not long ago, I went to see Sununu, who's an intensely proud man, to ask him what had really happened, and he took pains to emphasize that quitting was his own decision, that George W. Bush was only one of several people who had talked with him about it, and that Jeb was the Bush son with whom he generally discussed political matters. But, yes, they had talked: "He fell on the side of those who were encouraging me not to stay," Sununu said. "I've tried to think back to that conversation. I don't recall exact quotes. Being a buffer, taking lightning for the President—that analogy came up in some of my conversations. It was a very amicable conversation."

After Sununu was gone, Bush tried, in vain, to put a little more fire in the belly of the 1992 reëlection campaign (Lee Atwater had died)—for example, by hunting around for evidence of incompetence by Ross Perot's computer company. He even moved back to Washington briefly. But by that time Bush's redemption had taken another enormous step forward. Just after the 1988 election, he found out that Eddie Chiles, an old friend of his father's from the oil business, wanted to sell the Texas Rangers. Bush seems to have regarded this as a political opportunity as much as a business opportunity—a way of putting himself before the public so that he could run for office. In 1989, he told Laurence I. Barrett, of *Time*, "My biggest liability in Texas is the question 'What's the boy ever done? So he's got a famous father and ran a small oil company. He could be riding on Daddy's name if he ran for office.' Now I can say, 'I've done something—here it is.' "

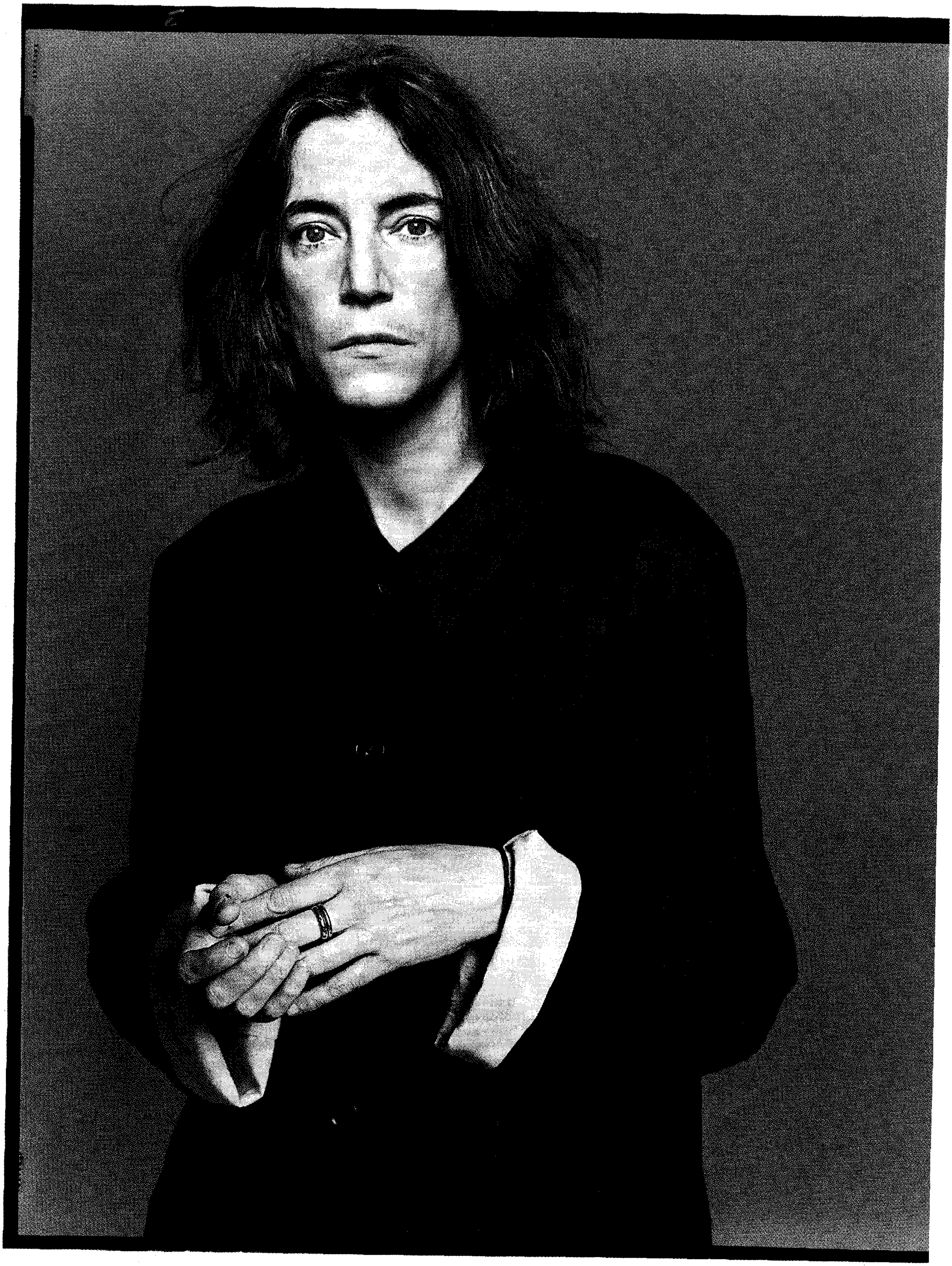
Because his record as a businessman in Midland was not confidence-inspiring, Bush, even though he was the son of the sitting President, did not have the ability to raise a lot of investment capital in Texas. What he did have was that special ability to make extraordinarily loyal friends. The biggest investors in the Rangers deal were his old Deke friend from Yale, Roland Betts, and Betts's partner, Tom Bernstein, former financiers of a string of Disney movies, and later the founders of the Chelsea Piers sports complex in Manhattan. Bush is often portrayed as hav-

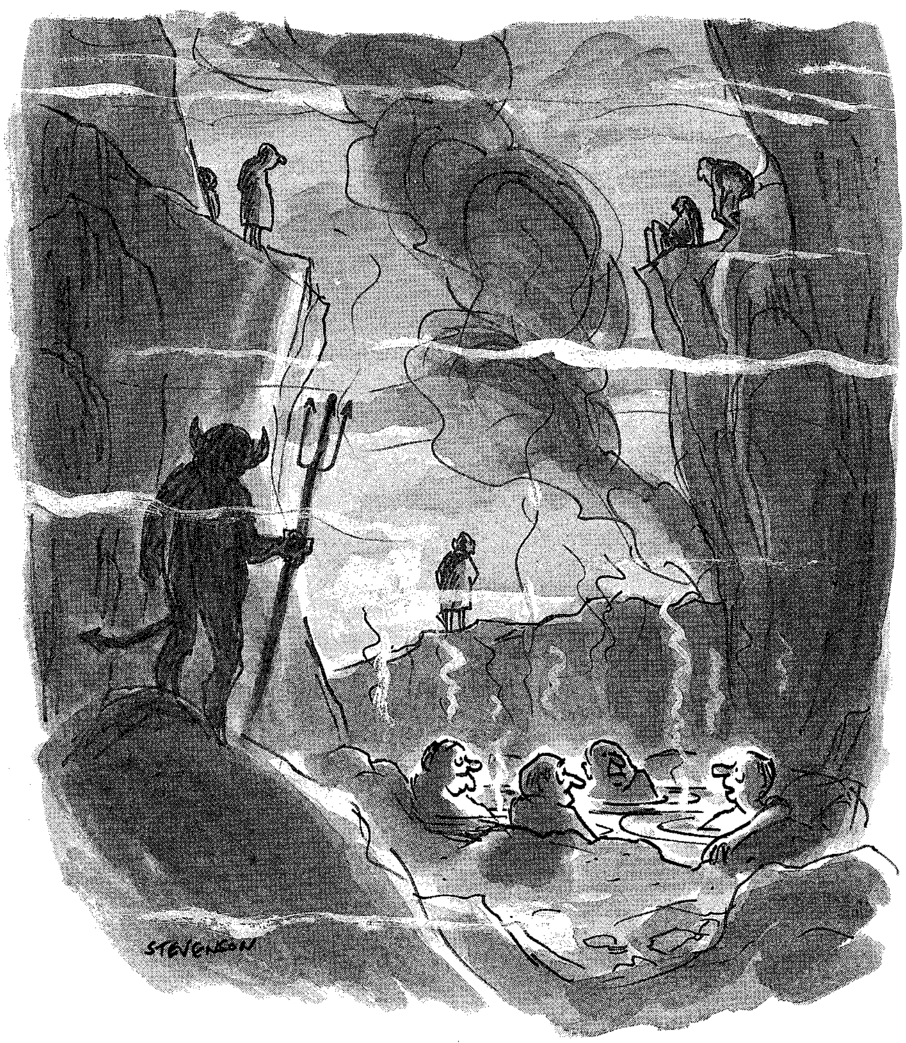
---

SHOWCASE BY
RICHARD AVEDON

ROCK ON

A few weeks ago, on the occasion of her fifty-third birthday, the pre-punk, proto-rapper, rock-and-roll poet Patti Smith gave a concert at the Bowery Ballroom, four blocks downtown from CBGB, the bar at which her early, legendary performances took place twenty-five years ago. Both venues are pretty funky, although CBGB certainly had the edge in that department once. Patti is still pretty funky, too. She wears a little black porkpie hat and a man's suit jacket and skinny black pants. She still spits onstage and takes off her shoes and dances with Lenny Kaye, the guitarist who has played with her since he simulated the sounds of a car crash during her first poetry reading, at St. Mark's Church in 1971. She still throws the mike stand to the floor and puts one foot on a monitor at the front of the stage and leans into the crowd, punching the air with her fists and grinning during old favorites like "Rock 'n' Roll Nigger" and her version of "Gloria." The fans (many of them well over twenty years younger than she is now) go crazy with joy when she does that. Patti's voice is better than it once was, richer and darker, and she learned to play the guitar to some effect during a long hiatus as a housewife and mother in suburban Detroit during the eighties and early nineties. She has a new album, "Gung Ho," coming out soon, her third since her husband, the rocker Fred (Sonic) Smith, died in 1994 and she moved back to New York. The Ho of the title song is Ho Chih Minh, an emblematic figure in Patti's pantheon of romantic heroes. Religion, politics, and history loom large in her lyrics. She manages to get a reference to the World Trade Organization into her new single, "Glitter in Their Eyes," and one of the improvisatory raps at the birthday concert was an exhortation to register to vote. A Jersey girl, she supports Bill Bradley. "I'm an optimist," she says, which is an attitude that makes a lot more sense than that dumb remark about there being no second acts in American lives. —Sharon DeLano





"It's an amazing coincidence, isn't it, that we all served on the same board of directors?"

• •

ing been set up with the Rangers by Richard Rainwater, the Forth Worth-based big daddy of Texas investing, but the real story is more interesting: Bush pitched Rainwater on the Rangers deal; Rainwater turned him down; Peter Ueberroth, then the commissioner of baseball, interceded with Rainwater, because he thought it wouldn't look good for Bush to buy the Rangers with out-of-town money, and persuaded him to get involved. Rainwater then recruited a bottom-fishing Dallas investor named Rusty Rose to join the investor group as a co-manager so that Bush wouldn't be solely responsible for running the team. In 1989, Bush took out a bank loan to buy a six-hundred-thousand-dollar stake in the Rangers, which he sold nine years later for fifteen million dollars. In 1990, Bush sold the last of his oil stock (shortly before the company reported a big quarterly loss) and used the proceeds to pay off his loan.

In the management of the Rangers, Rusty Rose was the financial guy; Bush was the public face of the team, in charge of dealing with fans and the press and politicians. This was especially important because part of what made the deal attractive to investors was the prospect of getting the citizens of Arlington, Texas, to approve a tax surcharge that would help pay for the construction of a new stadium for the Rangers.

Bush travelled around Texas, endlessly making speeches about the Rangers (meanwhile making himself known, too), and, most nights when the team was playing, sitting in an open owner's box down next to the field, grinning, shaking hands with fans, cheering for the Rangers, razzing their opponents, and handing out baseball cards that he'd had made with his picture on them. He was the head cheerleader again, and he was good at it.

Meanwhile, he was already in heavy consultation with Karl Rove, whom he had met back in the seventies, in Houston, through his father. He had thought about running for governor of Texas in 1990, and had decided not to, because Betts and the other investors wanted him to see through the turnaround of the Rangers, and because there would be negative synergy between his campaign and his father's Presidency. In 1994, with the elder Bush out of office and the Rangers thriving in their new stadium, he did run, and his brother Jeb ran for governor of Florida, too.

Bush's opponent was Ann Richards, who was probably best known nationally for making a speech at the 1988 Democratic National Convention in which she made fun of his father for having been "born with a silver foot in his mouth." Though popular in polls, Richards was an improbable figure as governor of Texas; she was a liberal and relatively inexperienced in politics. Texas is the most conservative big state—Karl Rove sent me a paper he wrote in 1997 neatly demonstrating that Republicans hold a substantial natural electoral advantage there.

Rove arranged a series of tutorials in Texas governance for Bush, and together they picked four campaign themes: education, juvenile justice, tort reform, and welfare reform. He relentlessly stuck to them; he had what's known in the trade as good message discipline. Richards's strategy was to get him to lose his well-advertised temper by constantly taunting him about the lightness of his record. He never did. In a Republican landslide year, he won by eight points—but his younger brother, who had been planning his political life for much longer, just barely lost, having staked out a place for himself that was too far to the right for Florida voters. Somewhat to the surprise of the Bush circle, George, not Jeb, was suddenly the leading politician in the family.

In discussions of George W. Bush's Presidential candidacy, it is often pointed out that Texas has a weak governorship—a grace note that gets struck a little too quickly and dutifully. The Texas constitution was adopted in 1876—in other words, just as the yoke of Reconstruction was being thrown off. T. R. Fehrenbach (who, by the way, has advised Bush on education) writes in "Lone Star," the standard history of Texas, that the governor "was left awesome responsibilities but few powers." The legislature is permitted to meet for only a hundred and forty days every other year. Many offices that are filled by gubernatorial appointment in other states are independently elected in Texas, so the governor doesn't have a cabinet. The lieutenant governor, who presides over the state senate and chairs the board that prepares the budget, is more powerful than the governor. One state-government budget analyst made a count for me of the number of people who report to the governor of Texas, and came up with a hundred and thirty-seven. Bush's budget director, Albert Hawkins, estimated the number at about two hundred. By contrast, the governor of Arkansas has fourteen hundred people working for him; the mayor of Chicago, forty-two thousand people.

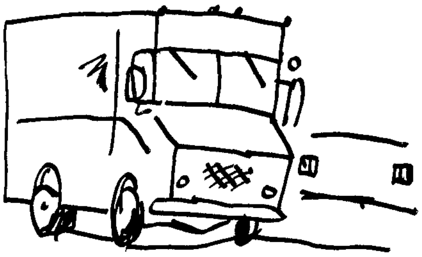
The backlash against Reconstruction created not just a weak governorship but a one-party system—no Republicans. Together, these led to a tradition of pragmatic, conservative consensus politics in which the business-civic establishment, pursuing economic development as its overriding goal, has an ongoing power that doesn't fluctuate much with each election cycle. Today Texas is a two-party state, but the old style remains. The governor (in particular, Bush) will even campaign for legislators of the opposing party who have been supportive during the session.

The constitution gives Texas governance a particular flavor. Practically everything happens during the biennial legislative session—January through late May or early June in odd-numbered years—and the plupart of practically everything happens at the very end of the session. The citizen-legislators descend on Austin from far and wide (Texas is larger than France), and the vicinity of the capital takes on the atmosphere of a caravansary: jammed hotels and bars, drinking, parties, gossip, intrigue, love affairs, all building up to the end-of-session climax.

Bush did not govern in the Washington-executive manner, in which the head of state begins the year by issuing a great blueprint for all government policy and spending. He opened his governorship by issuing a "budget policy message" of three double-spaced pages, rather than a budget. Still, his first session was a big success. He made himself an ally, even a protégé, of the speaker, Pete Laney, and the lieutenant governor, Bob Bullock—both Democrats. He was friendly and accessible to the legislators, as Richards had not been. He'd take them to ballgames or invite them for a meal at the Mansion. The Texas economy was better than it had been for a long time. In the areas of all four campaign promises, the legislature passed major bills, and all four bills were distinctly influenced by Bush, even if they weren't his, exactly.

Bush's signature issue, education, is a perfect example of the Texas way. Education reform in Texas began in the mid-eighties, when a Democratic governor appointed Ross Perot, who was then a Republican, to run a commission on Texas schools. Since then, and especially since a series of lawsuits forced the legislature to equalize funding between school districts, education reform has been the big item in every session of the legislature.

Texas has supported education reform partly because the business interests, terrified by the oil busts of the eighties, want a state economy built around a literate and numerate workforce. There aren't any teachers' unions in Texas, only "associations," which removes from the equation some of the automatic conservative suspicion of public education. Also, Texas has a much less entrenched class system than the East does. Everybody at least pretends to be just a generation away from small-town lower-middle-class life, which revolves around high-school sports. Considering the size of the state, there still aren't a lot of private schools. The typical prosperous Texan has a better feeling for the problems of a kid in public school than the typical prosperous New Yorker. This is evidently the case with Bush, who went to Texas public schools and who learned in the East what it feels like to be branded as inferior in school. Nobody would accuse him of having developed a mastery of all areas of Texas public policy, but he did learn the ins and outs of education.



The over-all effect of all those years of education-reform efforts in Texas has been to create a much more centralized system, of the kind that Bush accused me of liking. Under a "Robin Hood" law, the rich districts have to give serious money to the poor ones. The state has produced central curriculum standards, and has commissioned tests specifically based on them. Every student in the public schools has to take the Texas tests in reading and math from the third through eighth grades. The scores are tabulated by race and class; each district has to maintain, at a certain level, not just its average scores but the scores of its black, Hispanic, and poor students or suffer hard consequences. And minority scores have gone up dramatically.

Bush did not invent this accountability system, but he has supported it strongly. When the right made runs against curriculum standards, state tests, and the keeping of separate data for minority students so that districts could be forced to take measures to raise their performance, Bush defended the system. He could pick out a conservative cause or two to push for each session, such as providing state financing to charter schools, and get credit for the over-all results produced by the more liberal aspects of education reform while maintaining his conservative credentials.

IN his second session as governor, Bush, high on the success of the first session, tried something much more ambitious, and he failed. As a matter of holy writ, Texas has no state income tax. The schools have to rely mainly on property taxes, which have been rising fast. Bush wanted to shift the tax burden dramatically away from property taxes, which would help both middle-class homeowners and big oil companies (three-fifths of property-tax revenues come from business). He picked up an idea that Charls Walker, a Washington corporate super-lobbyist (and native Texan), has been pushing for years—a value-added tax on goods and services—as the way to make up the revenue lost from property-tax cuts. This would have been an achievement of a different order of magnitude from the first session's, because now Bush was trying to initiate a major policy on his own, not accelerate and modify the course of actions that Bullock and Laney and the legislature were already taking.

However, Bush hadn't anticipated how furious the opposition would be from those in the business-civic establishment who would have seen their taxes go up. Pete Laney, the speaker, appointed a special committee on property-tax reform, which simply shelved Bush's bill and wrote a new version, which Bush endorsed and campaigned for. It passed in the House, but the Senate passed a much weaker version, and in conference—after a typically frenetic end-of-session fiesta of lobbying, including individual pleas to members by Bush—it died.

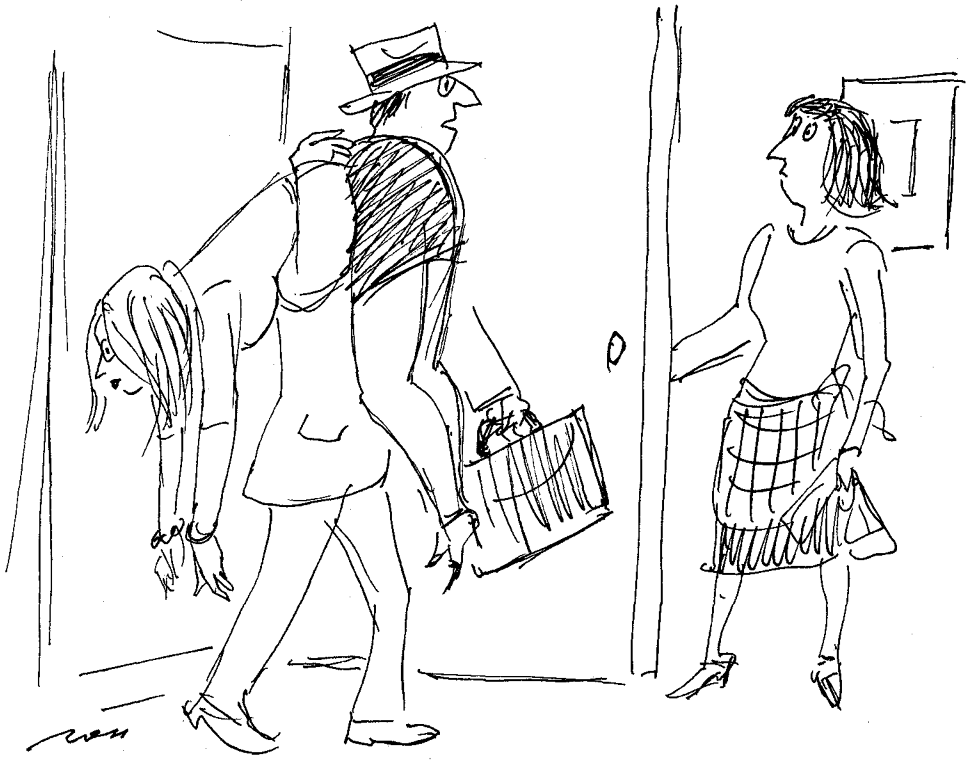
Bush was able to save face by getting a much smaller property-tax cut passed, which wound up not having much net effect on most homeowners' bills. The episode shows a major weakness on his part—he couldn't pass what was by far the biggest proposal of his governorship—but it also shows some strengths. He didn't brood or sulk. He got something. And he pushed to make sure that the tax cut was directed at ordinary homeowners, which he didn't have to do. Still, the failure of the tax bill was a big loss. Sam Howe Verhovek, writing in the *Times* at the end of the session, called it "the first big setback of his gubernatorial term" and suggested that the defeat would hurt Bush if he made a run for the Presidency in 2000.

But then, curiously, it didn't matter. Right after the session ended, Bush began showing up in national polls as the most popular of the possible Republican Presidential candidates. Under the obsessively detailed direction of Karl Rove, he put himself on display to the key elements of the Party—speaking at fund-raisers around the country, working Republican governors' meetings, campaigning for senators and congressmen, forging alliances with such important Christian conservatives as Pat Robertson and Ralph Reed. In 1998, he ran for reëlection and crushed his liberal Democratic opponent, Garry Mauro. Not very long after his second inauguration, Bush, whose entire official experience in public life consisted of one term as governor of a state with a weak governorship, had been essentially anointed as the Republican nominee.

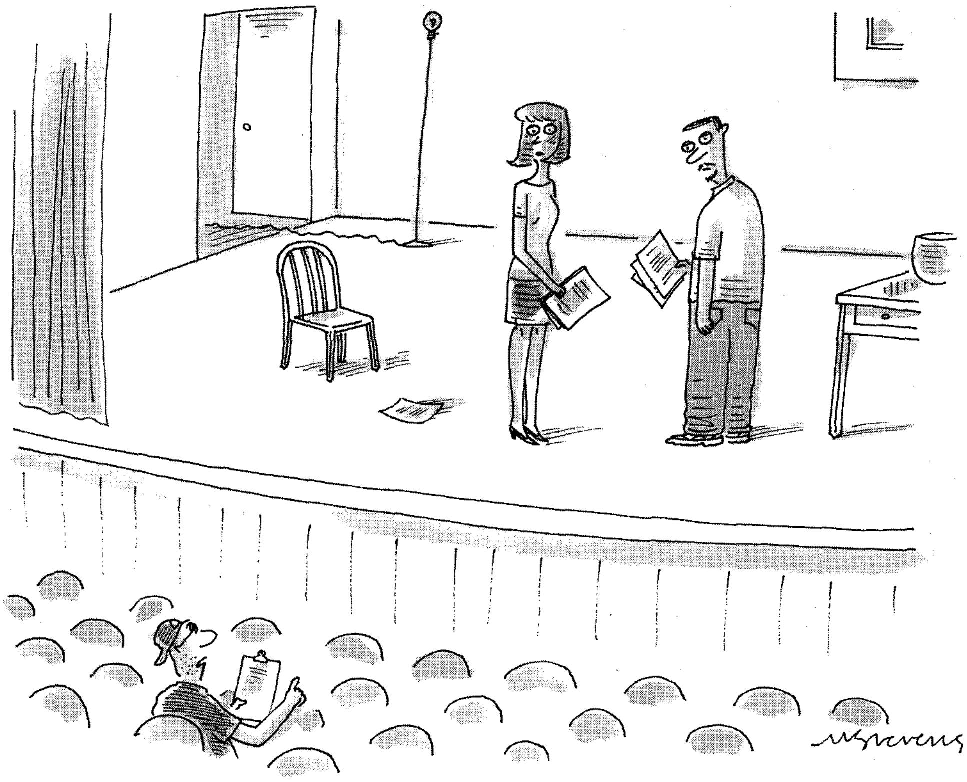
BUSH spent 1998 and 1999 winning over a tough-minded, committed group of political insiders, the kind of people who know that they're going to bet on a horse in the Republican Presidential campaign. If you were one of those people in late 1998 and you looked at George W. Bush, you would see a man who not only just got reëlected governor of the second-biggest state in the country with almost seventy per cent of the vote but who led the entire Republican ticket in Texas—seventeen other people—to victory. That's right: there are no Democratic statewide officeholders in Texas today. You would see a man who had cut deeply into constituencies the Republicans have trouble with, notably women (Bush got sixty-five per cent of the female vote in 1998) and Hispanics (forty-nine per cent). Twenty-seven per cent of registered Democrats voted for Bush, which brings to mind the possibility that he could have a Ronald Reagan-like appeal to swing voters nationally. You might have met George Bush, seen him perform at a fund-raiser or been brought down to Austin by Rove for a meeting with him, at which he'd have been more impressive than you'd expected him to be—mature, sincere, and decently well versed, apparently no longer the hotheaded kid of his father's Presidential campaigns.

Counterposed to all this was the Party's grim situation in Washington, where the Republicans had bet very heavily on President Clinton's impeachment, had lost seats in the congressional elections, and had watched in horror after the elections as first Newt Gingrich and then his successor as Speaker of the House, Bob Livingston, melted down in public. If you were looking for somebody who was the opposite of Newt Gingrich, you couldn't do much better than Bush: he was normal, he was fit, he was middle-of-the-country, he wasn't frighteningly ambitious, he was faithful to his wife, as an officeholder he made deals not war, he was comforting not scary, and, if you thought about it, maybe Gingrich had been a little too brainy and bookish all along.

This non-primary primary fed on itself. Bush's fund-raising operation officially opened for business on March 7, 1999. Within a month, it had raised six million dollars just in contributions at the thousand-dollar maximum, from early bet-placers, Texas friends, loyal



"I've been fired, but they let me keep my secretary."



"No, no, no! You're, like, 'I really, really, really love you,' and you're, like, 'Whatever.'"

• •

names from Bush family Rolodexes, lobbyists, baseball friends, Yale friends, Andover friends, friends of Bush's Republican governor friends—a great outpouring of love, during times so good that it was easy for the members of the professional-managerial-entrepreneurial class and their families to write thousand-dollar checks. (By the end of 1999, when the Bush fund-raising total stood at sixty-three million dollars, nearly eighty-five per cent of the total had come in the form of five-hundred-dollar and thousand-dollar contributions.) Bush's enormous fund-raising success sent a signal that loosened more endorsements from Republican politicians in the states and in Congress. The contributions and the endorsements generated awestruck press attention and scared opponents like Elizabeth Dole and Dan Quayle out of the race long before a vote had been cast.

During the last six months of 1999, Bush delivered a series of speeches that touched on all the main policy areas of the federal government. What emerged in the highest relief from these were two slogans that denoted the main distinctive theme of his campaign: "compassionate conservatism" and "prosperity with a purpose." These stick in the mind because no Presidential candidate in decades has dared to run on compassion, or even mention it prominently. Even today, only a Republican could do it—coming from a Democrat, people would think that higher taxes were on the way.

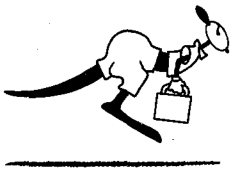
For Bush, though, compassion has a lot of political benefits. It instantly puts to rest the question of what his message is. It helps to position him as a moderate for the general election. It wins over the liberal press, assuages Republican women who find the Gingrich–Tom DeLay–Dick Armey wing of the Party too struttingly confrontational, and appeals to minority voters. The non-obvious constituency for compassionate conservatism is evangelicals, with whom the imagery of love and redemption and higher purpose resonates.

Inside the Republican Party, compassionate conservatism—the idea, if not the precise slogan—long predates Bush's interest. In 1983, at the height of the Reagan revolution, an Indiana congressman named Dan Coats, a former aide to Dan Quayle, conservative and devoutly Christian, began to push for a distinctly Republican way of running anti-poverty programs (as an alternative to simply abolishing them). The idea would be to fund groups that promote "values," because they can turn people's lives around by getting them to give up self-destructive behavior. Most of these groups have a religious affiliation. In the nineties, after Coats had been elected to the Senate, he started the Project for American Renewal, which brought together Christian groups, conservative politicians, and intellectuals (mostly Catholic) interested in a revival of "civil society." Bush's chief speechwriter, Mike Gerson, used to work for Coats. Bush's chief domestic-affairs adviser, Stephen Goldsmith, who just stepped down as mayor of Indianapolis, started a program there called the Front Porch Alliance, run by a former Coats aide, that funded religious anti-poverty programs. Bush made his big compassionate-conservatism speech last summer at a Front Porch Alliance event in Indianapolis.

These ideas appeal deeply to Bush. They have three hooks, all powerful for him: the recognition of the force of religious faith, especially as an influence on behavior; the implication, which runs through most of the faith-based social-program literature, that the liberal élitists took a crack at the country's social problems in the sixties and botched the job; and the extension of Bush's own life story to millions of troubled people at the other end of American society. Faith-based social programs offer a very Bush mixture of redemption (for the devout poor) and competition (with liberal do-gooders).

It doesn't necessarily follow, though, that the rhetoric of compassionate conservatism would unerringly lead to a major change in direction for the federal government. The main mechanism for compassionate conservatism would be government grants to faith-based social programs—some of which already get government grants and have for years. It's possible to make a lot of fuss about compassionate conservatism without changing existing policy much. The test will come once Bush is in office. (The same goes for Al Gore, who has also endorsed the idea of new government help for faith-based social programs.)

THE truth is that although Bush may turn out to be another Reagan in his ability to attract voters, it's already obvious that he isn't going to be another Reagan in the sense of trying to revolutionize the national polity. Even prospectively, he doesn't propose anything dramatic. He says constantly that he wants to do a few things and do them well. He likes to describe himself as a problem solver. He wants to increase the defense budget, but only modestly, much less than the Republican right would like. In foreign policy, he would be a "fierce free trader," but that's what Clinton has been. He would do less humanitarian intervention abroad (no Haitis in the Bush Administration), but he would be a strong internationalist. He would tilt slightly toward Taiwan, but not enough to disrupt trade with China. He would cut the top income-tax rate, but not to the extent that Reagan did. He would protect Social Security. On education, he has a lot of small ideas that don't seem to add up to the kind of major commitment of government resources that Texas undertook on his watch.



What George W. Bush really offers us is himself. When Republicans talk about him, what you hear is an intense loathing for Bill Clinton, and an equally intense desire to take back the White House. Things about Bush that might ordinarily appear unremarkable—that may, in fact, be true of you and most people you know—are rhetorically elevated to Presidential qualifications by the implied comparison with Clinton. Bush is happily and faithfully married. He has close friends. He is "comfortable in his own skin." He wants to be President, but he doesn't *need* to be President. He doesn't read polls and conduct focus groups before every move he makes. When there is a decision to make, he chooses the option that he thinks represents the right thing to do. He would conduct the Presidency with the principles of dignity and honor in mind.

Bush's opponents and the press have put a lot of effort into finding some Presidentially disqualifying datum about him: he may have used cocaine, he doesn't know the names of world leaders. Actually, the main argument against him is hiding in plain sight: compared with other Presidents, he just hasn't done very much in his life. If (I'd guess when) he takes office this time next year, he'll come to the Presidency with a lighter résumé than anybody has in at least a hundred years: Helping to manage a professional sports franchise and a term and a half as governor of Texas. Openly admitted drift before that. No experience handling a crisis or solving a major conflict. Good political instincts and a gift for connecting with people. A decent, trustworthy guy. Not especially knowledgeable or curious, but a quick study. Growing. That's it.

The idea of Bush as President runs counter to the American tradition of giving the job to someone who has spent a lifetime being outstanding. The tradition encompasses even the Presidents we think of as lightweights: Harry Truman had held political office for more than twenty years before he became President, in 1945; Warren Harding was in public life from 1899 until he became President, in 1921; John F. Kennedy was a member of Congress (first the House, then the Senate) from 1947 until he became President, in 1961. Ronald Reagan rose from obscurity to become a prominent actor, the head of a labor union, a two-term governor of California, and a three-time Presidential candidate before he took office. George H. W. Bush was the kind of person friends were predicting would one day be President practically from his teen-age years onward. Dwight Eisenhower spent his whole life in public service and organized the conquest of Europe. George W. Bush's ascension would represent the apotheosis of an ordinary man.

KARL ROVE has a riff, which he gives to anybody who will listen, entitled "It's 1896." Every national political reporter has heard it, to the extent that it induces affectionate eye-rolling when it comes up. "It's 1896" is based on Rove's reading of the work of a small school of conservative revisionist historians of the Gilded Age (that is, historians who love the Gilded Age), one of whom, Lewis Gould, taught a graduate course that Rove took at the University of Texas.

Here's the theory, delivered at Rove's mile-a-minute clip: "Everything you know about William McKinley and Mark Hanna"—the man elected President in 1896 and his political Svengali—"is wrong. The country was in a period of change. McKinley's the guy who figured it out. Politics were changing. The economy was changing. We're at the same point now: weak allegiances to parties, a rising new economy."

Interested, I went to the library and read up on McKinley. There are a couple of big differences between this campaign and the one in 1896: it was a recession campaign run on economic issues, and McKinley's main proposal, high protectionist tariffs, runs opposite to Bush's position on the same issue. But the similarities are indeed striking—so striking as to make you wonder whether Rove deliberately followed the Hanna-McKinley playbook as he coached George W. Bush through his astonishingly rapid transformation from aimless Presidential son to putative President.

McKinley was a man with an "amiable disposition" and a "winning demeanor," great at political handshaking events, who was elected and then reëlected governor of the most important state between the coasts, Ohio. He was unusually popular, for a Republican, with urban workers and ethnic minorities. When he ran into financial trouble, his rich friends took up a collection and bailed him out. He even proposed a big reduction in Ohio property taxes.

Mark Hanna, who devoted himself full time to making McKinley President, engineered a "front-porch campaign," involving a staged procession of prominent visitors to McKinley's home in Canton, which worked so well that McKinley was able to lock up the Republican nomination early. Then Hanna systematically raised much more money than any previous Presidential campaign ever had, and used it to fund an unprecedentedly heavy media campaign (in the form of widely distributed pamphlets) and a massive organizational effort in the states. And, in winning, McKinley ushered in a period in which the Republicans, as the Party representing business prosperity in the new industrial age, controlled the White House right up to the Great Depression, with the exception of Woodrow Wilson's two terms.

Lewis Gould has noted hopefully that McKinley is rising into the middle ranks of Presidential greatness, but the main event of his Presidential term, the Spanish-American War, caught him flat-footed. George W. Bush represents the hope not so much of a redirection of the federal government as of another Republican restoration, one that would put the White House back in the hands of the party of business and—by bringing suburban, female, and minority voters into the Republican coalition—perhaps do so for a good long time.

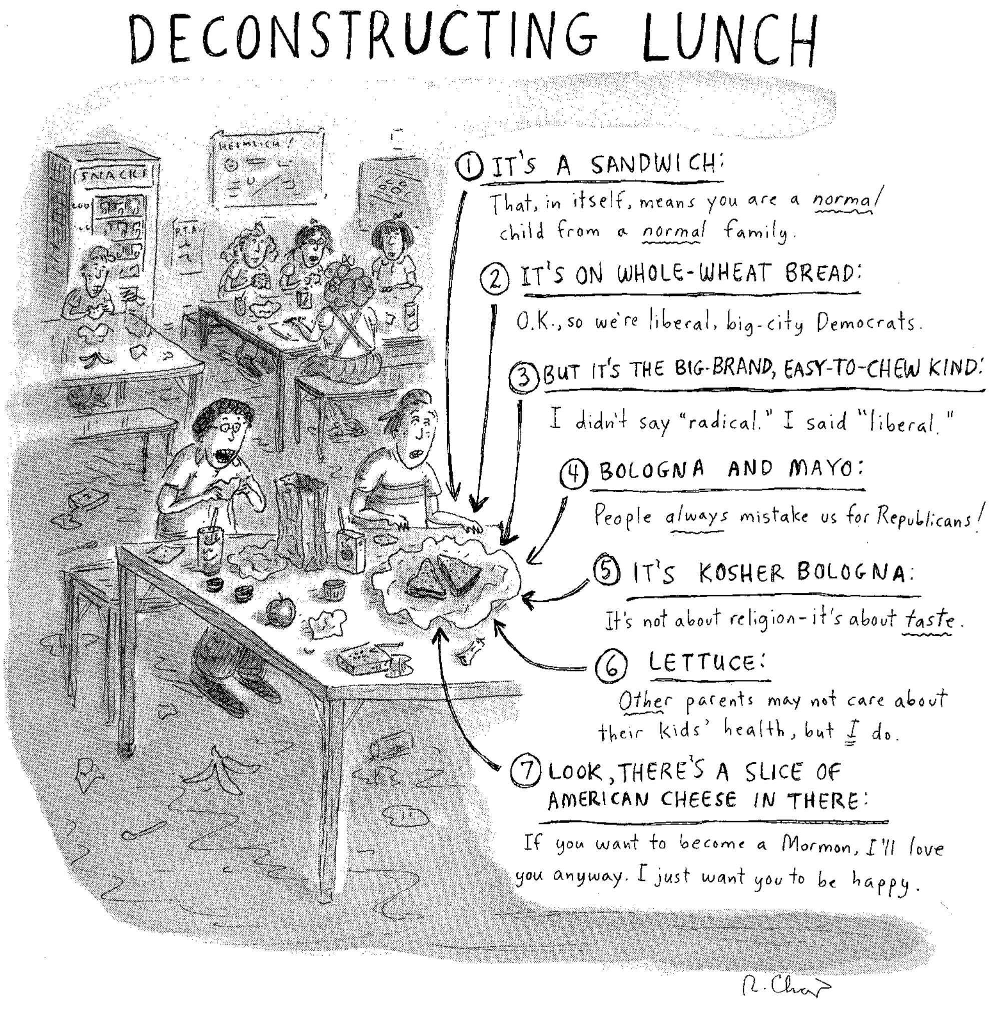
For Bush himself, it would be a restoration in more than just that way. People who know him say he's itching to take on Al Gore in the general election. When Bush talks about Gore, he does so in a way that makes it clear that he has him pegged as a member of the liberal-intellectual coterie that rose to power in the sixties, at Yale and elsewhere. He has been quoted more than once as saying that he realized Gore didn't have the right touch when he read an interview Gore gave to Louis Menand for *The New Yorker*—an interview in which Gore dropped the name Merleau-Ponty. Bush told an old friend who had lunch with him in Austin last spring that he can't wait to go "*mano a mano*" with Gore. When asked to state succinctly the difference between Gore and himself, he'll usually say that he went to San Jacinto Junior High School, in Midland, Texas, and Gore went to St. Albans, in Washington, D.C. It's going to be a regular guy versus an archetypal member of the new élite—no contest.

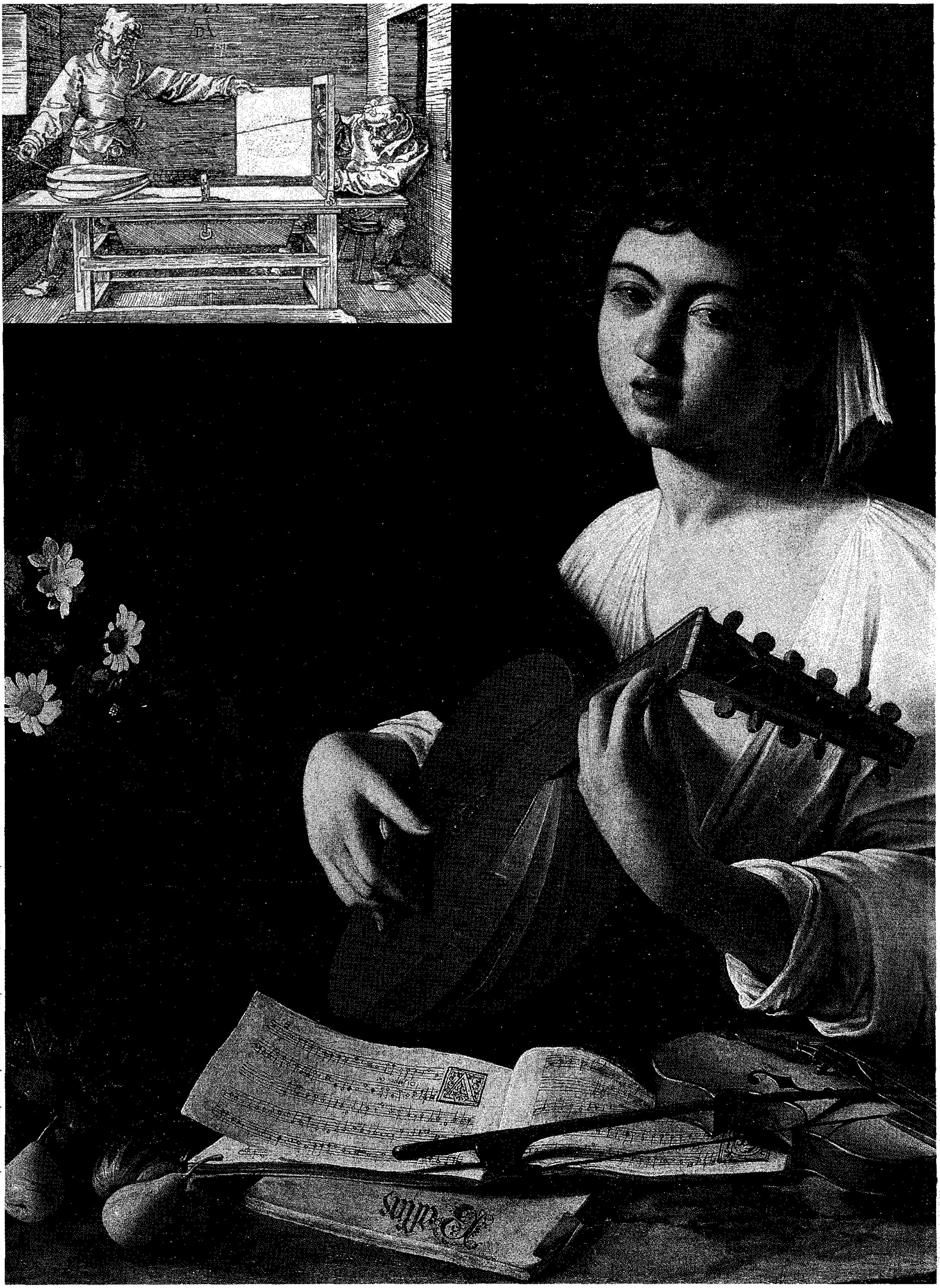
But, of course, George W. Bush is not just a non-member of the new élite; he's a fully born-in member of the old élite. If not his class, certainly his family, discussed in almost genetic terms, is an explicit part of the argument for his candidacy. It has to be: imagine how thin his claim on the Presidency would be without the family connection. Many of the people around Bush believe that the American people realize they made a mistake in denying George H. W. Bush a second term in 1992, and now they have a chance to remedy it.

"People remember the integrity and rectitude of his father, of his family," C. Boyden Gray, an old Bush Administration hand, told me. "He comes by that by virtue of having the name Bush."

A COUPLE of months before I travelled with Bush in New Hampshire, I was granted a brief telephone interview. His sharpest, most alive answer by far came in response to the question of what lesson he had taken from his father's defeat in 1992. "First lesson, polls change," he said. "I take nothing for granted. Second, we've got a strategy for the timing of policy speeches. It's important to have a strategy and set the debate. In many ways, they didn't spend the capital wisely. It was reactive in many ways. It wasn't necessarily my dad's fault. It was a two-front war. You die a death of a thousand cuts in politics. Buchanan inflicted a lot of cuts, and then Perot picked it up. He got defined as somebody who didn't care about the domestic economy and how people were doing at home. They defined him before he could define himself."

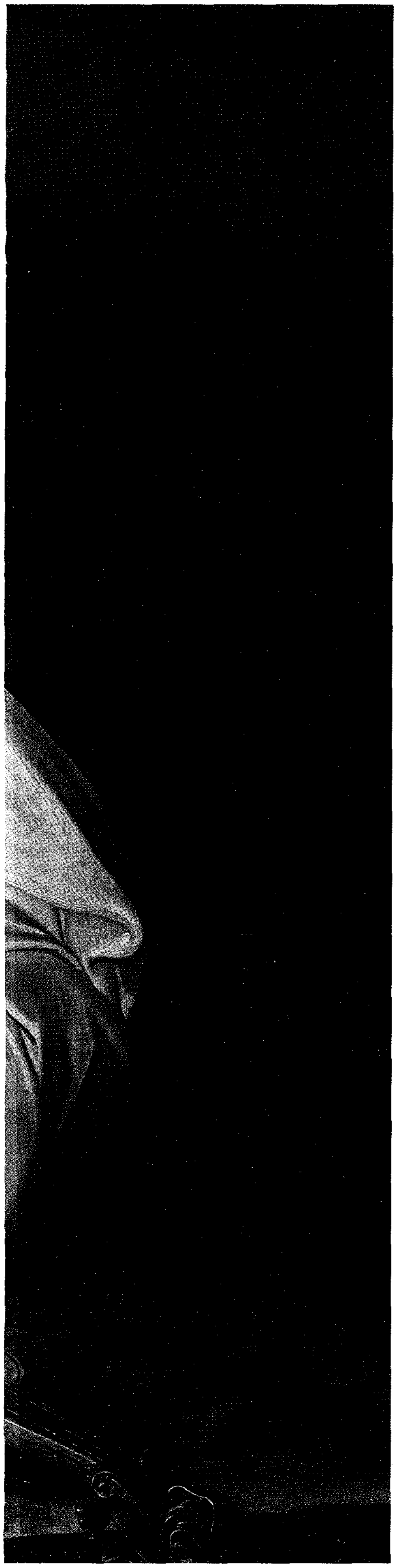
Bush is obviously out to rectify those mistakes. If his father was too politically passive, too concerned with foreign affairs, too unconnected to people's daily lives, well, George W. Bush is going to be the opposite on every count. In fact, if the 2000 election is a replay of 1992, the roles, as cast by George W. Bush, will be reversed: Gore, the essence-of-Washington, excessively loyal Vice-President, surrounded by high-priced, self-serving political consultants, plays George H. W. Bush. Bush, the politically gifted, empathetic, cunning Southern governor, with his cadre of totally loyal and subservient aides, plays Bill Clinton. The result would be elaborately satisfying. A Bush would be back in the White House. Those ethereal qualities that Bush's class thinks of as innate to its members—good character and leadership—would be enshrined as more important than earnest book learning. And George W. Bush would have progressed from trying to emulate his father, to protecting him from his shortcomings, to, finally, outdoing him, which might have been the idea all along. ♦


DECONSTRUCTING LUNCH
SNACKS
① IT'S A SANDWICH:
That, in itself, means you are a normal child from a normal family.
② IT'S ON WHOLE-WHEAT BREAD:
O.K., so we're liberal, big-city Democrats.
③ BUT IT'S THE BIG-BRAND, EASY-TO-CHEW KIND:
I didn't say "radical." I said "liberal."
④ BOLOGNA AND MAYO:
People always mistake us for Republicans!
⑤ IT'S KOSHER BOLOGNA:
It's not about religion—it's about taste.
⑥ LETTUCE:
Other parents may not care about their kids' health, but I do.
⑦ LOOK, THERE'S A SLICE OF AMERICAN CHEESE IN THERE:
If you want to become a Mormon, I'll love you anyway. I just want you to be happy.
R. Chast



"BOY PLAYING THE LUTE," HERMITAGE/SCALA/ART RESOURCE; TOP: PRIVATE COLLECTION/BRIDGEMAN ART LIBRARY

Hockney, opposite, drawing with a camera lucida, finds evidence in the evolution of rendering from Dürer, to



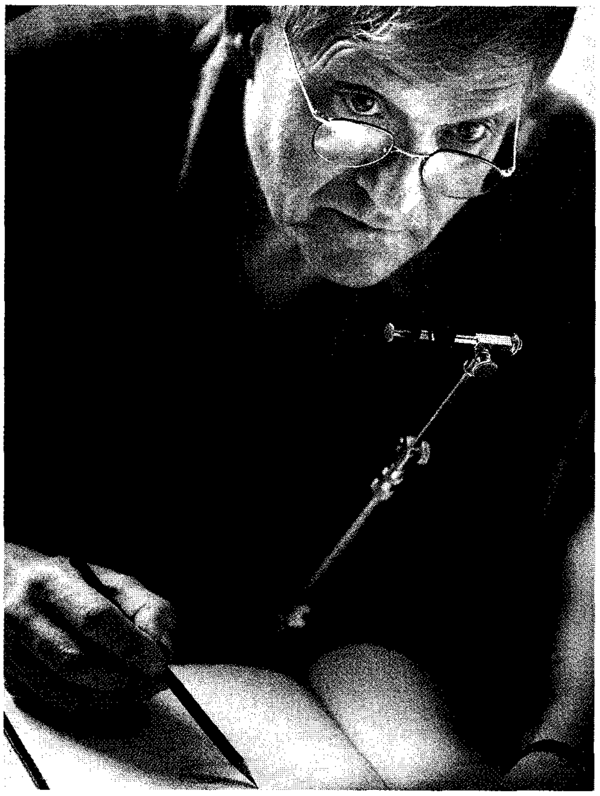
Caravaggio.

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

THE LOOKING GLASS

How did the Old Masters draw so well? The modern master David Hockney has a theory that challenges five hundred years of art history.

BY LAWRENCE WESCHLER



PHILIP SAYER

WATCH out! It looks like David Hockney is on another one of his perceptual/conceptual tears. Or so I came to realize several weeks ago when I happened to be in Los Angeles and, as I sometimes do on such occasions, called him up, and immediately found myself being ordered about. "Get up here!" Hockney commanded. "There's something I have to show you!" Meeting me at the door of his colorful Hollywood Hills home a few hours later, Hockney led me straightaway up the path to his hillside studio. Though his hearing has been deteriorating, and he now wears an earpiece, Hockney, at the age of sixty-two, is tall and determined, and, loping ahead of me as he opened the studio door, seemed more vigorous than he has in years.

The wall to the left of the studio entry was covered with dozens of recent portraits of friends—evidence of a suddenly renewed interest in the form. Hockney allowed me a few moments to admire the pictures, but rather quickly (and quite uncharacteristically) he drew me away toward a wide worktable in the middle of the studio, which was covered with art books, reference manuals, bulging folders, and scribbled memos. One might have been excused for imagining Hockney to be gearing up for a full-frontal assault on the entire history of the Western painterly tradition; and, as it turned out, one would not have been far wrong.

"The past year, as you know, was an incredible one for art shows," Hockney began. "The Pollock in New York, the Monet in London, and the Ingres, also, initially, in London. I spent hours at each, and each seemed to leave me more exhilarated than the one before. Especially the Ingres, which I went back to *three times*—the paintings, but, in particular, the drawings. Now, for someone like me, trained in the conventional Carracci tradition—you know, plumb line, the extended thumb, gauging relative proportions, and so forth—those pencil portraits of Ingres's were mind-boggling. For one thing, their size—how small they turn out to be, when you get to see them in person. The images are seldom more than twelve by eight inches, incredibly detailed and incredibly assured. If you draw at all, you know that's very rare and not at all easy.

"I bought the catalogue, brought it back here to L.A., studied it some more, read every word, blew up some of the drawings on the copier over there, and one morning, studying the blowups, I found myself thinking, Wait, I've seen that line before. Where have I seen that line? And suddenly I realized, That's Andy Warhol's line."

Hockney cited a show of Warhol's "Studio Still-Lifes" at Paul Kasmin's gallery, in New York, the year before last. "And Andy's is indeed the same kind of line: clean, fast, completely assured. Now, in Andy's case we know he was using a slide projector—Kasmin even had the original photos from which Andy had traced his images." Hockney reached for the Kasmin catalogue, opened the slim volume to a page featuring Warhol's 1975 arrangement of a bowl, a can opener, and a handheld mixer, and then opened his well-thumbed Ingres volume to the stunning 1816 portrait of Lady William Bentinck.

"Look at that," Hockney said, "and now look at this, especially the clothes, the fall of the draped cloak, the ruffle around the neck, the gathered sleeve, and then her expression, its palpable freshness: the speed of the line, its boldness, its absolute confidence, no awkwardness, no hesitancy. Of course, Ingres wasn't using a slide projector, but he might well have been using a camera, a refracting instrument of some sort."

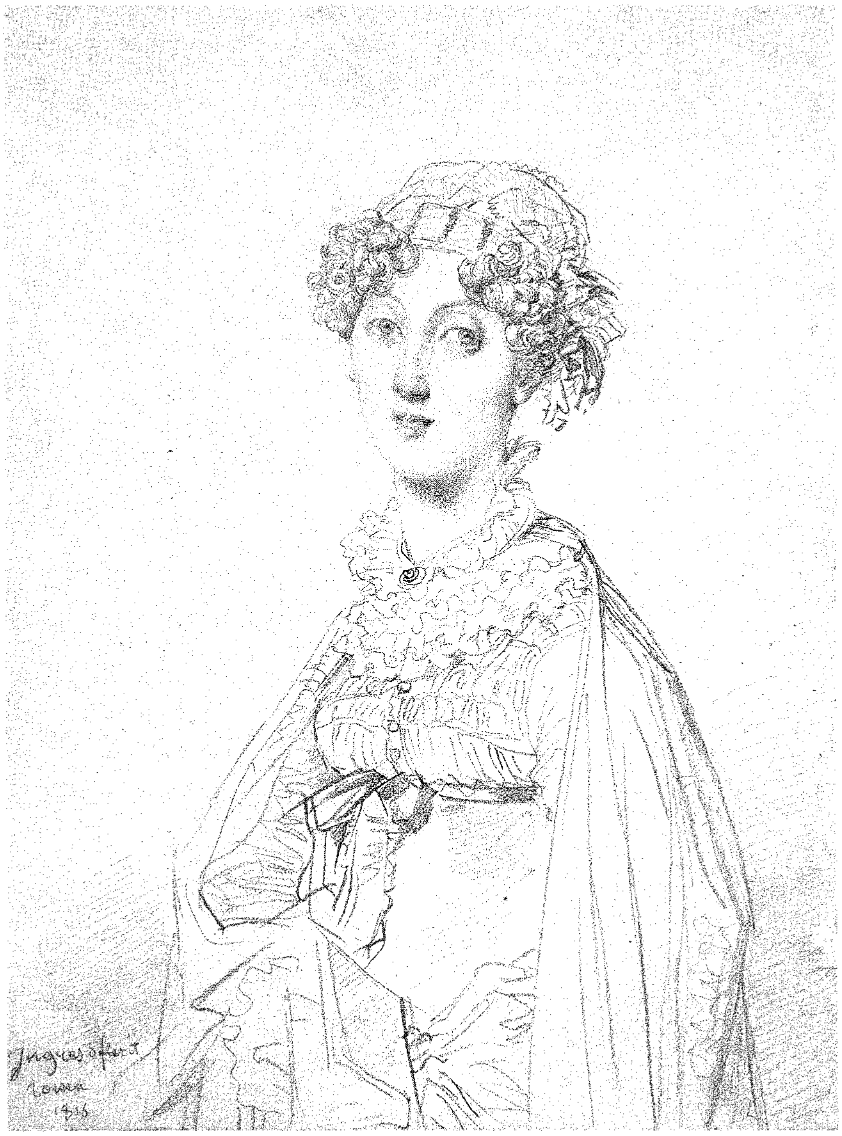
Hockney reminded me that cameras and lenses long predated the invention of chemically fixed photography. For that matter, the things that happen to light as it passes through a pinhole are natural phenomena—"as omnipresent and wondrous as rainbows," Hockney said, and went on, "People have marvelled over them literally for millennia, tinkering with ways to exploit the effects. And the more I looked at Ingres's drawings the more convinced I became, on the basis of the optical evidence of the images themselves, that Ingres had to be using some sort of device based on those effects."

Hockney recalled how when he was in art school he'd been shown a camera lucida, a device invented in 1807. So now he sent his assistant down to an art-supply shop to see if he could find one. "Turns out they're relatively rare nowadays and quite expensive: the one he found cost over two thousand dollars," Hockney said. "Anyway, I set up a little corner and—come here, I'll show you."

ALONGSIDE the drawings wall, Hockney had erected an alcove, cordoned off with screens and curtains. This cozy little nook contained a comfortable chair propped before a flat drawing table, on which Hockney had installed his camera lucida—a tiny prism (barely wider than an eyeball) suspended, as if free-floating, at the end of a flexible metal rod. He showed me how when you looked down through the prism the image of whatever happened to be before you seemed to be transposed onto the tabletop—or to any blank sheet of paper that you might put there. The effect was illusory: no image was actually being cast on the page, as with a slide projector. But one could deploy the illusion to help capture a likeness.

"Sit there," Hockney commanded, and then spent a few moments adjusting my pose. "Perfect," he said. "Stay like that." He fetched a sheet of paper and a cannister of pencils, laid the page beneath the prism, and set to work.

The first part of the session lasted about an hour, but Hockney used the camera lucida itself for only two or three minutes—quickly and, yes, with startling assuredness, sketching out the



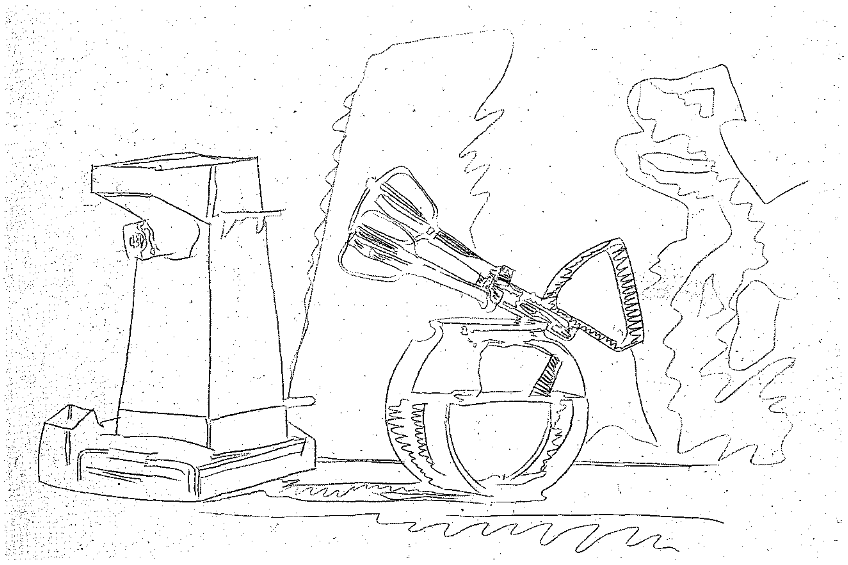
INGRES, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, BEQUEST OF GRACE RAINEY ROGERS, 1943 tangle of my hands, legs, and sleeves, and then, turning to my face, laying in the general shape of my head. Muttering, "This is the crucial part," he posited, with the faintest of pencil stabs, the coördinates of my pupils, the corners of my eyes, my nostrils, the lay of my glasses over my ears, the edges of my mouth. After that, he reverted to a more standard posture, gazing past the hovering prism, as if it weren't even there, and probing my face and then the page, back and forth. His own face was becoming increasingly scrunched up with concentration, so much so that at one point his earpiece began to screech (he plucked it out and set it aside). Only once or twice thereafter did he bother to look through the prism, for minor adjustments.

At length, we took a break, and Hockney reinserted his earpiece. The gist of the image was already well in hand. "Especially the mouth," Hockney said, tapping the page. "It's always the hardest to get right when you're just eyeballing it. Wasn't it Sargent who said, 'A portrait is a painting with something wrong with the mouth'? And a smile is hardest of all: it's not just the mouth but, rather, the precise fleeting relation of the mouth and the eyes, the crinkles around the eyes. I used to struggle for hours to get a proper likeness, revising and revising so as to transcend the drawing's inherent awkwardness, and, even so, if you look back, say, at those meticulously realistic drawings of mine from the early seventies, you'll notice how the sitters are hardly ever smiling: they're stiff, poised, still—*posed*."

He reached once more for the Ingres catalogue. "Whereas here, look," he said, turning the page. "And this one here, see: absolutely no awkwardness. Not always; not every time. In some of the studies, especially early ones, he's laid in a traditional grid, and you can see his hand groping. But then you get another of those amazing pencil portraits he was doing in Rome, as a kind of sideline—visiting English gentry on their grand tours, people he was often meeting for the first time. He just dashes the images off, usually in a single sitting, with complete authority."

Hockney rifled among some of the other books and images spread about his table. "The thing is, once I started seeing it in Ingres, I began to notice lens- or mirror-based imagery, optically rendered imagery, in all sorts of other places, including before Ingres, and in fact well before. Hundreds of years before.

"Look here," he said, grabbing a photocopied image. "Most painters, most artists, are highly secretive about their methods. One of the few who were willing to divulge their secrets was Dürer, in the early sixteenth century. In this woodcut, he's showing how you drew a lute in perspective, without, or maybe before the introduction of, lenses. Very complicated; very cumbersome. Takes two guys, an adjustable sightline, a slidable perpendicular grid, a page mounted on a hinged side panel that keeps getting swung into and out of position to note the precise spot where the moving sightline crosses the imaginary picture plane . . . Must have taken hours. That's—what?—that's 1525. And now look at this." Hockney pulled out a reproduction of Caravaggio's "Boy Playing the Lute." "This is—what?—1595. Not only has Caravaggio rendered a lute in complex perspective, perfectly and seemingly effortlessly, with absolute authority, but he's thrown in a violin lying there on the table for good measure."



Hockney set out to discover how Ingres's 1816 portrait of Lady William Bentinck, opposite, could be as assured as a 1975 Warhol still-life.

AWFVA/ARS

Back to Dürer, 1525. Hockney showed me another woodcut, this one portraying an artist using an intervening gridded glass plane to block out a portrait; the artist has to keep his eye steady, peering through an eyehole at the tip of a raised stick, and his subject is forbidden to move. "No wonder," Hockney was saying, "that when you paint like this you end up with faces like this." He showed me a Cranach the Younger rendering of "Christ and the Fallen Woman" from around the same period: stiff, impassive faces, mouths grimly shut, expressions stilled.

"Whereas just a few years later you get faces like these." Hockney began flipping through a nearby Caravaggio catalogue. Almost all the faces were vividly alive, openmouthed ("You try keeping your mouth open like that for more than a few moments, as one would have had to, using Dürer's gridded-glass method"), and characterized above all by fleeting, evanescent expressions—expressions, as Hockney put it, "captured on the fly."

He went on, "Notice the constant sense of assurance. And with no drawings, no sketches! There are no preparatory studies with Caravaggio. At any rate, none have survived. Or, for that matter, with Velázquez. Or Vermeer. Or Hals. Or Chardin. Hardly any." Hockney rustled through one reproduction after another. "Suddenly, they all seem to be able to render the image, just like that, onto the canvas itself. And it's not just the great masters." He showed me Dirck van Baburen's "Concert," of 1623: a lute, a violin, one player grinning antically, another with his mouth open. Seemingly effortless.

Of course, optics don't make paintings; artists do. As Hockney put it, "The lens can't draw a line, only the hand can do that, the artist's hand and eye in coördination with his heart. And, in any case, such optical devices are quite hard to use. You have to be a good draftsman to be able to take advantage of them at all. It took me a good several months to learn how to use that camera lucida. You look at somebody like Ingres, and it would be absurd to think that such an insight about his method undercuts the sheer marvel of what he achieves. Nobody can do it as well as he can—the subtlety of characterization, the inner life of the drawings—and the more I study him my admiration just goes up and up. This whole insight about optical aids doesn't diminish anything; it merely suggests a different story, a more accurate one, perhaps—certainly a more interesting one."

With growing excitement, Hockney proceeded to lay out the broad contours of that story as he was beginning to understand it. Coming out of the Middle Ages, most painting, most rendering, he suggested, was a matter of "eyeballing," of "awkward, groping approximation," but the early Renaissance, especially in Italy, saw the rise of various mathematical systems of perspective and proportion—the transition, say, from Giotto to Piero della Francesca and Uccello, and then on through the glories of the High Renaissance, to Michelangelo and Titian. These systems of perspective were grounded in ever more elaborate intellectual superstructures, a virtual science of vision: tapering grids projected onto empty space, and then filled, according to rigorous rules, with the artist's idealized renditions of reality.

Hockney was becoming convinced, however, that during the sixteenth century, in different places and at different rates, an alternative way of proceeding started to emerge—one based on mirrors and lenses. It had been widely known since antiquity (Aristotle and Euclid both make much of the fact) that when light passes through a small hole into a darkened enclosure a vivid if inverted image of the external world may appear on the far wall. The effect was much discussed, in tones of hushed and pious marvel, during the Middle Ages, and went on to become a central motif—the metaphor, that is, of the eye itself, and, for that matter, the mind, as a room receiving, through a pinhole and onto a blank wall, sense impressions from the outside world—in the epistemologies of thinkers ranging from Kepler and Newton through Descartes, Leibniz, Locke, and beyond. With the passage of time, the effect was deployed in a series of ever more sophisticated boxes—cameras obscura (literally, "darkened rooms")—with lenses to sharpen the projection and mirrors to reverse the inversion. Inevitably, such boxes drew the attention of artists; by the middle of the seventeenth century and into the eighteenth, the devices were in common evidence. Canaletto, for example, used them in his depictions of Venice.

I SEE MY FRIEND EVERYWHERE

First she died   then on the bus
I saw her   my old friend dropped
her half fare into the slot
looked up   her eyes humorous
intelligent   cap of white hair
shining   I asked her   how's the boy
these days   not so good but you
know that   your work   is it going
well?   what work she whispered   (bitterly
I thought)   are you all right?   why
do you ask?   I was afraid of her

the bus rocked and bumped over and
through New York   unsteady   I called out
STOP   this is where I get off   here?
since when?   oh for the last couple
of years   she nearly touched my hand
yes   I said   you were still alive

—GRACE PALEY

But Hockney was increasingly certain that versions of lens-and-mirror technology (perhaps without the rigid confines of the camera obscura itself) were being used by artists long before that—initially, perhaps, in Northern Europe (with Van Eyck and subsequently the Dutch landscape artists), but rather quickly spreading into northern Italy (and especially Caravaggio's Lombardy) as well.

The transition to lens-assisted artistic production was not without its controversies. Caravaggio, for instance, was regularly attacked by his more conventionally perspectival academic contemporaries, but, as Hockney now pointed out, "the attacks themselves were quite revealing." He reached for Howard Hibbard's 1983 monograph on the artist, which includes a generous sampling of such criticism. For instance, he cited Giovanni Pietro Bellori's slamming of Caravaggio for making "no attempt to improve on the creations of nature" and for lacking "*invenzione*, decorum, *disegno* or any knowledge of the science of painting." Bellori speaks of Caravaggio's need for models, "without which he did not know how to paint," and notes how older painters accused him of being able to paint only in cellars—which is to say, dark spaces—"with a single source of light and on one plane without any diminution." Nonetheless, Bellori goes on, "many artists were taken by his style and gladly embraced it, since without any kind of effort it opened the way to easy copying, imitating common forms lacking beauty."

"Well, maybe not that easy," Hockney concluded, putting the book aside. "I mean, few artists could do it as well as Caravaggio. But, still, it's clear from attacks like these that they must be talking about optical devices of some sort—devices whose use is further confirmed by the evidence of the paintings themselves. I mean, for instance, compare the mathematical foreshortening involved in one of the slain battle figures in a picture of Uccello's with the uncanny rendering of the Apostle Peter's outstretched arms in Caravaggio's 'Supper at Emmaus,' with the near and far hands almost the same size—precisely the effect you'd get, incidentally, with certain kinds of telephoto lens."

These sorts of optical techniques became increasingly dominant and virtually ubiquitous in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and clear through the first half of the nineteenth century, at which point, according to Hockney, "suddenly something happens. And that, of course, is the invention of photography—or, to be more precise, the invention of various methods for chemically fixing the sort of lens-cast image that up till then had required the interposition of a human hand."

Hockney pointed out that photography grew directly out of the camera lucida. Rummaging around in his pile, he read from William Henry Fox Talbot's account of how, in 1833, by the shores of Lake Como, he'd been attempting to sketch with a camera lucida, though "with the smallest possible amount of success." For, Talbot went on, "when the eye was removed from the prism—in which all looked beautiful—I found that the faithless pencil had only left traces on the paper melancholy to behold. . . . The idea occurred to me . . . how charming it would be if it were possible to cause these natural images to imprint themselves durably, and remain fixed upon the paper!" By 1835, Talbot was experimenting with papers soaked in silver chloride, and by 1839 he was able to publicize his method; by 1841, he was using negatives to make multiple positives, a marked improvement on Louis Daguerre's method, developed around the same time, which could produce only a single image.

On first encountering a daguerreotype, Ingres's great rival, Paul Delaroche, declared, "From today, painting is dead." But what really happened, Hockney now argued, is that chemical photography provoked a decisive rupture in the blending of painting and the sort of lens-based way of seeing that had dominated it for more than three hundred years. "By 1870, the photograph had pretty much established itself as a cheap form of portraiture, and artists, for their part, started to fall away," he said. "Cézanne, for instance, starts to look at the cup before him with *both* eyes, opening one and then the other, and painting his doubts. Awkwardness returns to European painting, for the first time, really, since Giotto. Surely this is part of why the artists of Europe suddenly start turning toward Japan, and China, where the lens-based methodologies had never held sway.

"Soon Cubism arises and, in this context, can be seen as an ongoing critique of monocular photography and, by extension, I suppose, of the entire lens-based tradition that preceded it. Painting would now endeavor to capture all the things a photograph or a single-lensed vantage could not: for example, time, duration, multiple vantages, the sense of subjectively lived reality. As the years passed, that rupture between painting and lens-based opticality widened, though at first, I'm convinced, it was a choice. Cézanne and his contemporaries knew about the various lens-based devices and chose not to use them. But within a generation or two the knowledge had been lost. And eventually you get to a generation like mine, going to school and looking back at Caravaggio and Velázquez and Ingres, and we honestly can't imagine how they were able to do it. The question itself doesn't even occur to us. They loom there like giants, preternaturally gifted, demigods, almost another species."

I was reminded of the way the peasants, deep in the Middle Ages, had gazed upon such antique relics as the Pont du Gard, the soaring Roman aqueduct outside Nîmes, stumped as to how fellow-humans could have built such things, and convinced that a species of giant must once have strode the earth.

"Well, maybe we should finish that portrait," Hockney now said, smiling, as he straightened his books and pages. He escorted me back to the alcove and set to work. Over the next forty-five minutes, Hockney peered through his camera lucida another three or four times. The rest was steady gazing: my face and the sheet before him.

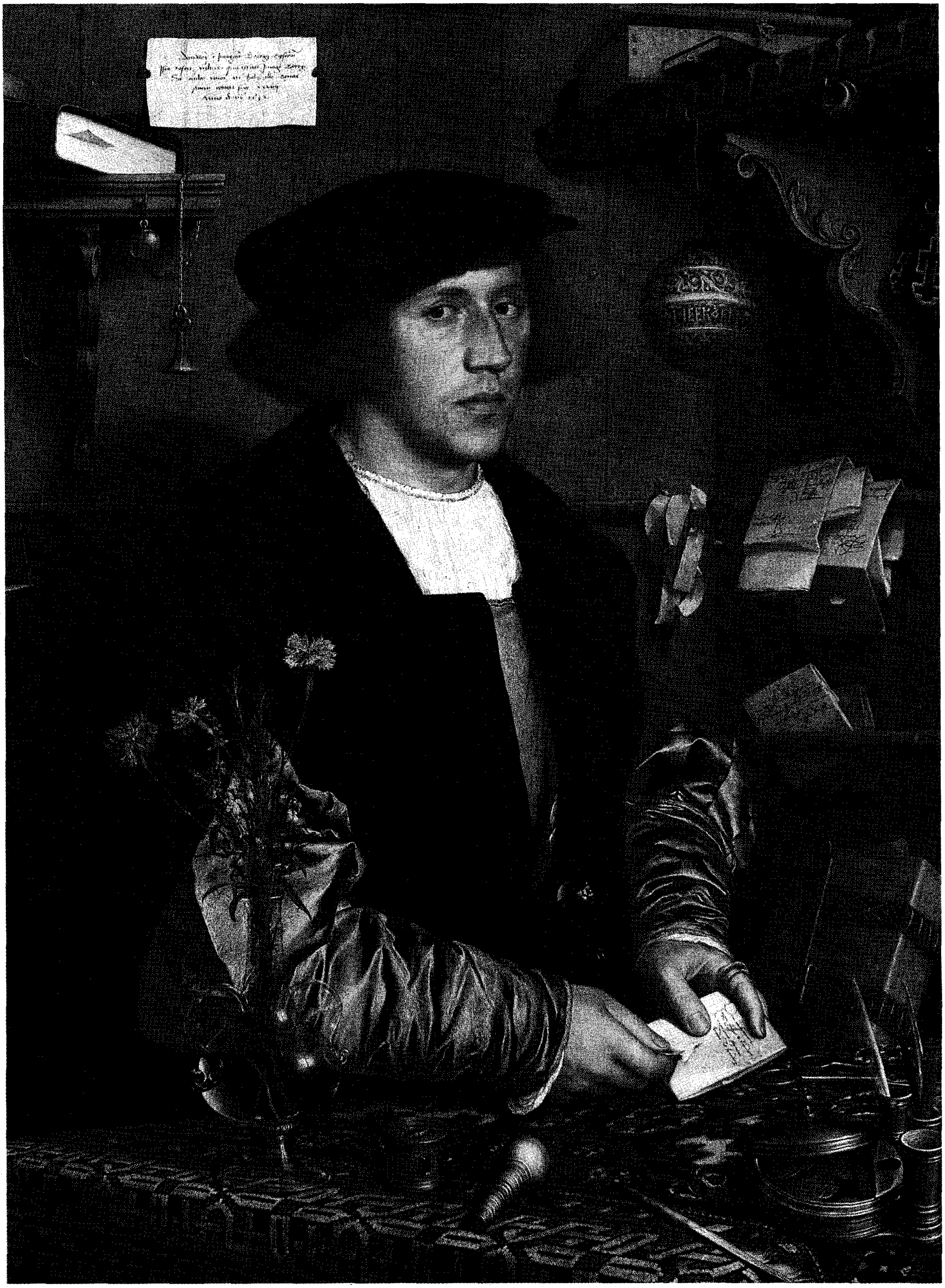
The likeness, once he'd concluded, was indeed striking, and the speed with which he'd rendered it even more so. Oddest of all, though, was a strange distortion: my front arm seemed to bulge, as if in a convex mirror—much like that in Parmigianino's famous "Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror" (from 1524).

"Precisely," Hockney said. "But look at the size of the image"—about twenty inches high. "If an artist wanted to avoid such distortions, he'd have had to have his subject stand further back, and the resultant image, in turn, would have been much smaller. Which, for that matter, is probably why those Ingres drawings are so small."

I'd noticed John Walsh's visage up on Hockney's portrait wall, not terribly well rendered (the face was still fairly stiff) but unmistakable nonetheless. Walsh, the director of the Getty Museum, is a longtime admirer of Hockney's, and I decided to ask him what he made of all this; in another guise, Walsh is an art historian, especially steeped in Dutch art of the seventeenth century.

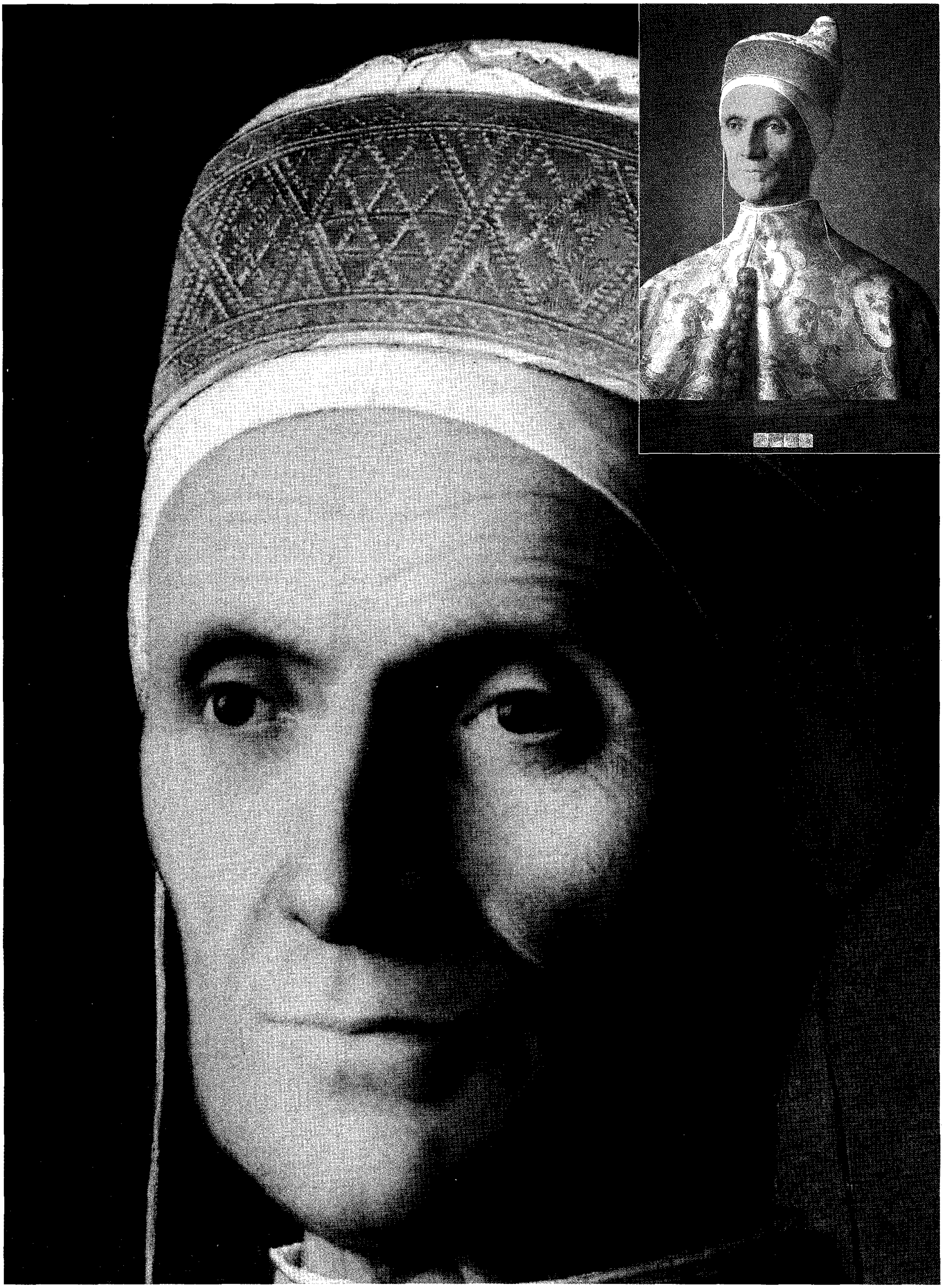
"Well, I mean, it's quite remarkable, isn't it?" Walsh said, laughing, when I reached him by phone. "The sheer intensity of David's passion these days. David will often take a sound general observation—and not infrequently, like this, a surprising one, one that's long gone unnoticed—and then push and push it, way, way out to the very limit and beyond. Which is fine: it's what makes him an artist, that divine confidence of his. But in this latest discourse, marvellously suggestive as several of his notions are, I fear that David may well find himself sailing against the wind. For before the seventeenth century, where's the evidence? Where's the testimony of sitters or other contemporaries, or the treatises of the artists themselves? We have vast inventories, often compiled for inheritance purposes at the time of artists' deaths, every single brush accounted for—and where are all the lenses and other devices you'd expect to find listed, if David were right? It's pretty dicey."

In New York, I looked up Gary Tinterow, a senior curator of paintings at the Metropolitan Museum and one of the principal organizers of the Ingres show, which was at the Met last fall. He had been through the exhibit several times with Hock-



GEMÄLDEGALERIE, BERLIN/ARTOTHEK

Holbein the Younger's 1532 portrait of Georg Gisze, with its misaligned cannister, and a sepia-tone detail of Bellini's 15



NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON/BRIDGEMAN ART LIBRARY

rtrait of the Doge of Venice, inset, which, according to Hockney, looks “like some antique 1870 photograph of an Indian raja.”

ney, and had even slotted the artist for an appearance at an all-day Ingres symposium scheduled for a few weeks hence.

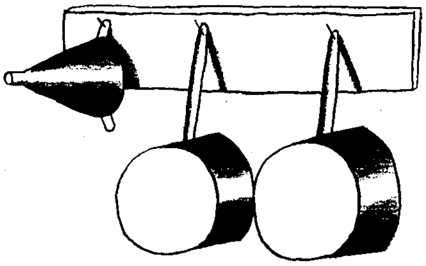
We met in the galleries, and I found him a bit more receptive than Walsh. "Hockney's insights are potentially very important," Tinterow told me, "not only with regard to Ingres but maybe even more so with regard to some of the others, especially those painters for whom, as he notes, we don't have any preliminary sketches. But it will all depend on fact finding: our work as historians is now cut out for us, to find corroborating evidence. I mean, I think one can already say that Ingres's drawing style does undergo a noticeable shift after 1807, the year the camera lucida would have become available to him; and when I'm with David I can in fact see what he means by the Andy Warhol line, especially as it courses from one distinct garment, say, over onto another and then back again, seemingly oblivious of the separate volumes. Other times, though, by myself, I'm not so sure; that kind of skating over distinct volumes doesn't seem as evident to me.

"And the very same qualities, for that matter, could result from other factors. Perhaps Ingres is consciously quoting from earlier sources, and that's why you get these effects. Then again, maybe those earlier sources—Bronzino, Jacques-Louis David—were using optical devices of their own. As for the relative smallness of the drawings, perhaps, as David suggests, they result from Ingres's use of a camera lucida. On the other hand, Ingres's father was also a painter and, in particular, a miniaturist, and maybe it has something to do with that. Then again, as a miniaturist, maybe his father was likewise using lenses. It would be nice if we could find an account from one of Ingres's sitters—and there are many who left such accounts, who mention his easels and brushes and canvases—a sitter who described Ingres's use of such optical devices. On the other hand, who's to say we won't yet come upon just such an account, especially now that we know what to look for?"

Such comments were typical of the hesitations raised by several (though not all) of the art historians I spoke with in the ensuing weeks—and several were far more bluntly dubious. Hockney was unfazed. "For one thing," he told me when I telephoned, "the paintings themselves are the evidence, if you know how to look at them—if you look at them, that is, as an artist would look at them. Many art historians regard themselves as too lofty—too concerned with the history of ideas, of iconography and so forth—to bother with questions about the mere craft of a painting's making. I must say, frankly, that I'm not all that interested in what sometimes passes for 'art history,' though I am intensely interested in the history of paintings.

"As for evidence," he went on, "if anything, it's the other way around: the burden is on them. If you say I'm wrong about the proliferation of lenses and optical devices, then you've got to explain how you could get Caravaggio's lutes just a few short decades after Dürer; how come those skills seem to rise up out of nowhere, spread everywhere, and then disappear just as quickly with the advent of the chemical process, some three hundred years later? How come awkwardness seems to disappear completely from Western European art for three hundred years and then just as quickly reappear? It all just happens by itself? *That* would be the loopy theory."

But what about the apparent lack of testimony on the part of the artists or their sitters? Hockney replied, "Artists are notoriously secretive about the specifics of their technique, always have been, and this would have been especially so in the early modern period, when the projection of such illusion was almost deemed a magical gift—though in many ways it's no less so today. Does anybody know exactly how Roy Lichtenstein created his effects? Or Morris Louis? Were they telling?" Hockney similarly dismissed the lack of testimony by sitters: Who's to say that they would have known what to be looking for?



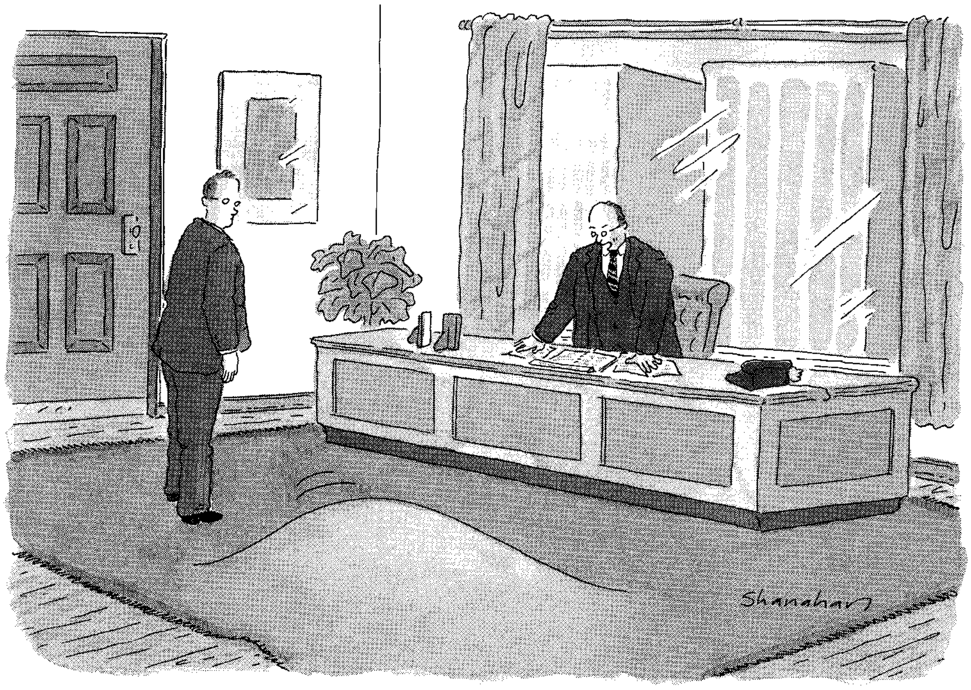
I could see why Hockney drove some art historians crazy. "He's a *nimble* thinker" is how John Walsh had parsed matters for me, his voice brimming with wry affection. "He's seldom at a loss for answers, even if those answers might seem to overlap in sometimes wildly contradictory ways."

"And anyway," Hockney was now saying, "who says there isn't already plenty of evidence of precisely the sort they seem to be demanding?" He noted how he'd recently begun a fax correspondence with Martin Kemp, the eminent art historian at Oxford University, whose massive 1990 study, "The Science of Art: Optical Themes in Western Art from Brunelleschi to Seurat," was studded with suggestive leads. "And my friend David Graves, in London, has been spending time in the British Library, digging up all sorts of things. For instance, here"—I could hear him shuffling papers. "Right. This: from Giovanni Battista della Porta's 1558 four-volume treatise on 'Magiae Naturalis'—'Natural Magic'—by which was meant seemingly supernatural phenomena that could be explained scientifically. And here he's revealing what he calls the 'carefully guarded secret' of receiving images on a concave mirror. 'If you cannot paint,' he advises, 'you can by this arrangement draw (the outline of images) with a pencil. You have then only to lay on the colours. This is done by reflecting the image downwards onto a drawing board with paper. And for a person who is skillful, this is a very easy matter.' And so forth. So I really don't know what these historians are talking about: no evidence."

I BEGAN getting faxes on an almost nightly basis—part of a stream of such inspiration that Hockney seemed to be sending out to an ever-widening group of correspondents (Martin Kemp, David Graves, Gary Tinterow, and so on). The notes were invariably handwritten. Hockney—this great student of technical wizardry—has never learned to type, and hence shies away from E-mail. For that matter, the fax allows him to send reproductions of imagery, too.

One morning, I found a single sheet upon which Hockney had included, side by side, a reproduction of Vermeer's

"The Art of Painting" (the artist in his silly dark pantaloons, seen from behind, seated at his easel, his model poised gracefully before him) and one of Norman Rockwell's witty "Triple Self-Portrait" (the artist, likewise seen from behind, leaning over to peer, bespectacled, into a mirror as he completes the prettified self-image, without glasses, on the canvas before him). As Hockney subsequently remarked, both images were manifest fictions in terms of their own creative process; neither artist was in fact eyeballing the painting we see before us. Rockwell famously used photographs to develop his imagery, and Vermeer has been shown by the National Gallery's Arthur Wheelock, among others, to have blocked out his canvases with the aid of a camera obscura.



"You're only making this harder on yourself, Powell."

Another morning, I woke to find yet another impromptu treatise on Caravaggio's method. "The more one looks into Caravaggio," Hockney wrote, the more "one can figure out his tool, which had to be a sophisticated lens." He went on to note that, as he'd suspected, there were contemporary written references to Caravaggio's "glass" ("I mention this for the historian of pictures who wants everything in writing so he doesn't have to look very hard at the pictures and deduce methods"), after which he set out, precisely, to deduce Caravaggio's possible technique:

> He traveled a lot, so the equipment has to be portable, not really very big. So I suggest a lens that is not much bigger than two cans of beans. . . . The lenses were all hand-made, hand-ground, etc. Caravaggio's would never have left his person, unless he was using it. In the highly competitive world of painters, no wonder he carried a sharp sword in those violent times.
>
> He worked in dark rooms—cellars. . . . He used artificial lighting, usually from the top left. He would use models from the street—who else would sit still for him very long?—and was known to work very fast. How long can you hold your arms outstretched even resting on a stand? Try it: you begin to ache under the arms.
>
> So the "Supper at Emmaus" was set up carefully in a cellar, lit carefully, and then he put his lens in the middle on a stand and hung a curtain (thick material in those days) around it. The room is now divided into a light part and a dark part. He is "in the camera" and the tableau is projected clearly with telescopic effect (notice again how the rear hand is almost bigger than the front hand nearer to you).
>
> He covers the canvas with a rich dark undercoat that, being wet, reflects light back. He takes a brush and with the wrong end draws guidelines for the figures in the composition, to enable him to get the models back in position after [breaks for] resting, eating, pissing, etc. . . .
>
> He rapidly paints on the wet canvas, skillfully and with thin paint, knocking in the difficult bits, and then with his virtuosity he can finish by taking down the curtain, turning the canvas round and looking at the scene in reality. . . .
>
> All this sounds perfectly plausible to me. So, say there was no lens; then give a reasonable explanation. Remember: there are no drawings, no notes.
>
> Goodnight, D. Hockney

Good night indeed: I noticed that the fax had been sent at two-thirty in the morning his time.

I subsequently spoke with Gary Tinterow about this particular piece of Hockneyan speculation. We happened to be looking at one of the Met's own Caravaggios; he crouched at the side of the canvas and urged me to look up with him. "It's interesting about Caravaggio," Tinterow said. "Because the fact is that, when you look at his paintings in a raking light like this, you can indeed still make out the marks made upon the canvas by the blunt end of the brush or a stylus as it traced out the contours of the various forms."

ABOUT a week after I'd got Hockney's Caravaggio treatise, my phone rang me awake way before seven: there was a whistling on the line. "Oh dear." Hockney's voice came rising through the whistle. "What time is it?" It turned out that he was calling from Canberra, Australia, where he'd gone to deliver an early version of these ideas as a lecture. Frank Stella, another Caravaggio enthusiast, was in attendance and, according to Hockney, he'd said to him afterward, "I'm sure you're right." Hockney apologized for waking me, but went on, "Listen, love, there's a book you have got to get. The Taschen book of 'The Portrait.' Norbert Schneider. I picked up a copy this afternoon at the museum here, and it's incredible. The first page, in the introduction, Schneider writes—he's talking about the late fifteenth century—'It remains a source of continual astonishment that so infinitely complex a genre should develop in so brief a space of time, indeed within only a few decades.' *Continual astonishment:* he's talking about the arrival of the lens, and he doesn't even know it. But I'm absolutely convinced of it. The plates are amazing. Get the book and we'll talk later."

I did—it *is* a beauty—and that evening the phone rang again; it was Hockney, almost breathless with excitement. "You have the book?" he asked. "Good. Because I think Schneider's right. It happens before Dürer. Dürer is showing an *old* way in those woodcuts." He instructed me to turn to a page that featured a small color reproduction of Giovanni Bellini's portrait of the Doge of Venice, circa 1500—an extraordinary painting. Then he told me to turn to the opposite page, which was filled with a detail of the Doge's face in black-and-white or, rather, sepia. "And there you can really see it," Hockney said. "Something about the sepia tonalities, perhaps, but the image looks for all the world like some antique 1870 photograph of an Indian raja. Look at the detail of the tight embroidering around the Doge's cap," he went on, "how precisely the pattern follows the contours of the cap—your eye thinks it's lying there perfectly. No way, absolutely no way that could have been eyeballed, no way mathematical perspective could account for such precision."

Hockney then had me turn to a reproduction of Holbein the Younger's 1532 portrait of Georg Gisze. He pointed out the highlights on Gisze's sleeve, and how precisely the geometric pattern follows the rug as it falls over the edge of the tabletop. The glass vase, the pestle, both perfect, rest perfectly on the tabletop. "Your eye knows they're right," Hockney insisted, now guiding my attention to "that curious cylindrical brass cannister on the table between them. Because something's wrong: I mean, itself it looks right, but something's wrong with how it's resting on the tabletop. It's as if it had been added as an afterthought, a separate projection, which didn't align quite right. Right?"

Hockney was warming to his theme. I realized that it must be six in the morning for him, and I wondered whether he'd slept at all. He directed me to turn to a Raphael painting, from 1518, of Pope Leo X. "Look at the thick brocade of his sleeve: perfect," Hockney said. "I was talking with a historian the other day about this picture, and he stopped me cold. What was I talking about? There couldn't possibly have been any lenses in 1518. Galileo doesn't happen till 1609, Leeuwenhoek is more like 1660. 'Oh yeah,' I countered. 'What do you think that is in the Pope's hand?'" Sure enough, Pope Leo was holding a magnifying glass. "And, of course," Hockney said, "it stands to reason that lenses would first have been prized by popes and kings, the wielders of power, and, in turn, their court painters—accurate portraiture being such an important aspect of their rule—and only later, maybe even much later, by scientists and academics and their lowly like."

He paused for air, but not for long. "And, by the way, look at which hand the Pope's holding his lens in." The left. "I was talking with another historian the other day, and he assured me that no left-handed person would ever have been allowed to become pope in those days: the left was the devil's hand. *Sinistra.* But that's the effect you would get, in the early days of lens projection, if you hadn't yet learned to compensate for the reversal caused by the lens. For that matter, look through the rest of the book: Lorenzo Lotto's 'Man with a Golden Paw'; he, too, appears to be holding the object in his left hand. Doesn't it seem to you there are an inordinate number of left-handed people in this book?" He paused again before positively exulting, "I'm right. I'm right. I'm more certain of it every day." Whereupon he rang off.

A FEW weeks after that, Hockney was back in New York, addressing the Ingres symposium at the Met. His presentation was the last of the day, following public talks by such art historians as Thomas Crow (on Ingres and David), Jack Flam (on Ingres and Matisse), and Robert Rosenblum (on Ingres's progeny, from Gérôme to Picasso).

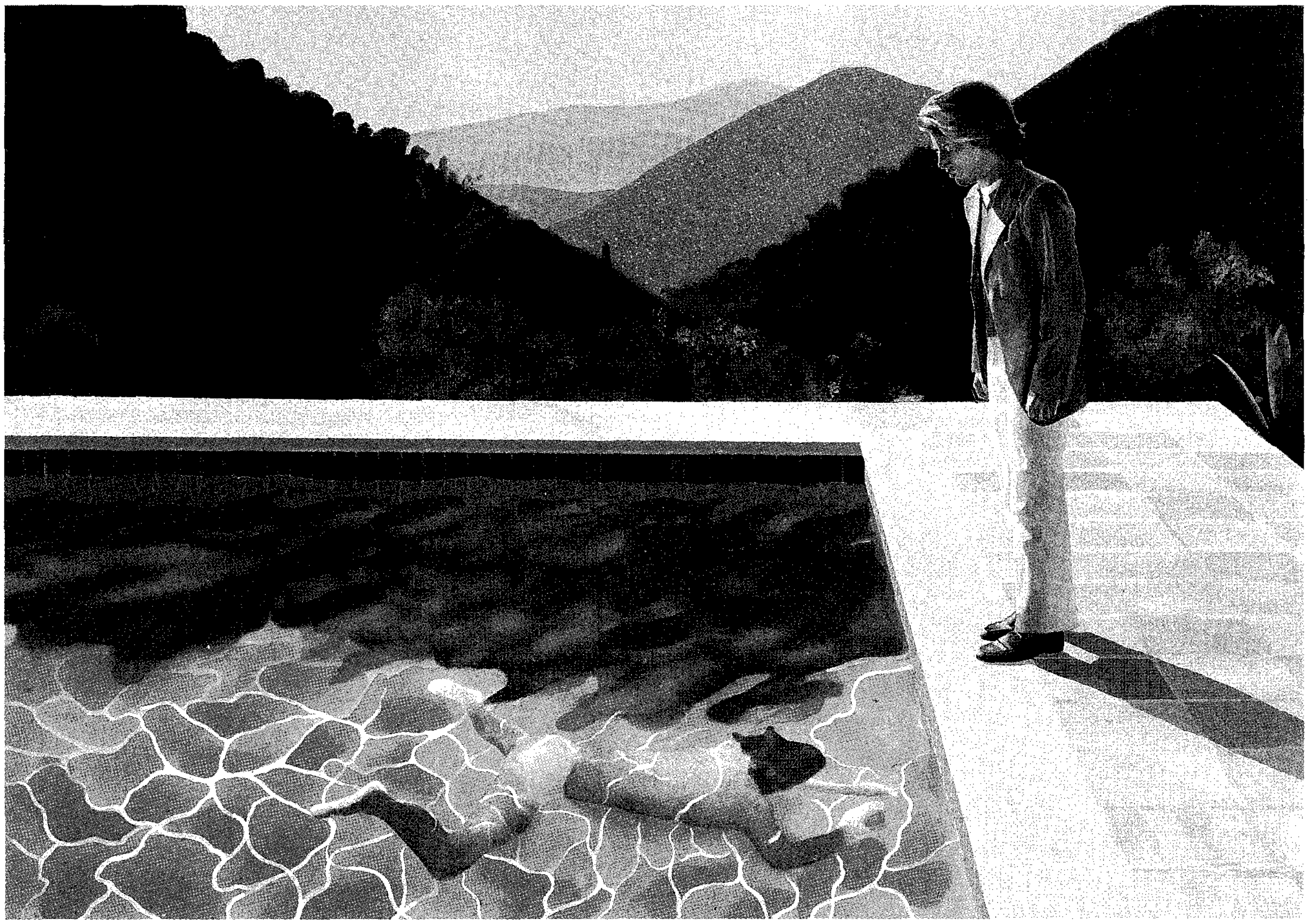
During his slide show, Hockney went over much of the material he'd been rehearsing with me and others over the previous several weeks—Ingres, Warhol, Caravaggio, Bellini, Raphael—but he added some newer material as well. For instance, he devoted more time to Velázquez, Van Dyck, and Rubens (an oddly anomalous eyeballer). He'd developed a charming riff on early modern Spanish still-lifes, especially the work of Juan Sánchez Cotán (1561-1627), a master of sliced melons ("the lutes of the vegetable world") and cabbage heads. How long do you think a cabbage like that one would have lasted in those days, prior to refrigeration, in a strong light like that?" Hockney challenged his audience.

Later, someone asked the historians what they made of Hockney's theory, a question that drew a long, somewhat embarrassed silence, though whether the embarrassment was for themselves (at never having noticed such a thing before) or for Hockney (how could anyone publicly champion such ridiculously grandiose claims?) was not immediately apparent. One of the historians hazarded the predictable "But there are no documents." To which Hockney responded with his growing arsenal of ripostes, culminating in the faux-modest "I mean, I'm only speaking from my experience as an artist, though surely that must count for something"—which brought down the house.

Hockney returned to Los Angeles, and his fax and phone updates resumed apace. "Heresy," he announced one evening over the phone. "It turns out that della Porta got himself arrested, playing with these effects. Earlier, in the thirteenth century, when Roger Bacon wrote to the Pope about lenses, he was told to shut up and get himself back to Oxford. And, of course, Galileo. The Inquisition. Lenses were still dangerous things, highly suspect at the dawning of the scientific age. No wonder they aroused so much secrecy. No wonder there's so relatively little written evidence about them."

"America!" he announced on another occasion. "Doubtless it won't have been lost on you that the lens begins to proliferate across Europe almost simultaneously with the discovery of the New World, a discovery that, in turn, required its own breakthroughs in lenses and optical measuring and navigational devices of all sorts." And the transition to optical techniques had other revolutionary implications. "In Caravaggio and early Velázquez, the street urchin down the lane becomes a god, an angel, an apostle," Hockney said, "because he's the only one with the time and willingness to pose. Or, anyway, the only one the painter can afford to pay."

Then, just the other day: "But of course it's all coming back together again nowadays. I mean, the rupture between photography and modernist painting. What else is one to make of the news these days? All the revelations about the ease with which journalistic photo editors are regularly altering their digitally based images. The computer changes everything: pixels rather than negatives, the hand back inside the camera! That's what the *Guardian's* picture editor must have meant when he got found out in one of those mini-tempests: 'Ah,' he said, 'we've been caught with our fingers in the electronic paint box.' From this day forward, one might want to say, paraphrasing Delaroche, chemical photography is over! The monocular claim to univalent objective reality is falling away once and for all, and we are being thrust back on ourselves, forced to take responsibility for the way we make and shape our realities, with eye and hand and heart. Who knows where it all will lead? But it's a very exciting time."


A century after the rupture between cameras and painting: Hockney's 1972 "Portrait of an Artist (Pool with Two Figures)."

© DAVID HOCKNEY

It had been an exciting couple of months for *me*, at any rate, trying to keep up with the pace of Hockney's rampaging discoveries. Sometimes I wasn't sure. Some of his arguments verged on the tautological: if the rendering was assured, the methodology had to have been lens-based; if it was groping or awkward, it couldn't possibly have been lens-based; therefore, assured rendering proved the presence of lenses. Weren't his claims perhaps too broad? I mean, *all* art over a three-hundred-year swath founded on lens-based techniques? Might it not, rather, have been a case of perceptual hegemony—that a sort of lens-based *look* came to be deemed real, and that artists, through a variety of techniques, were now required to hew to that standard? And what of virtuosity? Mightn't certain artists who began by using lenses eventually have graduated beyond them, having got the proportions and the vantages into their very bones, so to speak? And couldn't one imagine visual prodigies, individuals who might never have required such aids? One speaks of a musician having perfect pitch. Might not it be possible for an artist (say, Velázquez) to have had a photographic eye, as it were, for everything he saw?

At other times, however, such hesitations seemed like quibbles. It was as if Hockney had laid a camera lucida across five hundred years of art history, projecting the entire expanse in vividly novel detail. And who cared, finally, if Hockney's version of history was to actual history what Hockney's version of a pool is to an actual pool? Which would one rather look at?

One day, I asked John Walsh what he made of the general arc of Hockney's theory. "Oh, I don't know about vast historical arcs," he said. "Maybe there is such a thing. But it seems to me history is far more circuitous, filled with starts, stops, backsliding, lurches forward. In the end, though, none of that really matters, because in the end nobody is expecting a killer theoretical tome from Hockney. What one awaits, with ever mounting anticipation and excitement, is how he's going to interweave all these fresh insights into his own ongoing work—what fresh new art all this is going to provoke." ♦

RAY K. METZKER, "PICTUS INTERRUPTUS" (1977)/LAURENCE MILLER GALLERY

FICTION

QUALITY TIME

BY RICHARD FORD

Where he stopped for the red light on busy Sheridan Road, Wales watched a woman fall down in the snow. A sudden loss of footing on the slick, walked-over hummock the plows had left at the crosswalk. She must be old, Wales thought. Though it was dark and he couldn't see her face, only her fall—backward. She wore a long gray man's coat and boots and a knitted cap pulled down. Or else she was drinking, he thought, watching her through his salted windshield. She could be younger, too. Younger and drinking.

Wales was driving to the Drake Hotel to spend the night with a woman named Jena. A married woman whose husband had done colossally well in real estate. Jena had taken a suite in the Drake for a week—to paint. She was forty. She had her husband's permission. They—she and Wales—had done this five nights in a row now. He wanted it to go on.

Wales had worked abroad for fourteen years. He wrote for various outlets—in Barcelona, Stockholm, Berlin. Always in English. He realized he'd been away too long, had lost touch with things American. But a friend from years ago, a reporter he'd known in London, had called and said to him to come to Chicago, teach a seminar on exactly what it's like to be James Wales. Just two days a week, for a couple of months, then back to Berlin. "The Literature of the Actual," his friend, who'd become a professor, said, and laughed. It was funny. Like Hegel was funny. None of the students took it seriously.

The woman who had fallen—old, young, drunk, he wasn't sure—had got to her feet now, and for some reason had put one hand on top of her head, as if the wind were blowing. Traffic was rushing in front of her up Sheridan Road, accumulating speed behind headlights. Tall sixties apartment blocks—a long file of them, all with nice views—separated the street from Lake Michigan. It was early March. Wintry.

The stoplight stayed red for Wales's lane, though the opposite cars began turning in front of him in a fast procession onto Ardmore Street. But the woman who'd fallen and now had her hand on her head took this moment to walk out into the busy thoroughfare. And for some lucky reason the driver in the nearest lane, the lane by the curb, slowed and came to a stop for her. Though the woman never saw this, never sensed that she had, by taking two, perhaps three unwise steps, put herself into danger. Who knows what's going on in *that* head, Wales thought, watching. A moment ago she was lying in the snow. A moment before that everything had been fine.

Cars were still turning hurriedly onto Ardmore Street. And it was the cars in this lane—the middle turning lane—whose drivers did not see the woman as she stepped uncertainly and farther into the street. Though it seemed that she did see them, because she extended the same hand that had been touching her head and held it palm outward, as if she expected the turning cars to stop as she walked into their lane. And it was one of these cars, a dark van resembling a small spaceship (and, Wales thought, moving much too fast, faster than reasonable under the conditions), one of these speeding cars that hit the woman flush on, bore directly into her side, like a boat ramming her, never thinking of brakes, and in so doing knocked her not up into the air or under the wheels or onto its nonexistent hood but sloughed her to the side and onto the road—changed her in an instant from an old, young, possibly drunk, possibly sober woman in a gray man's coat into a collection of assorted remnants on a frozen pavement.

Dead, Wales thought. Not five feet from where he and his lane now began to move smartly off, the light having gone to green and horns having commenced behind. In his side mirror, he saw the woman's motionless body in the road (he was already a block beyond the scene). The street was congested going both ways, more car horns were blaring. In his mirror, he saw that the van, its tail-lights brilliant red, had stopped and that a figure was rushing back into the road, arms waving crazily. People were hurrying from the bus stop, from the apartment buildings, passersby. Traffic was coming to a halt on that side.

He intended to stop. Though stopping wouldn't help, Wales thought, looking again into the mirror from half a block farther on. A collection of shadowy people stood out on the pavement, peering down. He could no longer see the woman. But no one was kneeling to assist her—which was a sure sign. His heart had begun pounding. Cold sweat rose on his neck inside the warm car. He felt suddenly jittery. *It's always bad to die when you don't want to.* That had been the motto of a man named Peter Swayzee he'd known in Spain—a photographer, a silly man who was dead now, shot to pieces covering a skirmish in east Africa, someplace the journalists had expected to be protected. He himself had never done that—covered a war or a skirmish or a border flareup or a firefight. He had no wish to do that. It was reckless. He preferred the parts that weren't war. Culture. And he was now in Chicago.

TURNING south onto the Outer Drive, Wales went over what seemed remarkable about the death he'd just witnessed. Some way he felt now seemed to need resolving, unburdening. Always it was necessary to tabulate one's responses. The first thing: that she was dead, and how certain he had been about that; how nothing less seemed thinkable. It was not a moral issue—other people were helping in the event she wasn't dead yet. He'd helped people—once, in the U-Bahn, when the Kurds had set off plastique at rush hour. No one in the station could see for the smoke, and he had guided people, led them by the hand up and out into the sunny street. Though what could be resolved, satisfied by declaring someone, someone he didn't know, to be dead?

The other thing was—and perhaps this *was* a moral issue: He was moved by the woman as he had first seen her, falling into the snow, almost gently, then standing and righting herself, getting her hand put properly on the top of her head. She had been completely in her life then, in the fullest grip and perplex of it. And then—as he had watched—three steps, possibly four, and that was all over. In his mind he broke it down: First, as though nothing that happened was inevitable. And then as if it all was inevitable, a steady unfolding. In his line of work, no one had use for this kind of inquiry. In his line of work, the actual was all.

The lake was on the left, dark as petroleum and invisible beyond the blazing lanes of opposite, northbound, homeward traffic. It was Friday night. Out ahead, the city center lit the low clouds shrouding the great buildings, the tallest of which had all but disappeared, igniting the sky from within. The jitters hadn't lasted so long. What was left was only a discomposed feeling, almost like a fervor, and that, he knew, could as easily be the anticipation of where he was going.

THE Drake was jammed with people at 6 P.M.—even in the lower arcade, where there were expensive shops and an imitation Cape Cod restaurant, where he and Jena had dined their first night, when they'd been so pleased with themselves to be together. Wales entered this way each night—the back way—and exited this way each morning. If Jena's husband had employed a detective to watch for him, then a detective, he decided, would watch the front. He was not good at deception, he knew. Deception was very American.

Men in suits with their wives in flowered dresses were everywhere in the lower lobby, hurrying one way and another, wearing nametags that said "Big Ten." He wanted past all this. But a man seemed to know him as he wove his way through the crowded arcade toward the elevator banks.

"Hey!" the man said. "Wales." The man bore through the crowd, a large, thick-necked, smiling man in a large blue suit. An ex-athlete, of course. His white plastic nametag said "Jim," and below it "President." "Are you coming to our cocktail party?"

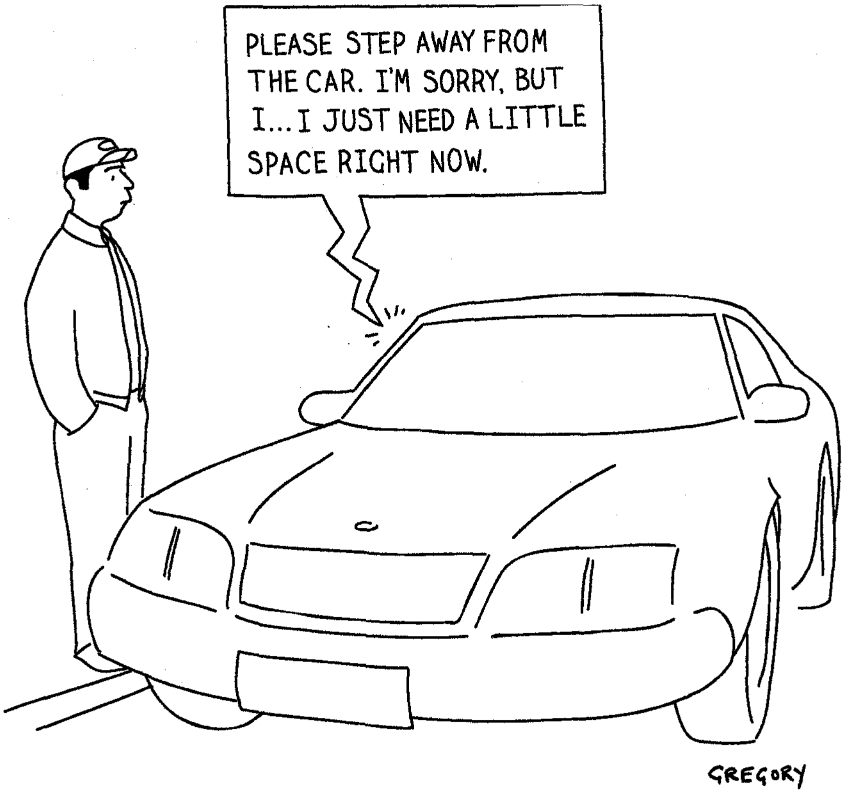
"I don't know. No." Wales smiled. People were all around, making too much noise. Couples were filtering into a large room where there was loud piano music and laughter.

He had met this man, Jim. But that was all he remembered without really remembering that. At a college dinner, possibly. And now here he was again, in the way. Chicago was large but not large enough. It was large in a small way.

"Well, you're invited," the man Jim said jovially, stepping closer to him.

"Thanks," he said. "Good. Yes." They had not shaken hands. Neither wanted to hold the other very long.

"I mean, what better offer have you


PLEASE STEP AWAY FROM THE CAR. I'M SORRY, BUT I... I JUST NEED A LITTLE SPACE RIGHT NOW.
GREGORY

OVERSENSITIVE CAR ALARM

got, Wales?" Jim said. His skin was too white, too thick along its big jawline.

"Well," Wales said. "I don't know." He'd almost said, "That depends," but didn't. He felt suddenly conspicuous.

"Did you get the tickets I sent you?" Jim said loudly.

"Of course," Wales said. He didn't know what Jim could be talking about. But he said, "I did. Thanks."

"I'm as good as my word, then, aren't I?" The man was shouting through the crowd noise, which was increasing.

Wales glanced toward the elevator banks. Polished brass doors slowly opening, slowly closing. Pale green triangles—up. Pale red triangles—down. Faint, seductive chiming.

"Thanks for the tickets." He wanted to shake the man's hand to make him go.

"Tell Franklin I say hello," the man said, and by smiling made his great unusual jaw look like Mussolini's jaw. Franklin, Wales wondered. Who was Franklin? He knew no one at the college named Franklin. He felt drunk, although he had not been drinking. An hour before this, he had been teaching. Trapped in a quiet room with students.

Bing, bing, bing. Elevators were departing.

"Oh yes," Wales said, "I will," and for a third time smiled.

"So," Jim said, "be good, now." All his front teeth were false teeth.

Jim wandered into the crowd that had begun moving toward the cocktail party. Just at that moment, Wales could smell a cigar, rich and dense and pungent. It made him think about the Paris Bar in Berlin. Something about smoke and this brassy amber arcade light was almost the same as there. He'd gone in one night with a woman friend for a drink and to buy condoms. When he'd stepped into the men's, he'd found the dispenser was beside the urinals, which were in constant use. And somehow—nervousness possibly, anticipation—somehow he had let drop his Deutschemark coin. And because he had been drinking then, and because he wanted to buy the condoms, badly wanted them, he had squatted beside a man who was pissing and fetched the fugitive coin off the tiles from between a stranger's straddled legs. The man smiled down at him, unbothered, as if this kind of thing always happened. "I must have dropsy tonight," Wales had said, fingering the hard little silver D-mark, which was not at all dampened. And then he'd started laughing, peals of loud laughing. No one in the men's could possibly know what "dropsy" meant. It was very, very funny. A typical problem with the language.

"*Viel Glück, mein Freund,*" the man said, zipping himself, and looking around, very pleased about everything.

"Yes, well. *Das beste Glück. Natürlich,*" Wales said, depositing the coin in the machine.

"Now everyone will know," his woman friend said, as they exited the bar into the warm summer's night along Kantstrasse. She laughed about it. She knew everyone there.

"Surely no one cares."

"No, of course not. No one cares a thing. It's all completely stupid."

JENA had given him the key. A crisp white card which, when inserted, triggered a tiny green light, provoking a soft click, after which the door opened. Room 839.

"Oh, I've been dying for you to be here," Jena said, her voice rich, deeper than usual. He couldn't see her. The room was dark but for a candle Jena had put beside her easel, which was in shadows by the window. It was a long L-shaped suite ending with a little step up to tall windows that looked down onto the drive. The desirable north view. The expensive view. The bed was at the other end, where there was no light, only the clock radio, which said it was 6:05. A good, spacious American room, Wales thought. So much nicer than Europe. You could live an entire life in a room like this, and it would be an excellent life.

Jena was seated on one of two armchairs she'd placed by the windows. She had been watching cars on the drive. She extended her arm back to take his hand. She was irresistible. More attractive than anyone.

"Aren't you late?" she said. "You feel very late."

"There was traffic," Wales said.

She turned her head toward him. He

leaned to kiss her cheek, smelled her faint citrus breath.

Jena had the heat up. She was always cold. She was too thin, he thought, thinner than she looked in her clothes, a small, dark-haired woman with thin arms, not precisely pretty in every light, her face slightly pointed, her soft, smiling lips slightly too thin. But so appealing—the climate of incaution about her. Plus, she was quick-witted, unpredictable, thought of herself almost constantly, laughed at the wrong moments. She was rich and a wife and a mother, and so Wales thought, possibly she'd had little experience of the world, not enough to know what not to do, and was only herself—a quality he found attractive.

Wales had been requested to give a lecture to satisfy his college stay. And he had decided to lecture on the death of Princess Diana as an event in the English press. "A Failed Actuality," he'd titled it. These, he'd said, were the easiest to cover. You made up the emotions, made up their consequence, invented what was important. It was customary in England. He'd quoted Henry James: "Writing made importance." It was not exactly journalism, he realized.

Jena had attended the lecture "from the community," driven down from a suburb up the lake. Afterward, she'd invited him for a drink. In the bar, they'd talked until late about America losing its grip on the world; about the global need to feel more; about an enlarged sense of global grief; about the amusing coincidence of his name—Wales. She was forward, arousing, rarely stayed on any subject, laughed too much—the laugh, he thought, of a woman accustomed to being distrusted. But he had thought, Where did you come from? Where can I find you again? She had acted uncertain at the beginning—though not shy, she wasn't shy in the least; she was protected, disengaged, careless, which allowed her to *seem* uncertain and thus daring. He liked this. It was exciting. Though he knew that when women came to lectures they came wanting something—possibly something innocent, but something, always. That had been two weeks ago. As they left the bar, she'd taken his arm and said, "We'll have to hurry if we're going to do anything together. You're leaving soon." They had not quite talked about doing anything together. But he was leaving soon.

"Then we'll hurry," he said. And they had.

"YOUR hands are freezing." Jena took his hands. He liked her very much.

He knelt and put both his arms around her and held her so his cheek was against her hair. She was wearing a small black Chanel dress that revealed her neck, and he kissed her there, then kissed into her hair, which felt dry on his mouth. He could smell himself. He should bathe, he thought. He was sour. A bath would be a relief.

"I saw a man in the lobby who knew me," Wales said. "He asked about someone named Franklin. I didn't know who he was."

"He probably thought you were somebody else," Jena said softly, her face beside his.

"Maybe." Perhaps it was so, except that the man had called him Wales. Though, my God, he realized, this seemed like the drab news you would tell your wife when you had nothing else to say. Unimportant news. He didn't have a wife.

Each of the five nights they had been in the Drake, Jena had wanted to make love the moment he arrived, as if it was this act that impelled them both, and everything else should get out of its way; that their time was serious, urgent, fast disappearing. He wanted that act now very much, felt aroused but also slightly unstrung. He had, after all, seen a death tonight. Death unstrung everyone.

Only, what Jena didn't like was weakness. Weakness anywhere. It was very suburban not to like weakness. But as a consequence he did not wish to seem unstrung. She was a woman who wished to be in control, yet also to be kept off balance, slightly mystified, as though mystery were a form of interesting intelligence. She needed him, therefore, to seem in control, seem remote, opaque—anything but weak. It was her dream world.

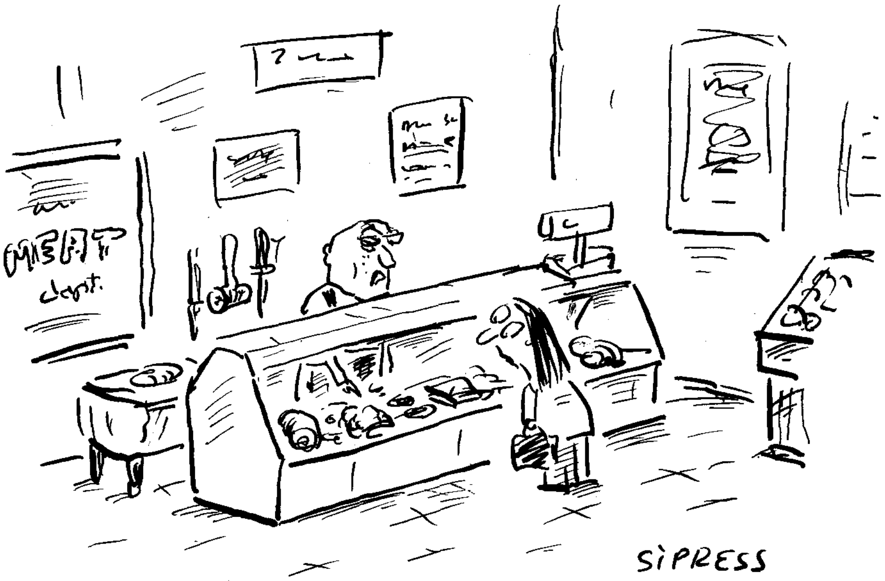
And yet, remoteness was such a burden. Who finally worried about revealing yourself? You did it, whether you wanted to or not. He realized he was letting her be the interesting part of this. It was a kind of generosity. What was most real to her were the things she wanted.

"I'd like to talk," Jena said. "Can we talk for a little first?"

"I was hoping we would," Wales said. This was opaque enough. Perhaps he could tell her about the woman he'd seen killed on Ardmore.

"Come sit in this chair beside me." She looked up, smiled. "We can watch the lights and talk. I missed you."

He didn't mind whatever he did with her now; you could make a good evening in different ways. Making love would come along. Later they would go out onto the wide, lighted avenue in the cold and breeze, and find dinner some-



"That's pork—the meat of the pig. It makes an excellent substitute for tofu."

place. That would be excellent enough.

He sat between her and her worktable, where there were her brushes, beakers of water and turpentine, tubes of pigment, pencils, erasers, swatches of felt, razor blades. A vase containing three hyacinths. He had seen her paintings before—enlarged black-and-white photographs of a man and a woman, photographs from the nineteen-fifties. The people were nicely dressed, standing in the front yard of a small frame house in what seemed to be an open field. These were her parents. Jena had painted onto these photographs, giving the man and woman red or blue or green shadows around their bodies, smudging their faces, distorting them, making them look ugly but not comical. There was to be a series of these. They were depressing, Wales thought—unnecessary. "Bacon did this first, of course," Jena said. "He never showed his. But I'll show mine."

She took a long red cashmere sweater off the back of her chair and put it on over her dress. The air was chilled by the window glass. It was exhilarating here, Wales thought, as though they were on the edge, waiting to jump.

Below them eight floors, the drive was astream with cars—headlights and tail-lights—the lush apartments up the Gold Coast sumptuous and yellow-lit, though unappealing, inanimate. The pink gleam from the hotel's sign discolored the night air. The lake itself was like a lightless precipice. Lakes were dull, Wales thought. Drama-less. He had grown up near the ocean. The ocean was never a disappointment, never compromised.

"There's something about the lake, isn't there?" Jena said. She leaned close to the window. Tiny motes of moisture floated through the tinted air beyond.

"It's always disappointing to me."

"Oh, no," Jena said sweetly and turned to smile at him. "I love the lake. It's so comforting. It's contained. I love Chicago, too." She turned back to look out. She was happy.

"What shall we speak about?" Wales said.

"My family," Jena said. "Is that all right?"

"I'll make an exception."

"I mean my parents," Jena said, "not my husband or my daughters." Jena had been married for twenty years, though her two children were young. One was ten, he could remember, the other possibly six. She liked her rich husband. He encouraged her to do whatever she wanted. Take flying lessons. Spend summers in Ibiza alone. Never consider employment. Know men. She needed only to stay married to him—that was the agreement. He was older—Wales's age. It was satisfactory. Merely not perfect.

She put ten slender fingertips onto the cold window glass and held them there as though against piano keys. She looked at him again and smiled. "Where are *your* parents?" She had asked this twice before and forgotten twice.

"Rhode Island," Wales said. "My father's eighty-four. My mother has, well..." He didn't care if he said this, but still he hesitated. "My mother has Alzheimer's disease."

"Would she recognize you?" Jena said.

"Would?" Wales said. "She would if she could, I suppose."

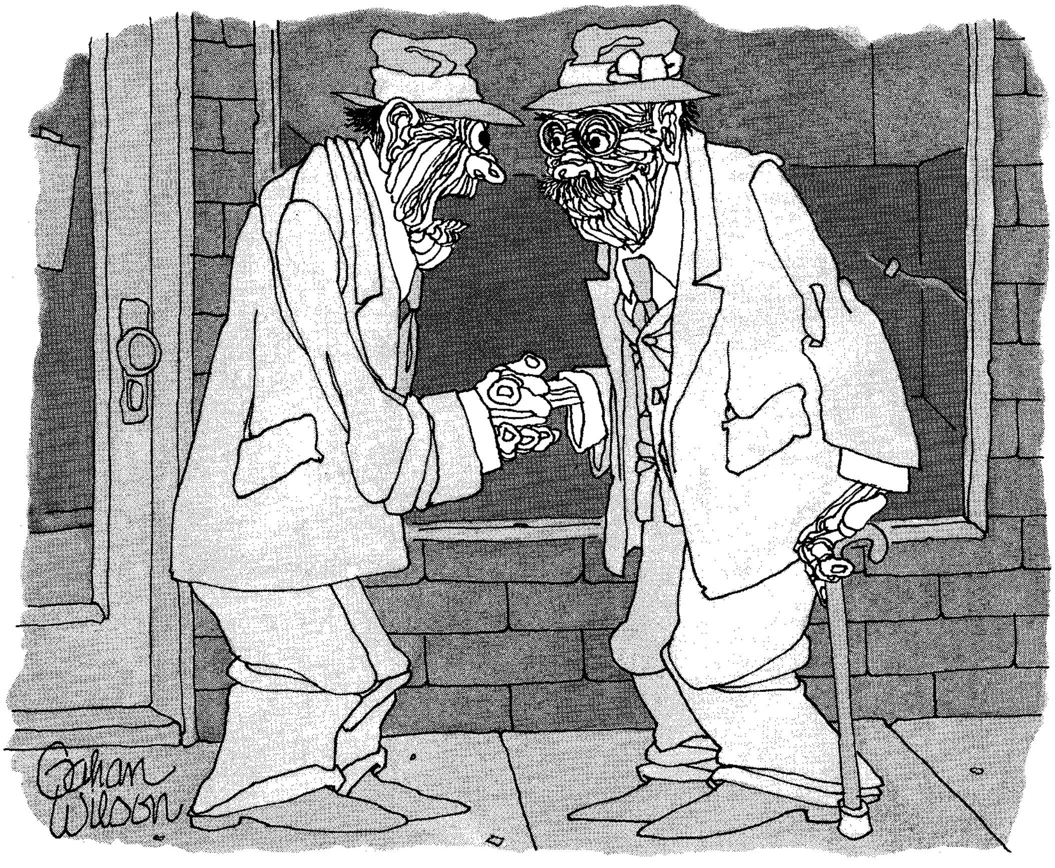
"Does she?"

"No."

"And do you have siblings?" This she had not asked before. She often chose unlikable words. Siblings. Interaction. Network. Bond. Words her friends used.

"One sister who's older," Wales said. "In Arizona. We're not close. I don't like her very much."

"Hmm." Jena pulled her fingers away, just barely, then touched them back to the glass. Her legs were crossed. She was barelegged and barefoot and cold. She was merely being polite. "My parents were essentially speechless," she said, and exhaled wearily. "They were raised so poor in southern Ohio—where nobody really had anything to say—that they didn't know there were all these things you needed to be able to say and do to make the world work." She nodded, agreeing with herself. "My mother, for instance. She wouldn't just walk up to you and say,



"Long time no see!"

'Hello, I'm Mary Burns.' She'd just start talking, just blurt out what she needed to get said. Then she'd stare at you. And if you acted odd she'd dislike you for it."

Jena seemed to fix her gaze on the molten flow of cars below. This was her story, Wales realized; this was the story she couldn't get over from her past, the completely insignificant thing that she believed coöperated in all her great failures: Why she'd married who she married. Why she hadn't gone to a better college. Why she wasn't more successful as an artist. He'd had his own, years ago: An overcast day on Narragansett Bay with his father, in a dory, in 1958. A fishing trip. His father had confessed to him about a half-Portuguese woman he loved, down in Westerly—someone his mother and sister never heard about. The story had stayed fixed in his mind for years, though he had forgotten it until just now.

Still. These things were unimportant. You imagined the past, you didn't remember it. You could just imagine it another way. He would tell her that, tell her she was a wonderful woman. That's all that mattered.

"Is this talk O.K.?" Jena said, pulling her sweater sleeves up above her slender elbows. Her dark hair shone with the candle's flicker. The room was reflected out of kilter in the tall window. "I can't stand it if I bore you."

"No," Wales said. "Go on."

"O.K., so my father," she went right on. "He couldn't go inside of a restaurant and ask for a table. He'd just stand. Then he'd inch forward, expecting his wishes would be understood by whoever was in charge—as if his being there could only mean what he needed it to mean." Jena shook her head, breathed against the cold glass and put her fingertip into the fog her breath left. "So odd," she said. "They were like immigrants. But they weren't. I guess it's a form of arrogance."

"Is that all?" Wales said.

"Yes." She looked at him and blinked. "It doesn't seem important."

"It's just why they were unsuccessful human beings," Jena said calmly. "That's all."

"But does it mean very much to you?" It surprised him that this was what she wanted to tell him. It seemed so intimate and so irrelevant.

"They're my parents," she said.

"Do they like you?"

"Of course. I'm rich. They treat me like royalty. But it's why I'm a painter," Jena said. "They didn't honor their duty to react to the world in a responsible way. So I have to say things with my painting because they didn't."

Perhaps all the time spent with children, he thought, making nothing into something, distorted your view.

"But does it bother you?" he asked.

"No," Jena said. "I'd like to put them in a novel, too. Do you think they would be believable in a novel?" She hoped to write a novel. She liked all media.

"I'm sure they would," he said. And he thought: How difficult could it be to write a novel. So many did it. He liked novels, because they dealt with the incommensurable in life, with the things that couldn't be expressed another way. What he did was so much the opposite. He dealt with things that happened. The wrapping of the Reichstag. The funeral of a phony princess. Failed actualities, yes; with his reactions to make up for the failure.

Someone knocked loudly on the door at the end of the short, dark hallway, and then abruptly opened it. He had forgotten to turn the lock.

"Housekee-ping?" a young woman's voice spoke. A bar of yellow light entered the room from the corridor outside.

"No!" Jena shouted. Her face appeared startled, strained, suddenly unpretty. Her mouth could look surprisingly cruel, though she wasn't especially cruel that he had seen. "No housekeeping."

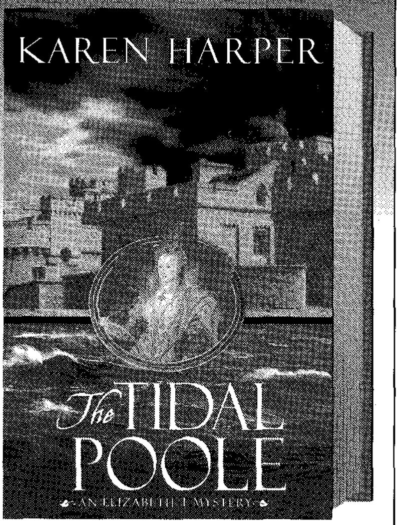
"Housekee-ping?" the voice said again happily. "Would you like to be your bed turned down?"

"No!" Jena shouted again. "Not. No bed turned down."

"O.K. Yes. Thank you." The door clicked slowly closed.

Jena sat for a moment in her chair, in the candlelight, as if she were very unhappy. Her hands were clasped, her mouth tightly closed. He could sense her heart beating stern, insistent beats. She'd thought, naturally enough, that it was her husband. And, eventually, it would be, long after it mattered. "Would you like to be your bed turned down," she said ruefully.

He looked around the darkened



The new Elizabeth I Mystery

An Elizabethan brew of high drama and royal intrigue.

KAREN HARPER
The TIDAL POOLE
AN ELIZABETH I MYSTERY

And don't miss the first novel in the series, *The Poyson Garden*, now in paperback.

Delacorte Press
Available wherever books are sold.
A Featured Alternate of The Mystery Guild.

Slow down!

Luxe biking and walking trips for the culturally curious. Europe and around the World.
1-800-678-1147

Butterfield & Robinson
BIKING & WALKING SINCE 1966
www.butterfield.com

kiawah.com
Free 28-Page Color Guides to Great Beach Vacations
1-800-247-5050 • Ad # 325
Near Historic Charleston, SC
Kiawah • Seabrook • Isle of Palms

archaeological tours
LED BY NOTED SCHOLARS
2000 TOURS Egypt for Grandparents & Grandchildren; Malta, Sardinia & Corsica; West Turkey; East Turkey; Ancient Capitals of China; Etruscan Italy; Sicily & Southern Italy; Silk Road; Israel; Indonesia; Central Asia; Peru; Guatemala; Myanmar, Thailand, Laos & Cambodia; Prehistoric Caves of France; North India; Mali...and more.
271 Madison Ave. 904e, NY, NY 10016
(212) 986-3054

room, then. A tall wood-and-brass clock with a motionless brass pendulum stood in shadows against the wall. There was a pretty decorative fireplace and a mantel. There was a print in a gold frame. Caravaggio. "The Calling of St. Michael." He had seen it in Rome. A glass of wine would be nice now, he thought. He looked around for a bottle on a table surface but saw none. Jena's clothes were all put away, as though she'd lived here for months, which was how she liked things: ordered surfaces, an aura of permanence, as if everything, including herself, had a long history in spite of the facts. It was *her* form of generosity to make things appear solid, reliable.

"Have you ever killed anyone?" she said.

"No," Wales said. She liked to think of him not as a journalist but as a spy. It was another way to make him opaque, to keep herself off balance. She had asked very little about what he did. At first, when they had gone for a drink, she'd been interested. But after that she wasn't.

"Would you?" she said.

"No," Wales said. "Do you have someone in mind?" He still had on his coat and tie, he realized.

"No," Jena said and widened her eyes, as if it were a joke.

He thought for the first time in an hour about the woman's death he'd witnessed on Ardmore Street, about the progress of those events to their end. So much possibility, he thought, so much chance for a better outcome had seemed to be caught in that slow motion. It should make one better able to see the end of events before they happened, he believed, to forestall bad outcomes. It could be applied to love affairs.

"That's surprising, though," Jena went on. "But it's because you're a journalist. If you were a real writer you'd feel different." She smiled at him again, and he caught the tiny faraway feeling that he could possibly love her, enter the mystery that way, though the opportunity would pass soon. But a willingness to say the wrong thing, to boast—he liked it. She was not jaded by experience but freed by a lack of it. "What do you do in Europe?" she said.

"I go see things and then write about them. That's all."

"Are you famous?"

"Journalists don't get famous," he said. "We make other people famous." She didn't know anything about journalists. He liked that very much, too.

"Someday you'll have to tell me what's the strangest thing you ever saw and then wrote about. I'd like to know about that."

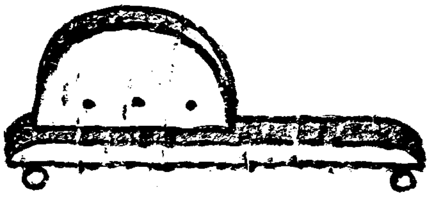
"Someday I will," Wales said. "I promise."

MAKING love was eventful. At first she was almost dalliant, though selective, vaguely theatrical, practiced. And then after time—though all at once, really—engrossed, specific, unstinting, exactly as if it were all unscripted, all new ground, whatever they did. She could find the new with great naturalness, and he was moved by this sensation, that something new could occur with someone: that self-awareness would take you on to immersion and continue then for a long while. He himself resisted nothing, abjured nothing, never lost touch with her in all of it. It was what he wanted.

And when it was over he was for a long time lost from words. She had turned on the lamp by the bed and slept with her hand covering her eyes. And he had thought, Where has this gone in my life? How would I keep this? And then: You don't. This doesn't keep. You take it when it's given.

The clock beneath the lamp said 9:19. Wales could smell the hyacinths on her painter's table, a stale, murky aroma afloat in the warm room. Outside, voices spoke in the hall. Twice, the phone rang. He showered, then walked to the window while she slept, and looked at the painted photograph, the two people, their smiling Midwestern features distorted. She must hate them. Then he remembered the Bacons in the Tate. The apes in agony.

What he wanted to think of, then, was the funeral day in London. It was a relief to think about it. The balmy Saturday, with summer lasting on. He'd taken the train from some friends' outside Oxford. The station—Paddington—had been empty, its long, blackened platforms hushed in the watery light, the streets outside the same. Though the tabloids all had their tombstone headlines up. "WE MOURN!" "WE GRIEVE!" "THEY WEEP!" "GOODBYE."



At the Russell Hotel, he'd stayed in and watched it all on TV. It was an event for TV anyway—his reactions were the story. Passing on the screen were the cortège, the acre of memorials, the soldiers, the bier, the Queen, the Prince. The awful brother. The boys with their perfect large teeth and the whites of their eyes too white. Through his open window, in with a breeze, he'd heard someone say—a woman in the next room, watching it all just as he was—"This'll never happen again, will it? Ya can't say that about much, can ya? It's completely unique, you know? Not her, of course. She wasn't. She was a whoor. Well, right, maybe not a whoor. But you know."

In America it was 5 A.M. He wondered if anyone would be up watching.

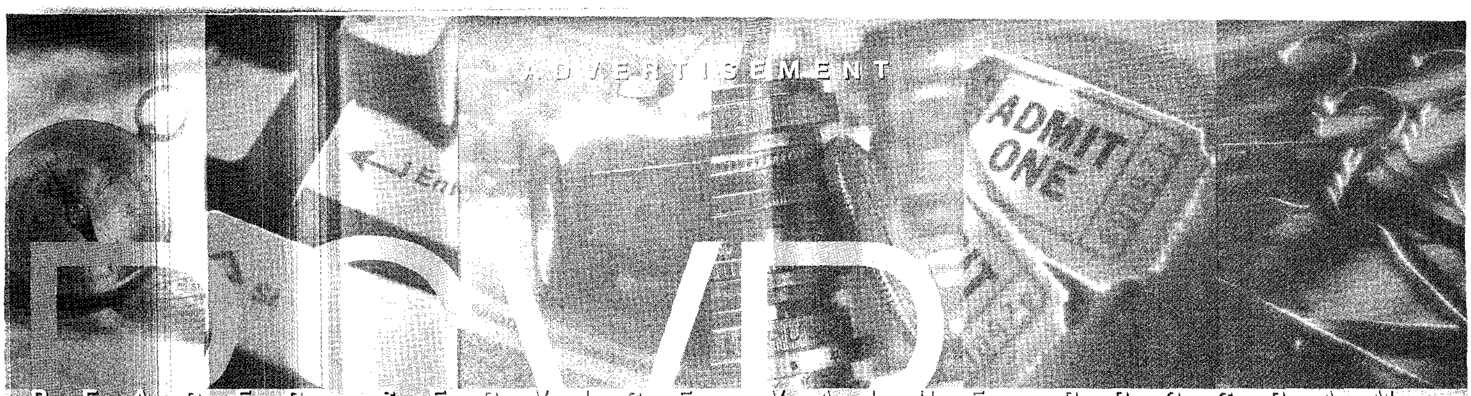
And to it all his reactions were: *How strange to have a royal family. She was never a beauty. What did it all cost? Death by automobile—always trivial. People applauded the hearse. What does one write in a condolence book? It's really themselves they're pitying. How will they feel in a month? In a year? We exaggerate everything just to be able to feel it. Someone—* and this is what he wrote finally, the crux of it, the literature of the failed actuality—*someone has to tell us what's important, because we no longer know.*

The next day he'd learned that his friend's wife had died in Oxford. An aneurysm. Very sudden. Very brief and painless. Only, no one could send flowers. All the flowers were spoken for, which had seemed to point everything else up badly. "The English. We've learned something about ourselves, haven't we, James?" his friend said bitterly, as they sat in his car outside the Oxford station, waiting for friends to arrive. For the other funeral. The real-er one.

"What is it?" Wales said.

"That we're as stupid as the next bunch. As stupid as you are. That's all new to us, you see. We've never exactly known that until now." Why that all came back to him he couldn't say. Stories he wrote usually didn't. Though, later,

A D V E R T I S E M E N T



READER SERVICE VALUE PROGRAM

An invitation to respond directly to The New Yorker's advertisers.

ANNOUNCEMENT

THE NEW YORKER FICTION LIVE February 23, 24, & 25, 2000. *The New Yorker* goes from page to stage with a return engagement of fiction readings for three nights at Joe's Pub at The Public Theater. Stories will be drawn from "Wonderful Town: New York Stories from *The New Yorker*" (Random House), a new collection of fiction published to commemorate the magazine's 75th anniversary. The book features stories by such urbane observers as: J.D. Salinger, Lorrie Moore, Woody Allen, John Updike, and John Cheever. Noted actors of stage and screen will bring these fictional city-scapes to life. The program is presented by *The New Yorker* and The Public Theater/NYSF. Joe's Pub at The Public Theater, 425 Lafayette Street at Astor Place, New York City. Tickets are $12. Readings begin at 8:30 PM. Doors open for dinner and drinks at 6:00 PM. Telecharge, call 1-212-239-6200, or visit The Public Theater/NYSF box office, 425 Lafayette St., Daily 1:00 PM - 6:00 PM.

APPAREL & ACCESSORIES

1 **TILLEY ENDURABLES.** The best travel and adventure clothing in the world: comfortable, easy to care for, long-lasting. Secret pockets, security pockets, "Give 'em hell!" washing instructions. And, the Tilley Hat. Free catalogue. Call 1-800-363-8737.

ART & ANTIQUES

2 **ART IN PROVENCE.** Plein Air workshops for painters at all levels. Top U.S. instructors, elegant food and accommodations, congeniality and fun. Visit us at www.artinprovence.com or call 1-802-457-5169.

EDUCATION

3 **REGENTS COLLEGE.** Pursue your passion to learn more about a subject important to you through our unique Master of Arts degree in Liberal Studies. Call toll-free at 1-888-647-2388.

FINANCIAL SERVICES

4 **DEER INTERNATIONAL, INC.** Order a book or CD-ROM or obtain more information about improving your financial position. Call 1-800-234-3445 or visit our Web site at www.deerinternational.com.

FURNISHINGS & ACCESSORIES

5 **ENDLESS POOLS™.** Swim in place against a gentle current adjustable to any speed or ability in a new concept exercise pool that measures only 8' by 15'. For information, please call 1-800-732-8660 or visit our Web site at www.endlesspools.com.

PERSONAL SERVICES

✆ **THE RIGHT STUFF.** Smart is sexy. Date fellow graduates and faculty at The Ivies, Seven Sisters, MIT, Stanford, UC Berkeley, medical schools and a few others. More than 3,400 members. For information call 1-800-988-5288 or visit www.rightstuffdating.com.

TRAVEL

✆ **ALPINE TRAILS, LTD.** Hike and cross-country ski the Swiss and Italian Alps with popular author/mountaineer Fred Jacobson. Small groups of active outdoor enthusiasts who also appreciate high-level creature comforts. Twenty-eighth year! Call 1-800-291-8126, e-mail: ati@bestweb.net or visit www.alptrails.com.

6 **ANNEMARIE VICTORY ORG.** *Sea Cloud* Cruises. Deluxe cruises on this incomparable tall ship. February 12 to 19, Buccaneers, Privateers & The Royal Navy in the Caribbean. May 10 to 20, An Italian Gourmet & Wine Experience. For brochure, please call 1-212-486-0353, or fax 1-212-751-3149.

7 **CUNARD LINE.** Cruise the world or cross the Atlantic. Enjoy timeless elegance, incomparable service, intriguing destinations and, quite simply, a more cultured experience. Call 1-800-7-CUNARD.

8 **ELEGANT RESORTS INTERNATIONAL.** A group of deluxe independent resorts and hotels in Jamaica, Antigua, Tobago, Haiti and Austria. All-inclusive Platinum Plan available. Visit us on-line at www.elegantresorts.com or call 1-800-237-3237.

9 **EUROPEAN TRAVEL COMMISSION.** *Planning Your Trip to Europe*—sixty-eight-page, full-color guide to twenty-nine countries. Covers attractions, events, entertainment, transportation, food and drink. With maps and photos. Free. Call 1-800-862-6747.

10 **THE FLORIDA KEYS AND KEY WEST.** The destination is comprised of five districts, Key West, Big Pine Key and the Lower Keys, Marathon, Islamorada, and Key Largo. The Florida Keys and Key West—Come As You Are.

11 **GERMAN NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE.** For more information on travel to Germany see the GNTO's official Web site at www.germany-tourism.de and for information about Icelandair Holidays visit their Web site at www.icelandair.com or call 1-800-779-2899.

12 **HUNGARIAN NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE.** Discover "The New Spirit of Old Europe." Visit Hungary and experience one thousand years of cultural excitement and timeless tradition. Please call 1-877-2-HUNGARY or visit www.gotohungary.com.

13 **IRELAND.** Awaken to a different world. For a free vacation kit, call 1-800-SHAMROCK or write: Ireland Vacations, P.O. Box 9501, Cranbury, NJ 08512.

14 **KD RIVER CRUISES OF EUROPE.** See Europe from a different perspective. Take a KD River Cruise on the Rhine, Elbe, Danube and Europe's other historic waterways. Call 1-800-RIVER-KD, or visit www.rivercruises.com.

15 **KONA VILLAGE RESORT.** Discover a Polynesian resort on Hawaii's Big Island. Free of televisions, telephones, and radios—Hawaii as it was meant to be. Call 1-800-367-5290 for information.

16 **LEGENDARY WALES** has tempestuous history, timeless beauty and unexpected pleasures—just two hours from London! Call 1-800-831-8316 or visit www.travelbritain.org/19 for more information.

17 **LINDBLAD SPECIAL EXPEDITIONS.** Take a Journey on the Wild side. Explore the wonders of the Galapagos Islands year round aboard our top-notch expedition ship with a superb staff of naturalists. Visit us at www.expeditions.com or call 1-800-EXPEDITION.

18 **LONDON TOURIST BOARD AND THE RADISSON EDWARDIAN.** London's wild. Come to London and stay in a Radisson Edwardian Hotel. Call 1-800-758-5456 for a *London Now Guide*. Or, call 1-800-333-3333 to book.

19 **PALM SPRINGS, CA.** "America's Desert Playground." Call today for a FREE forty-eight page Palm Springs Visitor's Guide or reservations (budget to luxury). Call 1-800-347-7746 or visit www.palm-springs.org/05.

20 **PALM SPRINGS—DESERT SHADOWS INN RESORT & VILLAS.** Combining the romantic charm of a secluded inn with the luxury of a full service resort in a clothing-free setting. Call 1-800-292-9298 or visit www.desertshadows.com.

21 **PALM SPRINGS GAY GUIDE.** There are thirty gay and lesbian inns and many gay-friendly hotels and resorts. Call toll free for a sixty-page Gay Guide at 1-888-866-2744 or visit www.palm-springs.org/04. Ask for Travel Pack #54.

22 **PALM SPRINGS—KEN IRWIN'S LA MANCHA RESORT VILLAGE.** Heart of Palm Springs! Romantic resort features one- to three-bedroom villas, suites with private pools and spas. Fine dining, tennis, bikes, gym, and massage available. Call 1-800-255-1773 or visit www.la-mancha.com.

23 **PALM SPRINGS—ORCHID TREE INN.** Ideally located. Experience the comfort and romance of Old Palm Springs. Authentically restored, beautifully landscaped for privacy. The desert's most picturesque and convenient inn. Call 1-800-733-3435 or visit www.orchidtree.com.

24 **PALM SPRINGS—SUNDANCE VILLAS.** Nineteen exquisite, private pool and spa villas feature incomparable privacy. Call 1-800-455-3888, visit www.palmsprings.com/hotels/sundance, or E-mail: SundancePS@aol.com for brochure and reservations.

25 **PALM SPRINGS—THE TERRA COTTA INN.** "Clothing Optional...a wonderful way to relax!" Pamper yourself with au naturel sunbathing, pool-side massage, luxurious rooms. Couples. Recommended by: *LA Magazine*, ABC-TV, *USA Today*. Please call 1-800-786-6938 or visit www.sunnyfun.com.

26 **PAVILIONS AND POOLS HOTEL.** A small, unique Caribbean hotel, known for its privacy and tranquility, providing the ideal island getaway. Call toll free for a brochure or reservations at 1-800-524-2001 or 1-340-775-6110, or find us on the Web at www.pavilionsandpools.com.

27 **RADISSON SEVEN SEAS CRUISES** offers unique and luxurious small ship experiences with the highest standards of quality, service, and value. Call 1-800-285-1835 for more information.

28 **RITZ-CARLTON—ROSE HALL, JAMAICA.** Framed by the scenic beaches of the Caribbean Sea and the lush mountains of Montego Bay, the 430-room Ritz-Carlton Rose Hall, Jamaica and championship golf course are located in the island's historic plantation area. Call 1-305-446-0776 or visit www.ritzcarlton.com.

✆ **SPAIN.** The essence of Spain is found in timeless works by Velazquez and Miro, and its latest masterpiece, the Guggenheim Museum in Bilbao. Bravo Spain! Visit our Web site at www.okspain.org.

29 **Please send me information on all the numbered items in this category.**

© 2000 The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All Rights Reserved.

IF UNABLE TO REACH TELEPHONE LISTINGS, SEND REQUESTS, WITH ISSUE DATE NOTED, TO THE NEW YORKER READER SERVICES, 4 TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK, NY 10036. IF RESPONSE CARD IS MISSING, SEND YOUR REQUESTS WITH ISSUE DATE NOTED, TO THE NEW YORKER, P.O. BOX 5347, PITTSFIELD, MA 01203-9892. OFFER VALID UNTIL MAY 1, 2000.

For more information, log on to www.newyorkerreaderlink.com

000131

BORA ÖZKÖK & CULTURAL FOLK TOURS
presents 22 years of
TURKEY
Also tours of Greece, Jordan, Egypt
The Great Silk Road of Central Asia,
Turkmenistan, Uzbekistan, Kirgizistan,
Kazakistan
Quality tours for less
We stress history, culture, folklore, photography,
good guides, great food, quality hotels.
receiving the most positive reviews from many major publications
for a free brochure
Call 1-800-935-8875
9920 Scripps Lake Dr., Suite 105
San Diego, CA 92131
(619) 566-5951
http://www.boraozkok.com
CA Tour Operator Reg. #2011417-40
E-mail address: tourinfo@boraozkok.com

SAVORER.COM
THE ONLINE GOURMET GIFT STORE
YIELD TO TEMPTATION & CLICK ON US.
Exquisite gourmet gifts from $32 to $5,000
WWW.SAVORER.COM
GIFT BASKETS
CHOCOLATES
COFFEES & TEAS
CAVIAR & SMOKED FOODS
NUTS & DRIED FRUITS
WE TRAVEL THE WORLD ON YOUR BEHALF.
Our delicacies come from France, Belgium, Russia, Scotland, Canada, India, China, Hawaii, Columbia, Costa Rica, Yemen, Japan, Brazil & other fine places.

LONDON FLATS
Short Term – Privately owned
PARIS PROPERTIES-COTSWOLD COTTAGES
THE LONDON CONNECTION
MR. THOMAS MOORE III
TOLL FREE PHONE: 888-393-9120
FAX: 801-393-3024
E-MAIL: london@relia.net

STERLING SILVER
LOVING HEART
$50 Pin / Pendent (1.75" x 2")
1.888.219.6060
www.claireworks.com
Catalogue Available • MC/VISA • Shipping free

GALAPAGOS
Learn about the Origins of Species from our gifted naturalist as you explore Darwin's islands in comfort aboard small, deluxe yachts. Swim with penguins and sea lions, savor equatorial sunsets, and really get away! Free brochure and video.
INCA
Since 1976
1311-YG1 63rd St.
Emeryville, CA 94608
(510) 420-1550
yg1@incafloats.com
www.incafloats.com

French Holiday Rentals
Experience *la vraie France* in your own chateau, cottage or farmhouse. Weekly or monthly rentals. All regions.
Call (510) 559-8080 or write
2124 Kittredge St, Suite 200
Berkeley, CA 94704
VILLE ET VILLAGE

it had been easy to write a lecture whose theme was "Failed Actuality: How We Discover the Meaning of the Things We See." In it he had retold the story of his friend's wife's death as a point in contrast. That was when Jena had come into the picture and they had begun to hurry.

From the window, Wales watched the little wedge of public park between the hotel's back entrance and the drive, still solid with cars this late. Taxis cruised past, their yellow roof-lights signalling *at liberty.* A jogger in bright orange bounced alone along the concrete beach that curved up to Lincoln Park. A man with two weimaraners had stopped to sprinkle bread crumbs on the park benches. All expelled soundless breaths into the night.

OUTSIDE on the cold avenue they walked toward the restaurant Jena preferred. Not far—Walton Street. She liked going to one place over and over until she tired of it and then would never go back. The wind was gusting. Lights up the avenue glittered. Traffic hummed but was thinner. The canyon of buildings seemed festive, a white background of night light and the startling half-moon nearly lost in hazy distance. A skiff of snow had blown against the curbs. Heavy coats a must. Wales felt good, at ease with things. Unburdened. Not at all unstrung.

In the hotel lobby there had been a wedding party with a bride, but no sign of Jim with the tickets. No sign of a detective when they passed out the main doors.

On the brisk walk, Jena's mind was loosened by making love, as if she couldn't match things right. She mentioned her husband and their therapy—all his idea, she said, her face hidden in a sable parka her husband had certainly paid for. She had been fine with things. But he wanted something more, something he couldn't quite describe but could feel vividly. A sense of locatedness was absent—his words—something she should somehow contribute to. "I thought a therapist would at least tell me something important, right?" Jena said, her voice carrying in the cold open air. " 'Forget marriage.' Or, 'Here's a better way to do it.' Why else go? Except that's not in the package. And the package is expensive."

Wales thought about Jena's husband, about conversations he and the husband could have. How they might like each other. The husband no doubt thought Jena was out of her head just for being the way she was—so different, she must seem, from real estate. It made him happy, though, that Jena had someone to feel certain about; someone willing to be complicit in his own deception; that there were these children. Her circle of affection. What else was marriage if not a circle of affection?

"Maybe you could . . ." He had started to say something extremely banal and stopped. He shook his head no.

It made her smile. Her face was softened, so appealing even in the blasted air, her lips slightly bruised. "It really does seem hopeless, doesn't it?" She laughed loudly, took his hand, which he found to be trembling. The same vigor of lovemaking, he thought. He had an urge, a strong one just then, to tell her he loved her—here on the street. But by stopping midsentence once again he curtailed revealing himself. She preferred it. A pledge of love was inappropriate, even if he felt it.

He wished, though, that his hands weren't trembling, since now was the best time, the moment after making love, when everything seemed possible, easy, when they could surprise each other with a look, change almost anything with an offhand remark. It had nothing to do with revealing yourself.

"When you leave Chicago, where are you going?" Jena said. She took Wales's arm firmly, as she had the first night, and they stepped out into Michigan Avenue at the light. The air was suddenly colder in the wide street. A group of young nuns hurried past, bound for their hotel in their bright-blue habits. They were laughing about the cold. Jena smiled at them.

"London," Wales said, the wind biting in under his collar. He had been thinking about London, about his widowed friend in Oxford. He liked returning to Europe through England. The easy entry.

"Do you still keep your flat in Berlin?" She was just talking still, not paying attention, light-headed after being with him. They were on the street, in Chicago, in winter, going for supper late. Saying "keep your flat" must feel good. He had felt that way before. It was like saying, "We live in the Sixth." Or, "It's up the King's Road." Or, "We took rooms behind the Prado." Simple, harmless things.

"It's in Uhlandstrasse," he said.

"Is that in the East?"

"No. It's in the rich part. Near the Zoo and the Paris Bar. Ku-damm. Savignyplatz." She didn't know what these words meant, but that was fine. She could hear them.

They were in sight of her restaurant. People could be seen walking out the door, struggling into overcoats. Off the avenue, the wind unexpectedly disappeared, making the air feel almost springlike. They passed the windows of a large, brightly lit bookstore. People were having coffee and talking at high, round tables. All those books, Wales thought. It would be nice—he could suddenly feel it—to ride the train in from Gatwick, to have a morning to himself, read a book. There was a pure thought.

"If I asked you something important," Jena said, "would you not be shocked?" She was still holding his arm, but slowing on the sidewalk, still beside the bookstore.

"I'll try not to be," Wales said, and looked at her with affection. This was not like her, to make a plea. But it was good. New.

"If I asked you to kill my husband, would you do it?" Jena looked up at him and blinked. Her hazel eyes were wide, swimming but dry. Two little dark disks in white that seemed to grow larger. Her face was completely focussed on him. "For me? If I'd love you? If I went away with you? At least for a while?"

Wales thought for an instant about how they looked. A handsome, tall man dressed in a heavy camel-hair coat. Hatless, with gray in his hair. Highly shined black shoes from Germany. And Jena, in a sable parka and wool trousers, expensive heavy gloves. Expensive boots. They looked good together, even on the windy street. They made a pair. They could be in love.

"I guess I wouldn't," he said softly. "No."

Jena looked quickly back at the avenue, where a driver had slammed on brakes and skidded over the frozen pavement. Two policemen in a white-and-blue cruiser waited at the curb, watching the car as it stopped sideways in the middle of the intersection. Perhaps she felt someone was following her. "We're doing exactly what we want to now, aren't we?" she said, distracted by the commotion.

"I am," Wales said.

She looked at him then and smiled tightly. He never knew what she would think. Possibly she was more like her parents than she realized. "It was just something to say," she said, and cleared her throat. "You shouldn't take me seriously."

"Wonderful," Wales said. He smiled.

"Believe it," Jena said stiffly. "Everybody comes after somebody else." She paused a moment as if she wanted to say something more about that but didn't. "Why don't we eat," she said. She began to move along quickly toward the restaurant's glass doors, which were just at that moment opening again into the street.

At dinner, she talked about everything that came into her mind. She said they should go dancing tonight, that she knew a place only a cab ride away. A black neighborhood. She asked if Wales liked dancing at all. He did, he said. She asked if he liked the blues, and he said he did, though he didn't much. She looked pale now in her black turtleneck sweater with a strand of small pearls. She was wearing her wedding ring and a great square diamond ring he'd never seen before. They drank red wine and ate squab and touched hands like lovers across the small window table. Someone would know her here, but she didn't mind it. She was feeling reckless for a moment. What did it hurt?

She talked about a novel she was reading, which interested her. It was about an English girl who had once been an ingénue. There had been an influential film in France, and for a time the girl was famous. Then one thing and another went on. She came to live in Prague, alone, older, a former addict. Jena felt identification there, thought this story could be a movie set in America. Somehow the issue of her parents could be in it, too.

After that she talked about her little girls, whom she loved, and then more

Travel with Scholars
Educational and cultural programs for adults
Summer 2000 Programs
Oxford
21 courses from Shakespeare to Castles and Country Houses
Paris
Five courses from History and Architecture of Paris to Impressionism
London Theater
Inside the London Theater Scene
Turkey
Treasures of Art and Architecture
Florence and Tuscany
Art and Architecture of the Italian Renaissance
Spain and Morocco
Art and Culture
China and the Yangtze
Sacred Cities, Mountains, and Rivers
Mexico
Oaxaca and the Day of the Dead
Call toll-free for a brochure:
1-888-209-7344, ext. 8
www.unex.berkeley.edu/travel
UC Berkeley Extension

Enjoy hollyhocks, not gridlock.
Move to Fearrington, a village just south of Chapel Hill, NC
Retire to the Southern part of Heaven. Since 1975 over 1200 folks have chosen to live amidst bluebirds, hollyhocks, and interesting neighbors of all ages. Our homes and townhouses offer attractive options for active retirees. The forthcoming Duke Center for Living will offer extensive lifestyle and wellness programs. The complete story is on our web site, or call us for more information.
(800)277-0130 www.fearrington.com

new balance for men & women
Free Catalog
Over 70 Styles
Hard to Find Sizes - 100% Guaranteed
Active Soles - Dept ONY3
Plymouth, MA 02360
Call 1-800-881-4322

Canoe Canada's Arctic
Fly-in canoe trips on the remote tundra rivers of North America's last great wilderness. Herds of caribou & muskoxen, white wolves, moose and grizzlies. Warm, arid summers. Wildlife biologist guide. Operating since 1974.
Brochure: CANOE ARCTIC INC. Box 130AK
Fort Smith, NT, X0E 0P0, Canada (867) 872-2308
www.auroranet.nt.ca/canoe

Better Way To Sleep

Soft 100% Cotton Knit TeePJ's™

Tee-PJ's are not ordinary nightshirts. The special knit moves as you move for the ultimate in sleeping and lounging comfort. No bind, no bunch, no buttons, no side seams.

Most comfortable sleeper you've ever worn or your money back!

Great for Ladies, too.

White or Soft Blue. SIZES to fit **90-300 lbs.** Specify man/lady and **height/weight.**

ORDER NOW, while prices include S&H–and no extra charge for XXL & XXXL on 1st order! *(Can't wait? For RUSH AIR delivery add $2)*

$21.95 ea. 2 for $38.65 (Save $5)

Long sleeve style (not shown)

$26.95 ea. 2 for $46.90 (Save $7)

WITTMANN TEXTILES, Dept. 450

Hobe Sound, FL 33475 *(ship to FLA add tax)*

ORDER BY MAIL (OR 1-561-546-4656)

used • new • rare • out-of-print

powells.com

the best prices on the best books

1-800-878-7323

Free Worldwide Shipping **on Orders of $50 or More.**

Millennium Valentine

"Light of 2000" Millennium Pin. Handcrafted 18kt. $295.

Chateau Jewelry Corp.

1-888-HEART32

"Made With Love, To Give With Love™"

© CJC 2000

PALLADIO TOURS

ARTISTIC AND CULTURAL TOURS

THE ITALY VERY FEW KNOW

Brochure: toll-free 1-877-999-8754

LA CUCINA AL FOCOLARE

Florence, Italy

Immerse yourself in Tuscan cuisine. Hands-on cooking • Wine courses • Excursions • Accomodations in a spectacular 15th century villa.

1-800-988-2851 Free brochure

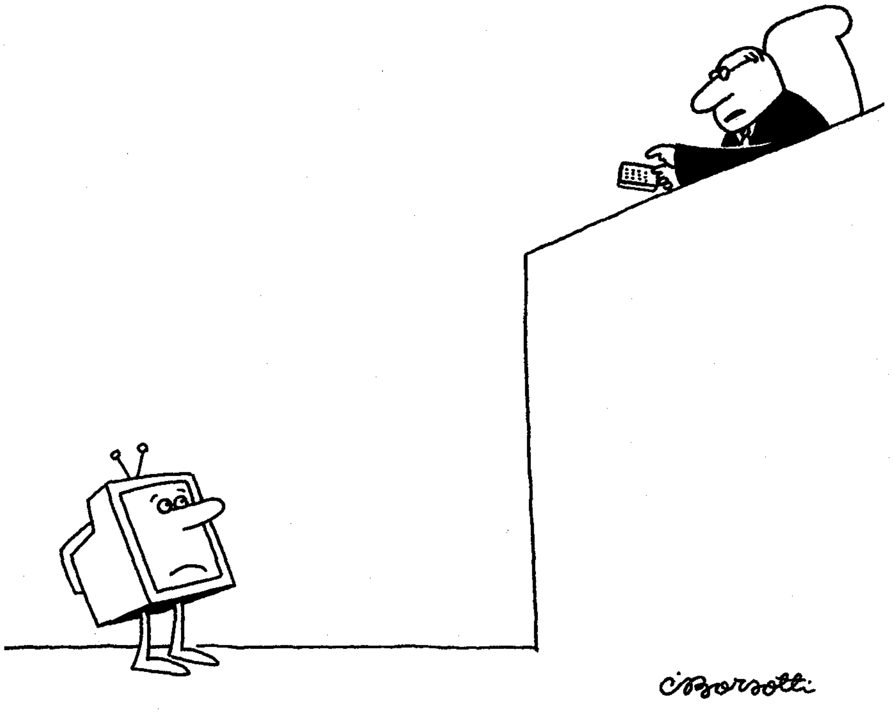
tuscancook@earthlink.net

Please enter http://www.cookinitaly.com to visit our Website

ENGLAND
IRELAND
SCOTLAND
WALES •

- Rental accommodations.
- Enchantingly rustic to simply elegant.
- Cottages, manor houses, castles.
- London and Dublin flats.
- Weekly or monthly.

As You Like It 415/380-9848



"Have you anything to say before I change your channel?"

• •

about her husband, whom she'd asked him to kill, and who, she said, at his best was a mild but considerate lover. She talked about breaking a tooth in Munich once, about what a bad experience that had been—finding a dentist with American training, one who spoke English, one who sterilized things properly, one whose assistants weren't themselves heroine addicts or hemophiliacs. He realized that nothing he could do would have any effect on her now. And yet, what kind of person would she be if he could so easily affect her? And being with her was such a pleasure. It made him feel wonderfully insulated. He wanted to see her again. Next week. Arrange something for then.

Only, he recognized, she was talking herself out of the last parts of being interested in him. Something must've seemed weak. Not being willing to kill someone, or at least say he would. She was raising the stakes, making it up as she went along until he failed.

"Tell me something, Jimmy," she said. "Tell me something that happened to you. You really haven't talked much tonight. I've just chattered on." She hadn't used the name "Jimmy" before. She was pale, but her dark eyes were sparkling.

"I was robbed tonight," Wales said. "On my way out to my car. A black man stopped me in the parking lot and asked to borrow a dollar, and when I brought my billfold out he grabbed it. Knocked it out of my hand. Scattered money all around."

"My God," Jena said. "What happened then?"

"I grabbed him. We scuffled. He tried to pick up the money, but I hit him, and then he just ran off. He got a few dollars. Not much." He stared at her across the table full of empty plates.

"You didn't tell me any of this before, did you?"

"No," Wales said. "I was happy just to be with you and not to think about it."

"But weren't you hurt?" She extended one warm hand across the table's width and gently touched his.

"No, I wasn't," Wales said. "Not at all."

"Did it scare you?" she said. Interest rekindled in her eyes. She liked it that he was a man who withheld facts, who could make love, eat dinner, consider dancing, and still keep all this to himself. She liked it that he would fight another man. Come to blows.

"It did scare me," Wales said. "But the thing I remember, and I don't remember very much, was how his hand felt when it hit my hand. There was a terrible force in it. It wasn't like anything I'd ever felt. It was need and desperation at one time. It was almost attractive. I'm sure I won't ever forget it."

Wales took a sip of his wine and stared at her. All of this had happened to him two months ago, when he first came back to America. Not tonight. He had not fought such a man at all, but had been hit as he'd said, and felt about it the way he'd just told her. Only, not now. He wished, for an instant, that he could feel that force again. How satisfying that had been. The certainty. She liked the story. Perhaps it would fix something.

"Are you sure you're not hurt?" Jena said, folding her napkin, her eyes lowered.

"Oh, no," Wales said. "I'm not hurt. I'm perfectly fine."

"You're lucky to be alive is what you are," she said, and glanced at him as her eyes sought the waiter.

"I know," Wales said. "I'll add it to the list of lucky things."

On the street, in front of the Drake, they stood near the busy corner at Michigan, where taxis turned and cruised past. It was after midnight, but seemed warmer. The wind had settled, and in the curb gutters ice was turning to murky water. The hotel glowed golden in the night above them.

They simply stopped. Wales looked up the side street toward the lake as if he planned to hail a taxi.

"I'll be going home in the morning," she said, and smiled at him, pulled her hair back on one side and held it there.

"Home, home," Wales said. "I'll be going too, then." He wanted to stay longer. He felt her room-key card still in his pocket. But that was over.

A man almost directly beside them on the street was talking into a pay phone. He had on a tuxedo jacket and a pair of nice patent-leather shoes. He had been to a party in the Drake, but now seemed angry about something.

He had expected to tell Jena all about the woman he had seen killed tonight, about the astonishment of that, to retell it: the slowing of time, the stateliness of events, the sensation that the worst could be avoided, the future improved by a gradual unfolding. But he had no wish to reveal the things he could be made to think, how his mind would work, what he could feel in response to events. Better to be a spy, to be close to her now, be satisfied with her, think exclusively about her. He knew he was not yet distinguishing things perfectly, was not confident which feelings were his real ones, or how he would think of things later. It was not, perhaps, so easy to reveal yourself.

"Are you happy with these days?" he heard her say. She was smiling at him out on the cold sidewalk. "These days were wonderful, weren't they? Wouldn't it be nice to have a thousand of them?"

"I'm sorry they're over," Wales said. The man in the tuxedo jacket slammed the phone down and hurried away toward the hotel's lighted marquee. "I want to ask you something," he said. He felt like he was shouting.

"Yes," she said. "Do ask me."

"Did this give you anything?" Wales said. "Did I give you anything you cared about? It seemed like you wanted there to be an outcome."

"What an odd thing to ask," Jena said, her eyes still shining, growing large again. She seemed about to laugh, but then suddenly moved to him, stood on tiptoes and kissed him on the mouth, hard, put her cold cheek to his cheek and said, "Yes. You gave me so much. You gave me all there was. Didn't you? That's what I wanted."

"Yes," Wales said. "I did. That's right." He smiled at her.

"Good," she said. "Good." Then she turned away and hurried on toward the revolving doors as the man in the tuxedo had done and quickly disappeared. Though he waited for a moment under the yellow marquee—a man standing alone in his brown coat; waited until whatever unsettled feelings he had for their moment of departure could be experienced and diminish and become less a barrier. They were not bad feelings, not an unfamiliar moment, not the opening onto desolation. They were simply the outcome. In a short while, possibly at some instant in his slow drive back up the lake, he knew he would feel a small release, an unburdening, a sensation of events being completed, so that over time he would think less and less about it until it all seemed, upon reflection, to be almost perfect. ♦

Inhale
Exhale
Repeat
www.fla-keys.com
Escape
The Florida Keys & Key West 1-800-FLA-KEYS

HOME FROM HOME in LONDON
Private Flats & Houses for Short Rentals
TOLL FREE: 1-800 748 9783
TEL: 011-44 (0) 20 7584 8914 FAX: 7823 8433
E-Mail: info@homefromhome.co.uk
Internet: www.homefromhome.co.uk

The Educated Traveler®
The only newsletter dedicated to International Specialty Travel
Cultural Tourism • Museum Travel • Learning Vacations
Subscription ($48/year) includes Directory of Museum-Sponsored Tours and Directory of Special Interest Travel
1-800-648-5168 www.educated-traveler.com

6 Million Pieces!
China, Crystal, Silver, Collectibles
125,000 Patterns • Old/New • Buy/Sell
REPLACEMENTS, LTD.
1-800-REPLACE (1-800-737-5223)
PO Box 26029, Greensboro, NC 27420 • Dept YO
www.replacements.com

Explore Exotic Turkey
Treasures of Türkiye
Tour Information 800.572.0526
Intimate groups 12 person max.
www.treasuresofturkey.com

THE CRITICS

THE SKY LINE

DIOR'S NEW HOUSE

A French architect crafts a little jewel on Fifty-seventh Street.

BY PAUL GOLDBERGER

"SMALL skyscraper" is one of the more pleasing oxymorons in the language. It glides smoothly over the tongue, and it calls to mind, nostalgically, something that is thought to have been lost in our age of gigantism. There were once lots of little buildings that strove to be high, and cities, including New York, were full of them. Most of the masterworks of Louis Sullivan—like the Bayard-Condict Building on Bleecker Street and the Guaranty Building in Buffalo—are not much more than a dozen stories high, but that was enough, in the eighteen-nineties, for them to establish the aesthetics of the modern skyscraper. Even as recently as the nineteen-fifties, buildings like Lever House and 500 Park Avenue, both designed by Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, were able to project an aura of height, dignity, and beauty without great size.

The notion that a tower that does not literally scrape the sky—or cast dark shadows on the street—can provide a rich architectural experience was doomed largely by economics. Land in the center of major cities is now too expensive to be used for anything less than the maximum square footage, and, besides, most tenants no longer want the small floors that little skyscrapers inevitably end up with. You probably couldn't fit Morgan Stanley's derivatives desk onto one of Lever House's minuscule levels, let alone an investment bank's whole trading floor.

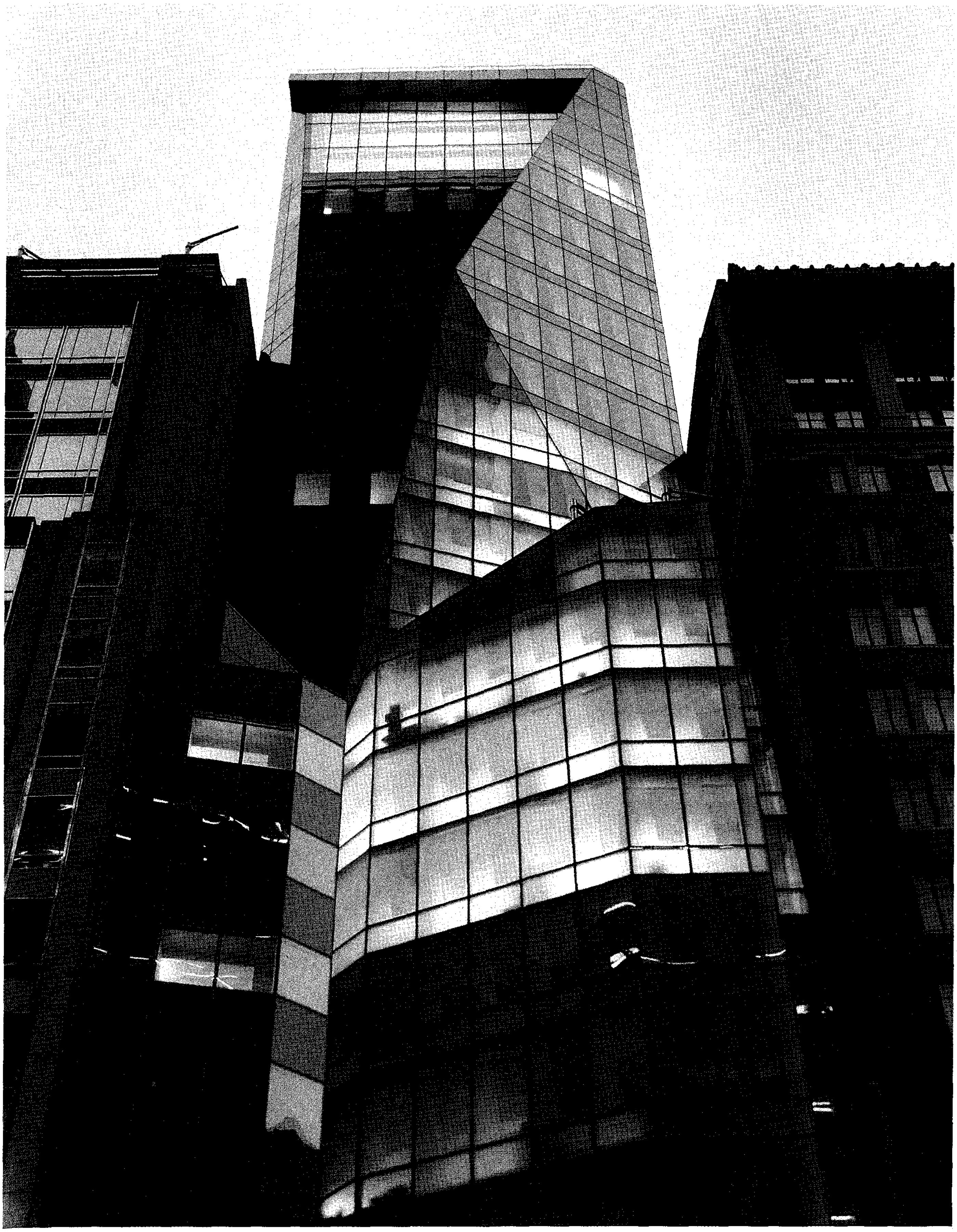
We should be grateful, then, that Bernard Arnault runs a French luxury-goods conglomerate and not a financial-services concern. Arnault, the chairman of L.V.M.H., has just given New York its first important small skyscraper in more than a generation. Designed by the French architect Christian de Portzamparc, who won the Pritzker Prize in 1994, the L.V.M.H. Tower is a twenty-four-story-high prism of glass on East Fifty-seventh Street. L.V.M.H. owns Louis Vuitton luggage, the Moët & Chandon champagne and Hennessey cognac businesses, Guerlain perfume, and Christian Dior, among other brands, and the tower was built to serve as the company's American headquarters. Arnault must have intended to show the world that French design can be both innovative and chic. The order given to de Portzamparc, in effect, was that the tower's emblematic mission would take precedence over the practical concerns that dominate skyscraper design today.

This isn't to say that de Portzamparc was told to do whatever he pleased. L.V.M.H. certainly wanted to squeeze as much space as it could out of the building's small site, just off Madison Avenue. But de Portzamparc was building a symbol for the company, and Arnault gave him the same kind of creative leeway he would be expected to give his designers at Christian Dior. Sometimes that level of creative freedom doesn't work in architecture. This time, it has yielded a stunning, lyrical building, a sculpture in glass which manages to be at once exuberantly iconoclastic and perfectly appropriate for the proper, ordered streets of the midtown Manhattan grid.

De Portzamparc's building is across the street from the huge, dark-granite façade of the skyscraper at 590 Madison Avenue and is tightly squeezed between a pair of genteel neighbors—a classic nineteen-twenties brick-and-limestone bank building at the northwest corner of Madison Avenue and a tower of gray granite which was built in 1995 as the American headquarters for L.V.M.H.'s competitor, Chanel. The Chanel tower is a proper, tailored suit of a building which is deliberately evocative of older towers; its message to the streetscape is that to get along you have to go along. That was what most architects thought a decade ago, when people began to want buildings to make a harmonious whole on the street. Since modern buildings stuck out, the reasoning went, the best way to make a building fit in was not to make it modern but to make it look as much as possible like the ones that were already there. The success of de Portzamparc's building proves how tired that thinking is. There is nothing wrong with the Chanel tower, except that it is timid and conventional and altogether devoid of emotion. If the building were a person, we would call it repressed. The L.V.M.H. Tower proclaims its feelings, whether or not you want to hear about them.

The site was not an easy place in which to fulfill Arnault's desire for a powerful symbol of the company's style. The skyscraper across the street, which was built originally for I.B.M., looms ominously over the site, and the next-door neighbors encouraged the new building to join in their well-mannered but vapid dialogue. How to mediate between these conflicting demands? De Portzamparc correctly figured that the only thing to do was to treat the bank building and the Chanel tower like bookends that would enclose and frame a more assertive statement, and then to make that statement in glass to play off against the solid, dark wall of the tower across the street.

The L.V.M.H. building has a flat top and a fairly straightforward street floor, which contains a Christian Dior retail shop. The façade itself, however, is any-



Christian de Portzamparc designed a shimmering, multifaceted façade for the new L.V.M.H. building. Photograph by Robert Polidori.

University Vacations

FOR THE WANDERING SCHOLARS OF THE WORLD

Oxford Cambridge
Harvard Yale
Sorbonne Dublin
Edinburgh London
Bologna Florence
Verona Venice
Prague Coimbra

Gracious living, dining and learning. One-week cultural vacations for adults.

19TH ANNUAL PROGRAMS
FREE COLOR CATALOG
1-800-792-0100
e-mail:univac@gate.net

Heart & Diamond Pendant
www.rnstudios.com
14k GOLD $295
.05ctw fine VS,
G color genuine diamond.
20" chain included.
STERLING SILVER $55
with CZ center stone
Actual Size
Velvet Box
1-800-235-0471 S/H $5.75
ROGER NICHOLS Studios
17 NW IRVING AVENUE • BEND, OR 97701

DISCOVER THE SPLENDOR OF ITALY
Beautiful homes for rent at affordable weekly rates in Abruzzo, Tuscany, Umbria, Lakes Como & Garda, the Italian Riviera, Rome, Amalfi, Capri, Venice, Sicily & more.
800 280 2811
www.theparkercompany.com
THE PARKER COMPANY
ITALIAN VILLAS & TOURS

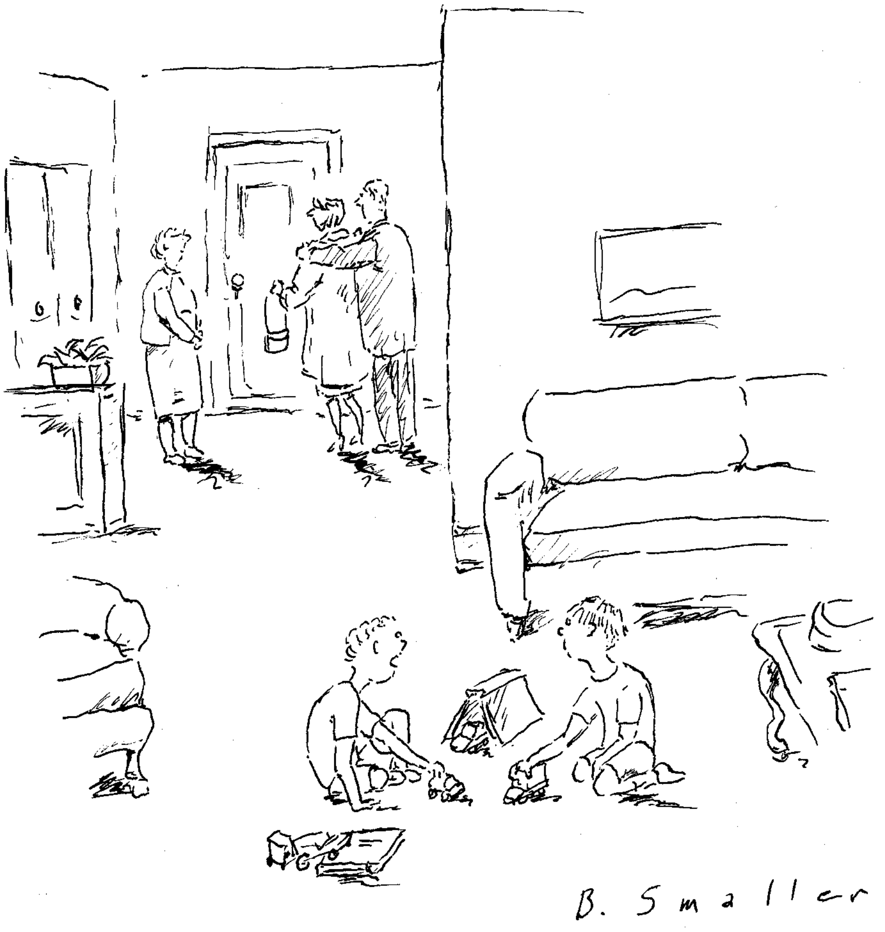
EMERALD LITERARY AGENCY
"Great ideas make great books"
PLEASE SEND QUERY LETTERS ONLY
393 West Broadway, New York, NY 10012
T. 212.431.0202 F. 212.925.2612
Email: emeraldlit@att.net

For the discriminating vacationer
a commitment to excellence
Kiawah Island
Rentals and Sales
Pam Harrington Exclusives
843-768-0273 1-800-845-6966

thing but flat. Between the straight lines at the bottom and the top, de Portzamparc has crafted an angular, faceted composition of great complexity. The building appears to fold in on itself, as if it were a huge piece of origami. The most powerful line in the composition is a diagonal, running from the upper-right corner down to the left side of the building; the section on the right side of the diagonal line projects outward, bending slightly in the middle. This is too good an abstract design to be discussed in terms of trite visual analogies, but the slanting, outwardly projecting section still makes me think a bit of a woman's leg crossed in front of her body, as if this part of the façade were a thirteen-story glass skirt.

The composition has other elements. The eleven-story base has its own set of nips and tucks, and the façade contains two different kinds of glass: the projecting section on the right is sheathed in milky-white glass and the section on the left in soft green. Half of each white-glass window has been sandblasted, and the other half is partly transparent. The transparent sections have tiny lines sandblasted cutting across them at varying intervals. Each window is thus a composition in itself, with an angular line dividing the translucent portion from the transparent portion. Together, the angular lines create a larger pattern on the façade. Meanwhile, the thin lines on the transparent glass make it look like a piece of shimmering fabric. De Portzamparc has created the equivalent of a curtain cut into the glass. At night, the windows, as well as the spandrels—pieces of plain, translucent glass below them—are lit, so that from the outside the entire white-glass section of the façade appears to glow, while the green-glass section appears to recede behind it.

It isn't easy to make a glass building appear sensual—glass is a cool material, and when it is used for an office tower the result is often bloodless. Glass can be light and elegant, but it doesn't usually have much presence. The glass in the L.V.M.H. building has a sculptural, emotional resonance that is very rarely achieved. The tower isn't beautiful



"My parents are at the age where they're very involved with their own activities."

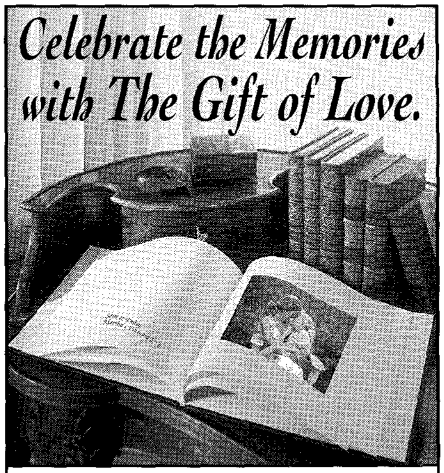
and mute, like Lever House and 500 Park Avenue. It is more like an Expressionist building than a modern one. Even though the details aren't as inventive or as refined as those of many other modern buildings—the British architects Norman Foster and Richard Rogers, for example, produce modern structures with a much higher level of finesse—this building has a demonstrative and emotive quality that most other architecture in glass lacks.

Not the least of de Portzamparc's achievements is that he has managed to resolve the conflict between a love of shapes and a love of cities. Allegiance to the street is the first priority of all good urban architecture, and a lot of the time this allegiance gets in the way of expressive shape-making. That's why so many architects, particularly in New York, give up and produce dutiful and uninspired buildings. De Portzamparc, by letting the surroundings function as a kind of frame for a tightly controlled, highly active composition, has managed to have his shapes and restrain them at the same time.

IT'S rare for a respected architect from abroad to have the chance to build in New York—it's rare for a respected architect from New York to have the chance to build in New York—and it's rarer still when his first effort turns out to be exactly right for the city at this moment. De Portzamparc's best-known work in France is the Cité de la Musique, a conservatory and cultural complex in the eastern portion of Paris that was finished in the early nineties, and while it also demonstrates a desire to somehow merge strong, expressive shapes with urban restraint, it has nowhere near the lyricism of the L.V.M.H. Tower. De Portzamparc spent some time in New York as a student in the nineteen-sixties, and he says he remembers bringing back a pair of posters of the city skyline that were on his office walls for years afterward. He seems to have been something of a frustrated Manhattanite for much of his career. But his yearning to design a building here didn't manifest itself in a piece of architecture that tries too hard to look like the classic New York skyscrapers of the twenties and thirties. De Portzamparc seems to have wanted to move New York forward, not leash it to its past.

The interiors of the building, with one exception, are disappointing. They were designed by the Hillier Group, the architectural firm that served as de Portzamparc's American partner for the project and handled most of the day-to-day work of getting the tower built. But the responsibility for the interiors is de Portzamparc's. He produced dull, flat spaces for the office floors, which do not carry through any of the promise of the façade. Even the elevator lobby, which is lined with sensuous, glowing surfaces in a mixture of glass, pressed wood, and metal, is a letdown after the excitement of seeing the building from the sidewalk. The only really first-rate thing inside is the spectacular, thirty-foot-high, glass-enclosed space at the top of the building. Perhaps because they were frustrated by the lack of an appropriate term in the English language for a party place on top of a tower, L.V.M.H. officials have named it the Magic Room, but no matter; it is a magnificent space, a kind of glass box hovering twenty-four floors over midtown Manhattan. The proportions are superb—it is twice as wide as it is high, but not so grand that it doesn't feel intimate. The main space, which fills the twenty-fourth floor, is overlooked by an arrival balcony on a mezzanine, so that guests can alight from the elevator, show their faces on the balcony, then descend via a curving staircase to the crowd below. This is what is known as making an entrance, and there are few architects—at least few modern architects—who would bother with it.

In the end, it's the height and the view that make the room, though. Because the L.V.M.H. Tower is so short, being at the top doesn't yield a panoramic, picture-postcard view. It's more like being in a helicopter that has somehow ventured dangerously low to the ground. From this height, Central Park isn't a vast expanse, but a sliver poking out from between some other buildings. Fifty-seventh Street stretches out beneath you. When you look one way, you see the roof of a neighboring building; when you look another way, there is the side of a taller building. You feel you could reach out and touch everything around you. De Portzamparc has made of this room what he made of the tower itself: a place that is apart, shimmering and different, and at the same time intimately connected to the center of New York. ♦



The Gift of Love is a customized book handcrafted for you. Priceless memories of those never to be forgotton occasions will resonate perfectly whenever you visit your *Gift of Love.*

Each richly bound volume is hand stitched and rubbed to a fine patina. Your priceless photographs are digitally reproduced and elegantly presented on heirloom quality archival paper.

The Gift of Love...where the memories go...to cherish forever.

Toll Free 1.888.324.1244
www.celebratethememories.com

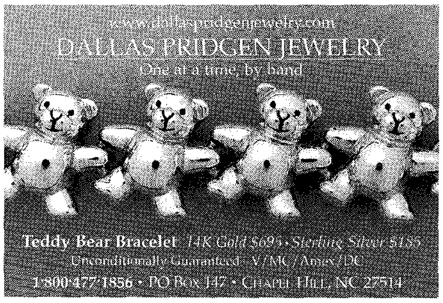
Intelligent Marketing Co. LLC
90 Dingletown Rd. Greenwich Ct. 06830

THIS AD DOES NOT REFLECT THE SIZE OF OUR BEACH.

Announcing the grand re-opening of Sonesta Anguilla. Many improvements. And, thanks to Mother Nature, an even bigger and better beach. Come experience the changes we've made. Opening February 16. Call your travel planner or **1-800-SONESTA**. Or, visit us at **www.sonesta.com.**

This is what you came to find.

Sonesta Beach Resort & Villas
Anguilla


www.dallaspridgenjewelry.com
DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY
One at a time, by hand
Teddy Bear Bracelet 14K Gold $695 • Sterling Silver $185
Unconditionally Guaranteed V/MC/Amex/DC
1·800·477·1856 • PO Box 147 • Chapel Hill, NC 27514

LONDON FLATS
COTSWOLD COTTAGES
FARNUM & CHRIST
800-366-2048 • 423-652-2048
www.farnum-christ.com

Almost last chance to cruise
China's historic Yangtse River.

Secret tour of Venice's
Doges' Palace.

R. Crusoe & Son
unusual journeys
1-888-490-8034 or
www.rcrusoe.com

MISSING A PIECE
OF YOUR PATTERN?®
Replace pieces or add to your sterling silver at up to 75% off retail. We specialize in new and used flatware and hollowware. Over 1,200 patterns in stock. Call or write for a free inventory of your sterling pattern. *(We buy sterling silver, with a careful appraisal for maximum value.)*
404 261-4009
Chantilly by Gorham
Beverly Bremer
SILVER SHOP
3164 Peachtree Rd., Dept. NY, Atlanta, GA 30305 / Mon.-Sat. 10-5

The
Vein Treatment
Center est.1982
Exclusively for
Varicose & Spider Veins
327 E. 65th St. NYC • 212-249-6117

SMALL SPACE = BIG BUSINESS
Write your own success story by advertising in
THE NEW YORKER.
•
For more information on SMALL SPACE ADS,
please call toll-free 877.843.6967.
(877.THE.NYORKER)

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK
At A Price You Can Afford!
$165 EACH
Size: 5½"x 8½", 96 pgs,
1000 copies, 2-color cvr.
All sizes & page counts.
Free Price List. www.profpress.com
800-277-8960 PROFESSIONAL PRESS
P.O. Box 3581 • Chapel Hill, NC 27515-3581

Art in Provence
paint and live the beauty
Spring & Fall workshops for painters of all levels
Experienced instructors · Charming host
For brochure: (802) 457-5169 • www.artinprovence.com

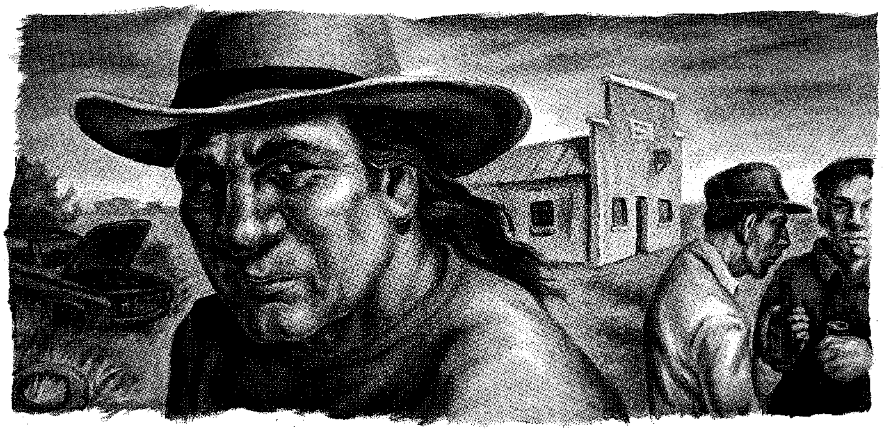
BOOKS

STILL LOOKING FOR CRAZY HORSE

Ian Frazier visits Indian country in "On the Rez."

BY SCOTT L. MALCOMSON

NOT many people today will tell you that they want to be heroes. Simply to confess such a desire seems almost heroic. In "On the Rez" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $25) Ian Frazier admits his wish to be a hero. He also wants to be an Indian—specifically, an Oglala Lakota (Sioux)—and he rides these two desires through the pages of his book, lurching along the pitiless roads of the Oglala reservation in Pine Ridge, South Dakota, with brief stops in New York City, Los Angeles, and a handful of places in between. Frazier's heroes are men like the Mohawk Joseph Brant, the Oglala Crazy Horse, and the Hunkpapa Sioux Sitting Bull, who said, in reply to some critical remarks by a United States senator, "I have grown to be a very independent man, and consider myself a very great man." Frazier writes, "That self-possessed sense of freedom is closer to what I want; I want to be an uncaught Indian like them." One of his Sioux friends calls him a "wannabe," to which Frazier, a self-described "middle-class white guy," responds, "What's wrong with wanting to be something, anyway?"



"As surely as Indians gave the world corn and tobacco and potatoes," Frazier writes, "they gave it a revolutionary new idea of what a human being could be."

OWEN SMITH

That's a good question, but from Frazier's portrait of life in Pine Ridge it is hard to see why he wants to be an Indian. So many of the Oglala seem to be people adrift, at best, and the drifting usually ends in the off-rez booze stop of White Clay—perhaps in back of the Arrowhead Inn, which is a beer-and-wine store now, instead of an inn, because there was too much fighting:

> Seen from the air, White Clay would look like a small appendage to a multi-acre expanse of junk cars. The junkyard, on the prairie behind the Arrowhead Inn, is enclosed by a rambling fence made of corrugated iron alternating with chainlink mesh. The fence is permeable, and the cars provide some of the customers of the Arrowhead Inn with a place to sit as they drink. Women too preoccupied with drinking to be called prostitutes accompany men into the junkyard in exchange for a car radio or a bottle of wine. Large auto junkyards like this one are a common feature of Western towns that sell alcohol on the borders of Indian reservations.

Of course, reservations were made to catch Indians. The drinking seems to be one way of turning a place of bondage into a place of freedom or escape, if only temporarily. Frazier's main Oglala character, Le (short for Leonard) War Lance, returned to Pine Ridge rather than turn himself in for a jail sentence in New York. Uncaught on Sioux land, War Lance spends plenty of time in White Clay. Much of the action in "On the Rez" involves Frazier driving to White Clay, buying beer for War Lance and whoever might be along, and then hearing stories with the fizz, burble, and clank of Budweiser tallboys in the background.

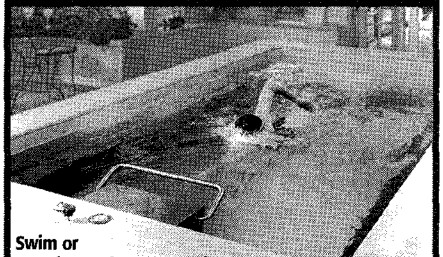
Some of these are stories of resistance. Frazier gives a terse and moving account of the 1973 Wounded Knee action—a standoff, on Pine Ridge, between American Indian Movement, or AIM, activists and the United States government. War Lance recalls, of federal agents at that time, "They had the guns and they loved to shoot 'em. . . . After they finally left, there was metal cartridge cases layin' all over the place. Some kids went around collectin' 'em, and guys that do traditional crafts made 'em into breastplates and chokers, like they used to in the old days with pipe beads. I heard they sold those cartridge breastplates for a lot of money." This description of using a traditional craft to turn the spent cartridges of your attacker into a marketable commodity neatly captures the dark humor and inspired opportunism of reservation life.

Frazier is at his best in these moments, when he takes something apparently small and presents it in such a way that you see its significance. He is like an archeologist of social sensibilities, paying rapt attention to dialect, landscapes, sounds, and political quirks, then displaying them in artfully simple sentences. In "On the Rez," however, these moments too often fail to mesh with the large goals he sets for himself, his book, and Indians. For Frazier introduces the story of white people and Indians as a story of heroic freedom, "the freedom the Indians had, the freedom that white people found." He continues, "As surely as Indians gave the world corn and tobacco and potatoes, they gave it a revolutionary new idea of what a human being could be. Thanks to Indians, we learned we didn't have to kneel to George III." The chance to imagine yourself as free was the gift of the Indian to the European, and Frazier believes that the gift has been lost: "Americans today no longer work mostly in manufacturing or agriculture but in the newly risen service economy. That means that most of us make our living by being nice." Frazier sees this niceness as craven, a return to a society based on servility—as if Sitting Bull had never told off that senator.

Although the New World story may have turned out badly, it didn't have to, because we—by which Frazier means white people—could have been, or gone on being, Indians: "We could drop anchor in the bay, paddle up the river, wade up the creek, meet a band of Indians, and with them disappear forever into the country's deepest green. No tyranny could hold us; if Indians could live as they liked, so could we." This is, I think, roughly ninety-eight-per-cent myth. Most whites who waded up the creek either destroyed the Indians they found there, or traded with them and returned downstream. (George III wasn't even king during those heady days of early contact; no one knelt to him until 1760.) But, as myth, Frazier's vision has verve and a genuine, if eccentric, beauty. The heroism Frazier demonstrates in "On the Rez" consists in his ability to keep his myth in sight, even when he's visiting White Clay, or describing Le War Lance's latest neck brace, or getting the news about yet another deadly car accident, or telling us about the AIM leader Russell Means's recent work on "Pocahontas" for Disney. It is heroic of Frazier to try to reimagine relations between Indians and whites—to try to make them right by going back to the mystery of an initial encounter "so momentous and fateful and even thrilling for each culture that some of us feel compelled to reenact it again and again."

Such heroism is also childlike—egoistical, and fresh in its wonder. Moments of intimacy startle and delight Frazier, as when he first meets War Lance, an event recounted in his remarkable book "Great Plains" (1989): "Nobody had stood this close to me in weeks." When he gets lonely, he gets lonely the way a child does—night and darkness come down, things go cold. It is an odd persona, but it works perfectly in terms of the dreamy myth of newness, freedom, and escape that

Swim at Home™



Swim or exercise against a smooth current adjustable to any speed or ability. Ideal for swimming, water aerobics, rehabilitation and fun. The 8'x15' Endless Pool™ is simple to maintain, economical to run, and easy to install inside or outdoors.

For Free Video Call
(800) 233-0741, Ext. 869

ENDLESS POOLS
Visit www.endlesspools.com
200 E Dutton Mill Rd, Dept. 200
Aston, PA 19014

THE PAVILION
AT McLEAN HOSPITAL

Unparalleled psychiatric evaluation, and treatment. Unsurpassed discretion and service.

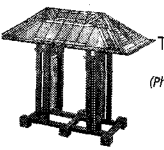
617.855.3570 or pavilion@mclean.org

A major teaching facility of Harvard Medical School and an affiliate of Massachusetts General Hospital

First Cabin
Deluxe Tours Since 1989
Your Passport to Excellence
Award winning brochure: 1-800-752-3302
Website: www.firstcabin.com CST-2016168-40

Half Moon
JAMAICA
Half Moon Golf, Tennis & Beach Club
CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR 1-800-237-3237
JUMBY BAY
RESORT, ANTIGUA

American Arts & Crafts



Free catalog and great website of Mission, Prairie, Mica, & Tiffany style lamps, fixtures, tables. Best brands, service and prices.
(Photo: Dale Tiffany's Great Console Library Lamp)
The Bright Spot, Inc.
Call 1-800-736-0126
Web: thebrightspot.com

PET LOVERS
Take your pet with you when you travel
Featuring 13,000+ pet-friendly lodgings in the US & Canada, campgrounds, beaches, ski resorts, emergency vets, and more.
www.petswelcome.com

drives it. When Frazier finally locates a bona-fide Indian hero—SuAnne Big Crow, and she's the only one he's going to find, for all his time on Pine Ridge—he introduces her in this way:

> Imagine that the hopeful, innocent, unbounded fantasy you had about someone you really admired when you were a child did not meet the usual puncturing and deflation but simply continued to grow; that you kept it with the same innocence and hope, finding more justification for it every day; that the person you admired, someone as familiar to you as yourself and yet at the same time set apart, took the hope invested in her onward into the larger world without a hitch. . . . And imagine that as she did this she somehow carried you with her, lifted you, too, above the fear and the death, and gave you and all the people around you someone to be—a self, a freedom, a name.

SuAnne was a great young basketball player. She became a hero when she was fourteen, before a match against a white school. The local kids were whooping Indianish whoops and shouting insults in anticipation of the Pine Ridge team's coming onto the court. SuAnne asked to lead the team in, which she did. At center court, she handed the ball off, then began to dance a Sioux shawl dance, using her warm-up jacket as a shawl. And she sang a Sioux song, "swaying back and forth in the jump-ball circle," as the fans sat watching and listening in silence. When she finished, they cheered. "Of course," Frazier writes, "Pine Ridge went on to win the game."

SuAnne died a few years later, in a car wreck. We have her heroic moment now because Frazier has brought it to us as a gift. However, SuAnne's act of public bravery is also a race moment, an Indian moment, and so emulating it isn't really an option for most readers, including a "middle-class white guy" like Ian Frazier. Perhaps that explains the extravagance of his fantasy of becoming Indian, his emphasis on missing innocence, and the propulsive longing in his words. ◆

Vermont's most famous state poet was, of course, Robert Frost, the author of such favorites as "Mending Fences" and "The Road Not Taken."—*Brattleboro (Vt.) Reformer.*

To say nothing of "Maples" and "Shopping in the Woods on a Snowy Evening."

BRIEFLY NOTED

Memories of a Pure Spring, by Duong Thu Huong, translated from the Vietnamese by Nina McPherson and Phan Huy Duong (Hyperion East; $23.95). This elegiac novel traces the disintegration of a marriage, a casualty of the North's victory in the Vietnam War. Hung is a composer who, despite his heroic wartime service, falls from grace with the Communist regime and is imprisoned. Although his wife, Suong, helps to speed his release, he comes to resent her success as a singer while he remains isolated and artistically paralyzed. Hung's internal exile echoes that of Duong—a veteran who was expelled from the Communist Party in 1989, after the publication of her novel "Paradise of the Blind," and later arrested—but she is unsparing in her portrayal of Hung's complicity in his own degradation, and she treats even the prison commander's hapless love for Suong with compassion. The author mourns the past as a lost country where at night, between bombardments, "you could hear the roar of tigers coming down from the mountains."

Saving Agnes, by Rachel Cusk (Picador; $23). Youthfully muddled Agnes Day, a recent Oxford graduate, works at a little North London magazine, lives with congenial college pals, and regularly sleeps with a cipherlike fellow while trying to get over her sadistic but adored college boyfriend. In short, she is the brainy version of Everygirl: her expectations are high, and she isn't living up to them. The sparky writing is intended to carry this familiar narrative, but, oddly, the modesty of the story's final revelation—that nothing extraordinary needs to happen to make a good life—is what redeems the pyrotechnical prose.

The New City, by Stephen Amidon (Doubleday; $24.95). Austin Swope is an ambitious white lawyer; Earl Wooten is an accomplished black builder. In the late nineteen-sixties, they are hired to jointly create and manage Newton, a utopian, mixed-race development on the outskirts of Washington. The two men rapidly become friends, raising their sons, Teddy and Joel, almost as brothers. By 1973, however, the dream is tarnishing: sales are down, teen-age crime and racial tensions are on the rise, and Swope learns that Wooten may be up for the job he considers rightfully his. Meanwhile, Teddy is disgusted by Joel's infatuation with his white girlfriend, Susan, who is far less impressed with Teddy's intelligence than she should be. The machinations of father and son as they attempt to shore up their power with increasing ruthlessness inspire a horrified fascination. Yet we can't help sharing their sense that Newton's inhabitants are merely pieces in a larger game; our awareness of the author, hovering above the landscaped neighborhoods of his synthetic creation, is impossible to shake.

Mao Zedong, by Jonathan Spence (Lipper/Viking; $19.95). An exceptionally successful contribution to Penguin's series of brief biographies, this specialist's book for nonspecialists concisely recounts the life of the Communist leader who revolutionized China. Ideas travel fast: Mao, a peasant son born in 1893, was able to read Darwin and Marx in translation and add Western ideas to his heritage of classical Chinese thought, and Spence helps us understand why he eventually embraced Communism. What is less clear is why a gifted, high-minded youth became a ruthless, crackpot tyrant. Mao's career seems a personal as well as a national tragedy.

I May Not Get There with You: The True Martin Luther King, Jr., by Michael Eric Dyson (Free Press; $25). In this challenging study, Dyson sets out to retrieve the man behind the icon and clarify his legacy. He begins with a vigorous reminder that King was no bland saint but a radical whose insistence on social justice entailed the overhaul (or perhaps even the abandonment) of contemporary capitalism. Dyson, an African-American college professor who is an ordained minister, believes that the ministry fostered King's rhetorical gifts but also encouraged his authoritarian personality. We learn much about his flaws, and about conflict, dissent, and generational differences within the black community, as Dyson insists that King, properly understood, remains a controversial figure.

Ingenious Pursuits: Building the Scientific Revolution, by Lisa Jardine (Talese/Doubleday; $35). Distressed because the public now thinks of scientists as aloof and the products of their research as dangerous, Jardine, a historian, turns to the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries to show science as a sociable, practical effort. Her book chronicles improvements in the tools of observation (telescopes, microscopes) and measurement (clocks) that were used by a pungent cast of characters who collaborated and squabbled with one another as they sorted out comets and discovered microbes. It was an age of astonishing creativity in every scientific field except medicine: the medical experiments and medications Jardine describes are appalling.

Walter Benjamin at the Dairy Queen, by Larry McMurtry (Simon & Schuster; $21). When McMurtry recalls reading "Don Quixote" as a thirteen-year-old on a Texas ranch and imagining himself as a character in the novel, other obsessional readers will immediately feel a kinship with this author. His appealing ruminations about his life and work as a reader, writer, and bookseller explore the differences between "dense and empty, open and closed, new country and old cities, no society and old society"—the bare land in which he was reared and the crowded universe of literature.

JAZZ

THE UNHIPSTER

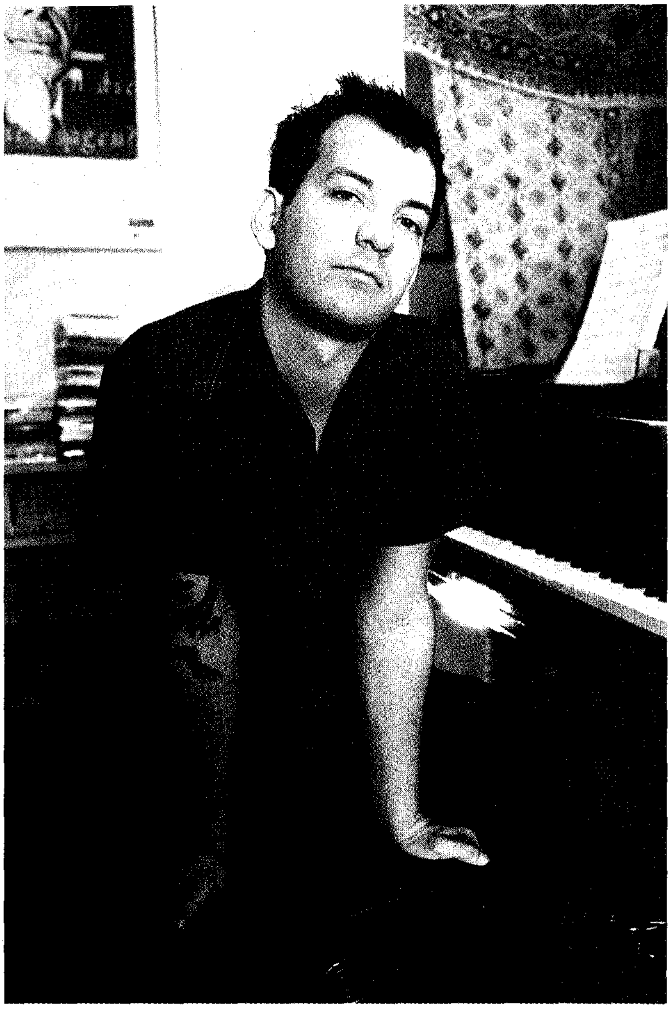
Brad Mehldau bridges everything from Schubert to Monk.

BY JOSEPH HOOPER

ONE of the more enduring branches of the extended jazz family is that of the doomed romantic. Its members are the lyric poets of jazz, loved for the beauty of their tone, the purity of their phrasing, and the sorry ends to their hedonistic lives. The acoustic-jazz revival spurred by Wynton Marsalis has been relatively good for young jazz players but bad for doomed romantics. Marsalis's emphasis on mastering the classic swing and bop of previous decades has not encouraged much individualism, self-destructive or otherwise. All of which is to say that people noticed when, in the early nineties, the young pianist Brad Mehldau hit the New York jazz scene with a group led by Joshua Redman, the most exciting young mainstream saxophonist around. Mehldau, who is now twenty-nine, fit the doomed-romantic profile just a little too well.

The product of a comfortable middle-class upbringing—his father is a physician in West Hartford, Connecticut—Mehldau addressed familiar ballads with a world-weary delicacy that evoked instant comparisons with the late Bill Evans. He had begun dabbling in heroin after he graduated from high school and came to New York to study jazz at the New School. By 1995, when his début album, "Introducing Brad Mehldau," was released, the habit was consuming a good chunk of his non-musical life.

That year, Mehldau's producer at Warner Brothers Records, Matt Pierson, helped steer him into drug rehab. There have been several relapses since then, but Mehldau says that he has stayed clean for the past two and a half years. One consequence of the straight life—and of an indulgent record label—has been a firestorm of recording activity, which has put him in the front ranks of young jazz stars. At the San Francisco Jazz Festival, in October, he told me, "Once I stopped using heroin, it was like a rush of creativity that had been held in check came out." After his début album, Mehldau, along with his bassist, Larry Grenadier, and his drummer, Jorge Rossy, released the first volume in a four-part series entitled, grandly, "The Art of the Trio." (Volume IV, "Back at the Vanguard," came out last fall.) Taken as a whole, the series has breathed passion and ambition into a piano-trio tradition that was in danger of becoming as stylized as traditional Chinese opera. Along the way, Mehldau built outward from his jazz base, appearing on albums by the country legend Willie Nelson and the rock singer Scott Weiland. Last March, he brought out his first solo album, "Elegiac Cycle," in which his intensely lyrical approach, without the rhythm section, revealed that he had developed a free-floating style of pianism all its own.



Mehldau in Los Angeles. Photograph by William Claxton.

Although Mehldau has come to detest comparisons with Bill Evans, they are inescapable. For all his chops—and he can toss off dazzling single-note runs with the best of them—Mehldau, like Evans before him, isn't afraid to play a familiar melody straight and slow, with spare, transparent harmonies and a pearly tone. In the hands of a lesser pianist, this approach might seem a shameless tug at the heartstrings. Fortunately, the emotionalism in Mehldau's playing is implied, rather than stated. But his intensity is of the sort that suggests that every note he plays might be his last. During a gig at the Village Vanguard in November, he closed his first set with a rhapsodic reading of Jerome Kern's "The Folks Who Live on the Hill," employing chromatic "wrong" notes in a way that called to mind a jazz singer's malleable way with pitch.

OVER the last couple of years, Mehldau's brand of doomed romanticism has evolved into a healthier take on German Romanticism. This might have been expected, given that, as early as the first album, he was flying a high-culture flag, with an original tune entitled "Young Werther," and that the company that publishes his compositions—Werther Music—bears the name of Goethe's love-torn hero. In subsequent albums

ADVERTISEMENT

ON THE town

Our advertisers invite you to mark your calendars for some of the best events and promotions coming to your town in the months ahead.

THE NEW YORKER FICTION LIVE

February 23, 24, & 25, 2000

The New Yorker goes from page to stage with a return engagement of fiction readings for three nights at Joe's Pub at The Public Theater. Stories will be drawn from "Wonderful Town: New York Stories from *The New Yorker*" (Random House), a new collection of fiction published to commemorate the magazine's 75th anniversary. The book features stories by such urbane observers as J.D. Salinger, Lorrie Moore, Woody Allen, John Updike, and John Cheever. Noted actors of stage and screen will bring these fictional city-scapes to life. The program is presented by *The New Yorker* and The Public Theater/NYSF.

JOE'S PUB AT THE PUBLIC THEATER
425 Lafayette Street at Astor Place
New York City
Tickets $12

Readings begin at 8:30 PM

Doors open for dinner & drinks at 6:00 PM

Tickets on sale February 1 through Telecharge, call 1.212.239.6200, or visit The Public Theater/NYSF box office, 425 Lafayette St., Daily 1 PM - 6 PM

Sponsored by

BELVEDERE

BOOK sense

ISUZU
Go farther

netLibrary

For more information, log on to
www.newyorkerreaderlink.com

and in interviews, Mehldau has indicated that his chief classical influences are Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms. "If there's any German ethos that attracts me," he recently told a *Times* interviewer, "it has to do with the incredible amount of welled-up emotion that's being conveyed. There's a kind of longing that you feel in the literature and in the music of Schubert and Schumann." The remark suggests that he can't wait to distance himself from those *poètes maudits* Beiderbecke and Evans and their well-documented fondness for impressionist harmonies.

I take all this with a degree of skepticism. In Mehldau's more pensive moments, you can just as easily hear hints of, say, Chopin as you can of Schumann. Mehldau studied classical piano as a teen-ager, and he has used that repertoire to escape from the bebop-derived straitjacket that limits jazz pianists to using the right hand for melodic improvising and the left to "comp" with spare, punchy chords. Mehldau attacks the melody with either hand—or with both. Rhythmically, he can swing deeply, in a traditional jazz way, and when he dives into vintage show tunes—"It's All Right with Me" or "Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered"—he delivers a precisely articulated sprightliness that conjures up the minuet-and-gavotte world of European court dance. Harmonically, he prefers classical playfulness to radical recomposition.

On "It's All Right with Me," from Volume II of "The Art of the Trio," he makes the standard chord changes, but both hands are playing so high in the treble range that the ear almost fails to register the familiar root tones. Working at a breakneck tempo, he plays the Cole Porter standard like some kind of giddy harpsichord fantasia. On "All the Things You Are," from Volume IV, he goes a bit farther, jumping between swinging single-note lines and two-fisted Baroque counterpoint. Volumes II and IV, both recorded live at the Village Vanguard, showcase Mehldau's trio on a Germanic classical tear; the studio albums, Volumes I and III, bring out the more ruminative, Chopinesque side of his personality.

MEHLDAU is hardly the first jazz pianist to put his classical training to work. In this regard, he occupies a sort of middle ground between the buttoned-down Baroque experimentalism that John Lewis brought to the Modern Jazz Quartet in the fifties and the wild-man free association of Keith Jarrett in the seventies. It's fertile territory, both artistically and commercially. Mehldau and his friend Joshua Redman are among the very few younger players who actually sell jazz records, while evading the tag of hard-bop epigones. "We were vaguely connected by age and by a desire *not* to be a bebop Nazi" is how Mehldau recently put it to me.

Both Mehldau and Redman are, by nature, melody-makers. As children of a generation that has been exposed to a blizzard of musical styles and periods, and as young men who are still emotionally attached to seventies pop, they have become aggressive populists—or, if you will, relativists. Mehldau's classically inflected trio work implies that the historical stylistic boundaries can be breached at will—that music, in effect, ought to aspire to a place beyond style. Redman's most recent (and, I think, most underappreciated) album explicitly makes the case for a music liberated from context. On "Timeless Tales (for Changing Times)," his quartet—in which Mehldau was a sideman—plays Tin Pan Alley standards as if they were contemporary pop and funk, and contemporary pop and funk as if they were Tin Pan Alley. Redman and Mehldau have become post-postmodernists: they're wide-ranging scavengers who reject the edgy, ironic self-consciousness that marks such musicians as John Zorn and other regulars in downtown Manhattan music clubs like Tonic and the Knitting Factory. It's interesting that, as Mehldau told me, his earliest musical idol was Billy Joel. "I think that earnest pop thing comes out in my writing," he said.

ON Halloween night at the San Francisco Jazz Festival, Mehldau's attempts at a non-ironic, panstylistic synthesis made the head spin. He opened with his "classical variations" on James Taylor's "Fire and Rain," then dipped into a bin of sixties pop oldies, and finally luxuriated in a couple of lachrymose pop tunes, one by the archetypal folk-rock doomed romantic Nick Drake, and another by Elliot Smith, who is a regular at Mehldau's favorite club in Los Angeles, the Largo.

As on his "Elegiac Cycle" album, Mehldau's treatment of melodic lines was pretty but often static. (All those arpeggios and ostinatos in the left hand can take him awfully close to Michael Nyman territory.) If nothing else, the concert exposed the limits of the Mehldau-Redman ideology that good music can hold its own even in the most far-fetched interpretation. Sure, if you pick the right tune. At the Yerba Buena Center for the Arts Theatre, in San Francisco, the folkish and overly familiar "Fire and Rain" sounded silly, all dressed up in concert clothes. The same could be said about Mehldau's playing of "Paranoid Android," by the British pop band Radiohead. Stripped of its chilly, sci-fi ambience, it became a negligible piece of music.

"With the trio, I feel it can never go below a certain level," Mehldau told me over breakfast the next day. "It never really sucks. Last night, my playing was getting close to sucking." Mehldau, who is thin and sallow, has the aura of an alienated youth from the fifties. When he is in the presence of strangers, his expression is smirky or guardedly vacant, at least until he launches into a riff about music or literature, and then he can startle you with his sincerity. "The connection from head to hand wasn't happening," he elaborated. "So then you start to get self-conscious, and then you start to feel like a parody of yourself because you're using your own devices, which presumably are there to get you to this transcendental place, but they're not taking you there, so they quickly feel like clichés."

He gave a typically thoughtful explanation for his choice of pop-heavy repertoire. "The pop tunes allow me to bridge the romantic-classical thing that I love with pop harmony—to tie it all together," he said. "It's like this miniature thing, and it gets its idea across often with a simple melody, and yet there's this illusion of endlessness." Whatever one thinks of Mehldau's solo work—he's been at it for a little over a year now—anyone who can be inspired by both Radiohead and Schubert in the same set is a tonic for the current jazz mainstream. Mehldau may be jazz's Holden Caulfield, but he's gutsier than Salinger's hero in that he's not afraid to appear earnest, even naïve. "Elegiac Cycle," for example, was the end result of a two-month sabbatical in Berlin, where he studied German and read a lot of Thomas Mann (in English). "Sometimes it's cool to take yourself seriously, not to be ironic, and see what happens," he told me. Mehldau's liner notes are a study in themselves—overblown in Volume II of "Art of the Trio," penetrating in Volume IV, especially in his contempt for critics who try to pigeonhole him.

To my ears, Mehldau still needs the presence of his trio to escape the trap of preciousness. During his November gig at the Vanguard, where he attracted lines that stretched down Seventh Avenue, he was anchored by his bassist, Grenadier, and pushed by his drummer, Rossy. The tension between the pianist's dreamy, classical ambitions and the trio's earthy sense of swing was sublime.

In the first tune of his first set, "The More I See You," Mehldau launched into the compulsively singable melody with a straightforwardness that most younger jazz players would regard as hopelessly corny. Then, in the next twenty minutes, the harmonies became leaner and the musical line choppier and more rhythmically insistent until, finally, he had boiled down Harry Warren's 1945 tune to a couple of spare motifs tossed back and forth between bass and treble clefs. As he announced later in the set, he was paying homage to yet another classical source—the master of angular abstraction Thelonious Monk. ♦

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly (except for six combined issues: Feb. 21 & Feb. 28, Apr. 24 & May 1, June 19 & 26, Aug. 21 & 28, Oct. 16 & 23, Dec. 25 & Jan. 1) by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., 4 Times Square, N.Y., N.Y. 10036. Vol. LXXV, No. 44, January 31, 2000. Periodical postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian Publication Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 190969. Canadian goods-and-services-tax registration number R123242885. Registered as a newspaper at the British Post Office. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $49.95. In Canada, one year, $90.00 (includes GST and HST where applicable). In Germany, one year, DM290. Mail orders to: IP Internationale Presse, Distribution & Marketing GmbH, Waldstr. 70, D-63128 Dietzenbach, Germany. Other foreign subscriptions, one year, $112.00, payable in advance.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, CO 80328-6447. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

I was in another world, enraptured, unable to move ...

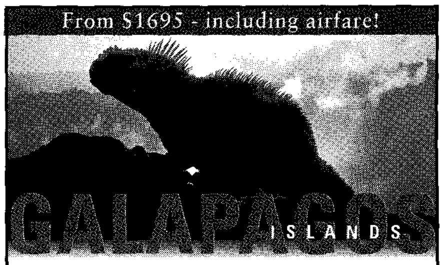
Until the tape finished, that is. I discovered Recorded Books audiobooks a few months ago, and since then listening to audiobooks has been a wonderful new experience for me. It's like going to the theater. This is the best thing I've done for myself in a long time.

Recorded Books™ has thousands of titles to choose from, and with preaddressed, postage paid boxes, renting couldn't be easier. Call today. You should hear what you've been missing.

Recorded Books • 1-800-638-1304

The premier producer of unabridged audiobooks on cassette and CD

From $1695 - including airfare!



Visit the unique and friendly animals of a surreal, volcanic landscape. Explore the sun-drenched islands of the Galapagos year-round, in the company of our knowledgeable and inspiring staff.

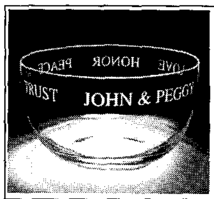
Marine Expeditions

1-800-263-9147 ref. 589
www.marineex.com

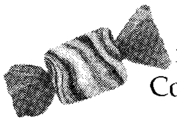
MEDITERRANEAN THEATRE CRUISE
Come Join Us . . .

KITTY CARLISLE PATRICIA NEAL
LYNN REDGRAVE GENA ROWLANDS
MARCIA LEWIS LEE ROY NEAMS
ANNE JACKSON ELI WALLACH

Apr. 18-May 2, 2000 • 1-800-752-9732 (N.Y.)
Visiting NICE, FLORENCE, ROME, VENICE



CELEBRATION BOWL
Weddings - Anniversaries
Send someone you love a personalized crystal masterpiece. Hand blown and etched.
Special Inscriptions? Yes.
Rush Orders? Absolutely.
8.5" - $129 12" - $239
831-427-3512

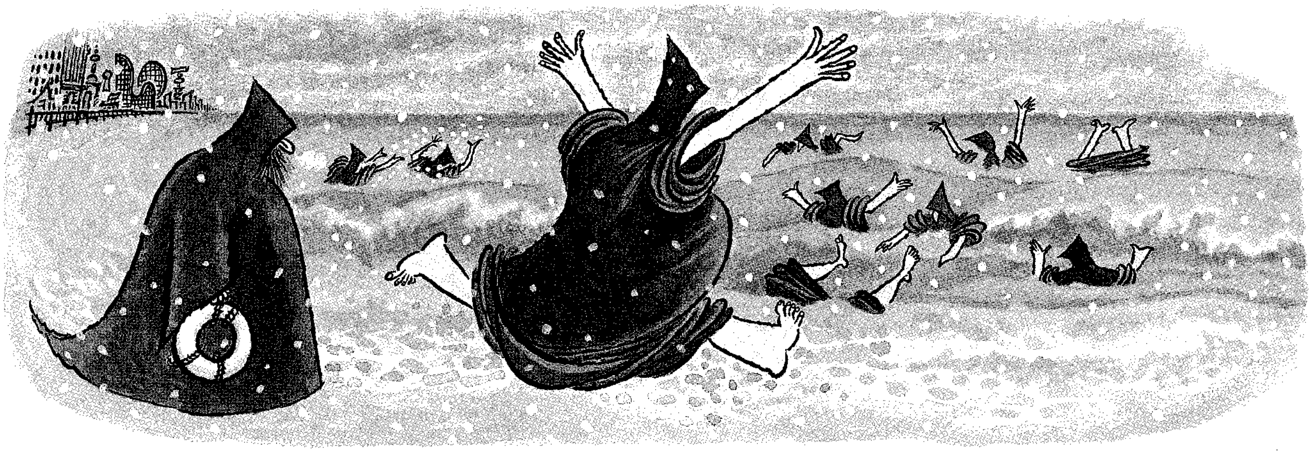


Sweets for your sweetie
Colorful Murano Glass Candies
6 for $46 ppd 10 for $75 ppd
www.SaintLion.com

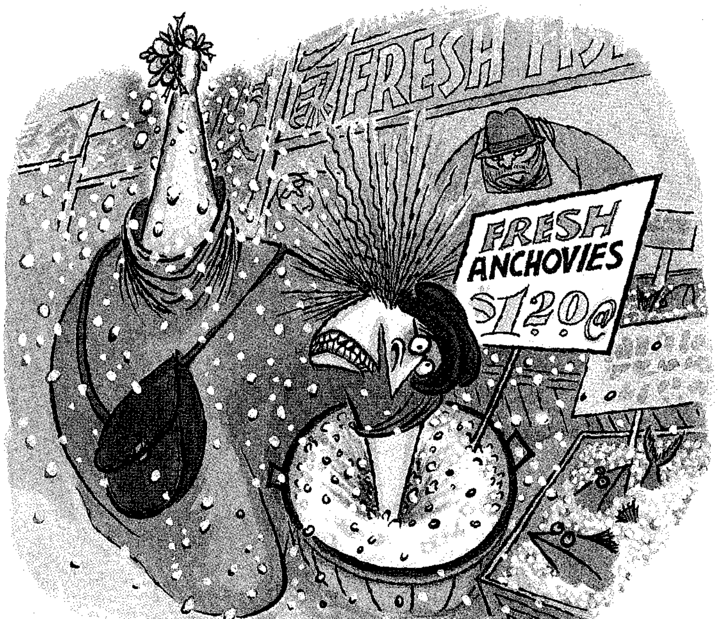
Astrology & Horoscope Readings by Cathy
Psychic and Tarot Card Readings
Tells Past, Present & Future.
Call for 1 FREE Question 410-285-1084

THE BACK PAGE BY ARNOLD ROTH

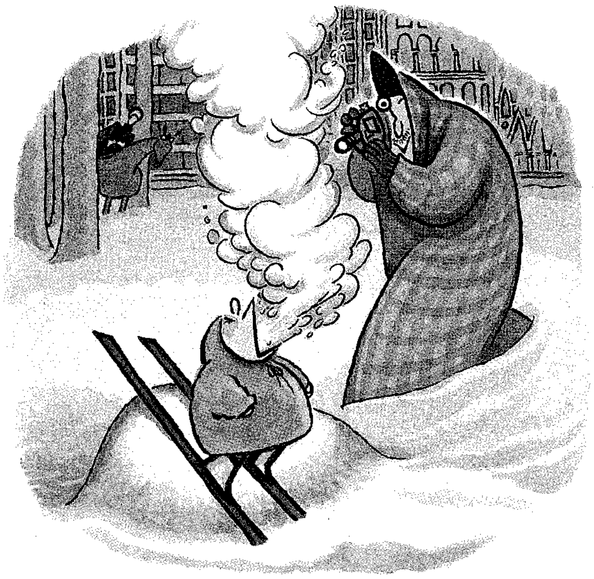
GOTHAM'S WINTER WONDERLAND



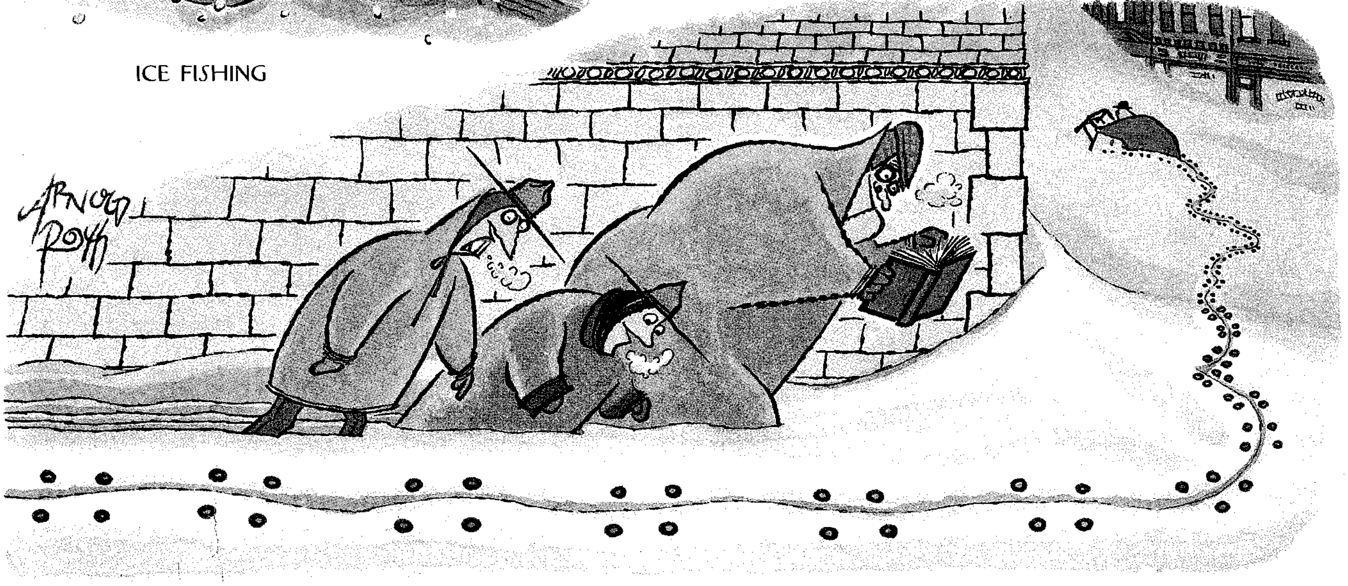
THE DRUIDIC POLAR BEAR CLUB


FRESH FISH
FRESH ANCHOVIES $1.20@

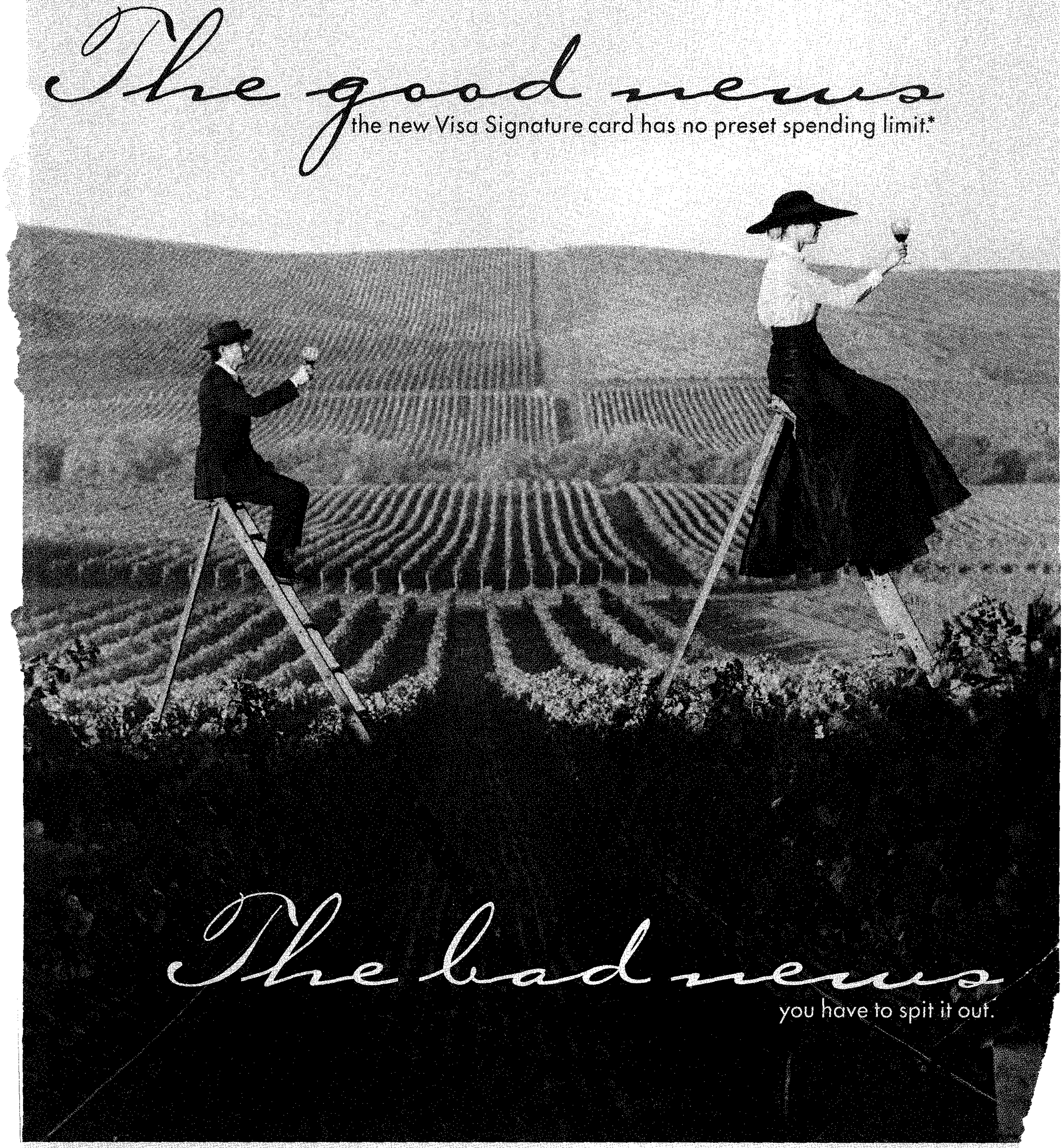
ICE FISHING



SKI CENTRAL PARK


ARNOLD ROTH

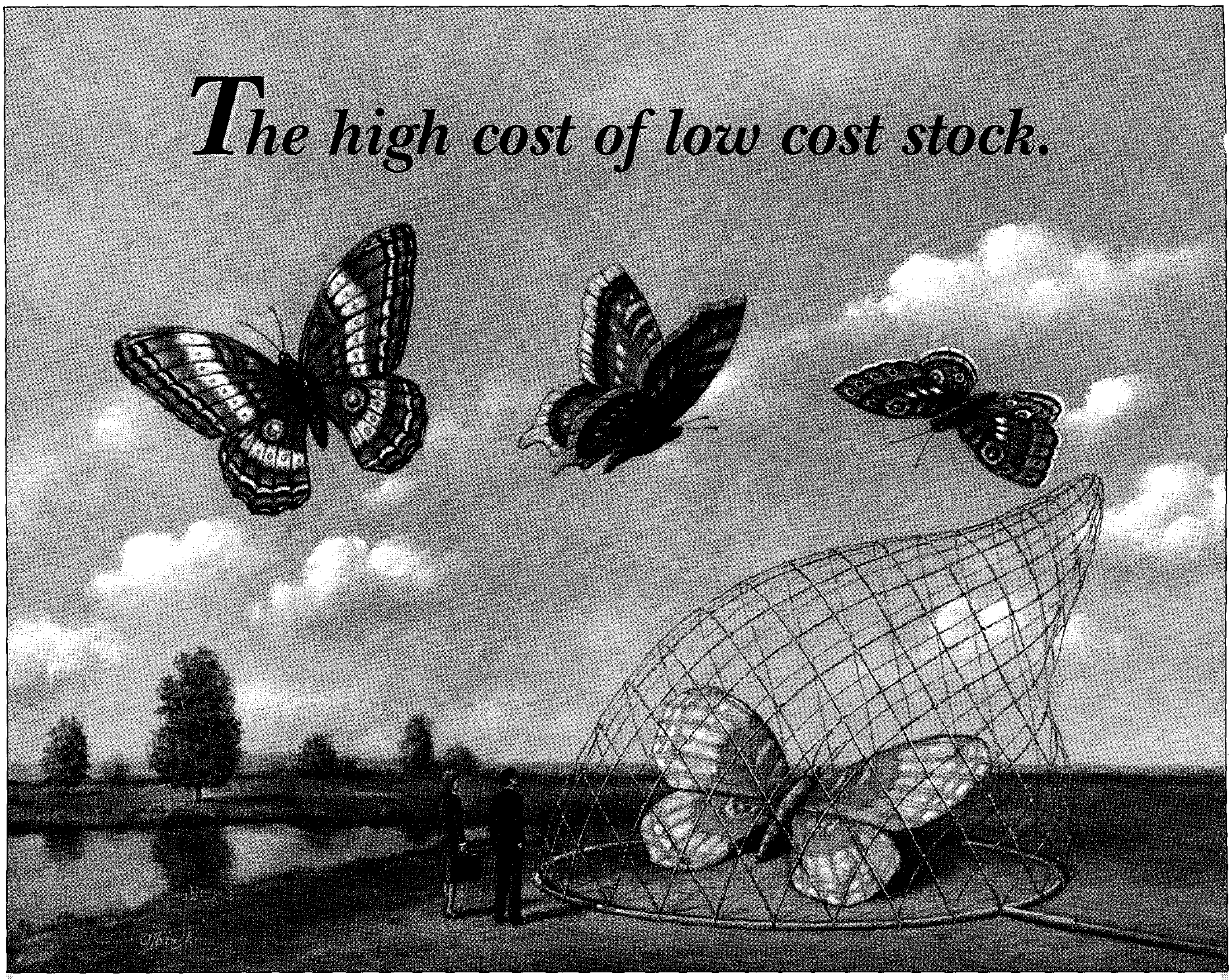
LEARN TRACKING


The good news
the new Visa Signature card has no preset spending limit.*
The bad news
you have to spit it out.

Because life has enough limitations, we created the incomparable Visa® Signature card. Visa Signature has no preset spending limit and a revolving line of credit. It boasts a Concierge Service to assist in your travel and entertainment plans, airmiles for worldwide travel, and unsurpassed acceptance, making all of life's limitations not so...well, limiting. For more information, please see www.visa.com/signatureusa or call 1-888-847-2003. It's Everywhere You Want To Be.®

VISA SIGNATURE
4000 1234 5678 9010
VISA

*Individual transactions are authorized by Card Issuers based on factors such as account history, credit record and payment resources. Card Issuers preset upper limits for revolving balances and cash advances. © 1999 Visa U.S.A. Inc.


The high cost of low cost stock.

While owning low cost stock offers many advantages, it can also entrap you. If one company's stock constitutes a large percentage of your personal net worth, it can be extremely difficult to diversify.

With over 145 years of experience advising affluent individuals and families, U.S. Trust is skilled at developing tax-intelligent strategies to diversify out of low cost holdings. These innovative strategies are yet another way we can provide investment advice and other wealth management services that preserve and grow assets. These services include private banking, estate, tax and retirement planning, and fiduciary services.

For guidance that can help you diversify out of low cost holdings in ways that could help your portfolio soar, please contact Richard E. Foley in New York at 1-800-U.S. TRUST, Harry O'Mealia in New Jersey at 609-987-2300 or Michael Funck in Connecticut at 203-352-4400 or visit us at www.ustrust.com.

A TRADITION OF GROWING ASSETS

U.S. TRUST

NEW YORK BOCA RATON CHARLOTTE COSTA MESA DALLAS ESSEX GARDEN CITY GREENSBORO GREENWICH HOUSTON LARKSPUR LOS ANGELES MORRISTOWN NAPLES PALM BEACH PHILADELPHIA PORTLAND PRINCETON RALEIGH SAN FRANCISCO STAMFORD VERO BEACH WASHINGTON D.C. WEST HARTFORD